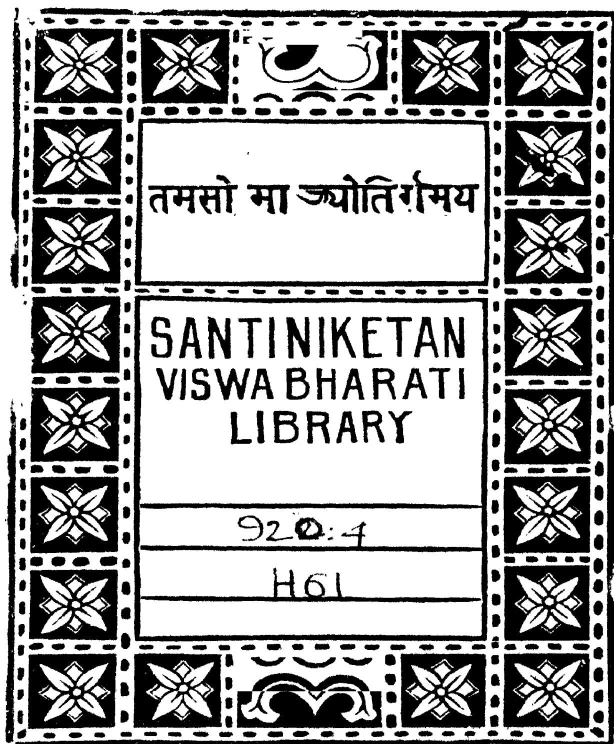


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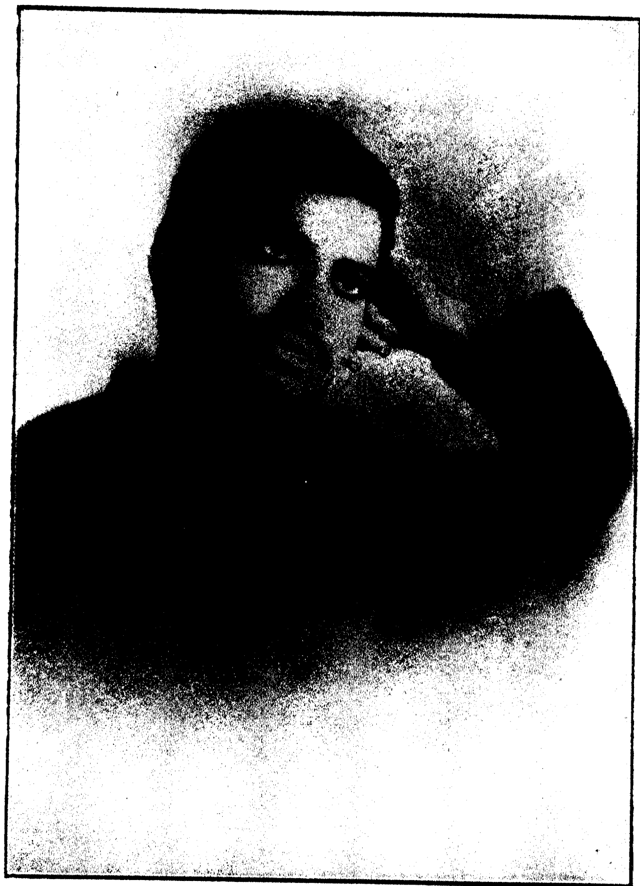
HIRANAND—

THE SOUL OF SINDH

Dayaram Gidumal

First Edition 1903
(*Revised and enlarged*)

Rs. 2/8/-



Hiranand Showkiram

FOREWORD

When Diwan Dayaram was writing the "Life of Hirānand," he sought my permission for publishing the book, which I was only too glad to do. After the lapse of twenty-four years, the author felt the need of a revised and enlarged edition of the book. Unable to undertake the work himself, he wrote to Mr. Motiram and the Rev. P. L. Sen to see if they could take it up. Mr. Motiram's health did not permit him, and so the burden fell on the Rev. P. L. Sen, one of the most intimate of Hiranand's Bengali friends. The new edition is before us, but we grieve to say that both Diwan Dayaram and the Rev. P. L. Sen are not here to see it. I am, however, glad that the book is published through the indefatigable labours of the Rev. J. K. Koar, and I trust that the new generation of young Sindh and young India will find in it ample material for guidance and inspiration.

TARACHAND SHAUKIRAM

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

Hiranand was humility itself. He was a modest wayside flower, whose fragrance was for several years wasted on the desert air of Sindh. He hated publicity, if he hated anything; and I have been doubting, for years, whether the record of such a man's life—a life, alas, extremely brief—ought to be published at all. But, after many obstinate questionings, I have resolved to tell the story of his short career, in the hope that other humble souls will derive some solace, may be, even some encouragement, from the example of one, who firmly believed in the great truth: "No sacrifice to heaven, no help from heaven," and who not only practised self-denial steadily as a duty, but, in his quiet way, testified to the supreme claims of the Light of Lights and to the supreme Bliss of moulding one's life into correspondence with its Beauty. He lived for others, and was a seeker after the Highest, and, if for no other reasons, at least for these, he deserves to be more widely known. "The smallest candle fills a mile with its rays, and the papillæ of a man run out to every star," and, it may be, that even this small contribution to biography will not be wholly fruitless.

DAYARAM GIDUMAL

Clifton, Karachi,
October 19, 1903.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER IV

Youth: Calcutta (1879-84)—I: Studies and Recreations

CHAPTER V

Youth: Calcutta (1879-84)—II: Discipline and Organisation

CHAPTER VI

Youth: Calcutta (1879-84)—III: Fellowship and Hero-worship

CHAPTER VII

Making of Modern Sindh (1884-87)—I: Karachi Career

CHAPTER VIII

Making of Modern Sindh (1884-87)—II: Karachi Career Reviewed

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

Hinduism and Mahomedanism, hitherto so hostile to each other, will be brought into close union, to form the future church of India. The one lives in a state of quiet communion with his God of peace; the other lives as a soldier, ever serving the Almighty Ruler and crusading against evil. These are the primary and essential elements of the two creeds, and if blended together, would form a beautiful picture of true theology which will be realised in the future church of this country. As the two creeds undergo development, they will harmoniously coalesce in their fundamental and vital principles. The future creed of India will be a composite faith, resulting from the union of the true and divine elements of Hinduism and Mahomedanism, and showing the profound devotion of the one, and the heroic enthusiasm of the other. The future sons and daughters of this vast country will thus inherit precious legacies from Hinduism and Mahomedanism, and while enjoying the blessings of the highest and sweetest communion with the God of love, will serve him in the battlefield of life with fidelity to truth and unyielding opposition to untruth and sin.—Keshub Chunder Sen, in his lecture on "THE FUTURE CHURCH", 1869.

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Sindh—Old and New

General survey—Nature—Man—Language—Culture—Sufism and Sikhism—Glories, old and new—Religious history—Social life—Hyderabad—Navalrai's quest and Keshub's call The First Sindhi Youth Movement—Navalrai and Hiranand, Pioneers of *Navavidhan* in Sindh.

Sindhu, Sindh, Indus, Hindu, Hindusthan – this vast peninsula received its name from its westernmost province. To the new generation the name of Sindh is linked up with Imperial Air Station, Sukkur Barrage and Mohen-jo-Daro. More than any other part of the country it enshrines memorials of prehistoric antiquities, and more than any other part of the country it has vibrated, again and again, to the tramp of the invader's feet of which the Vedic Aryans were perhaps the first, pouring from beyond its frontiers. Wedged in between the desert sands of Rajputana on the East and the highlands of Baluchistan on the West, its peak crowned by the hottest city in India, Jacobabad, and its irregular base washed by the waters of the Arabian Sea—this pear-shaped province is the most secluded corner of Western India. But for the Indus with its far-flung irrigating canals, ploughing its way seaward, this segregated strip of "sand and thorns" would have been a desert wilderness. This

river makes it a rich and fertile country clad in the vegetation characteristic of all deltas,—a pageant of nature's multiform life—hills and valleys, dessicated highlands, sandy wastes, and fertile tracts of life-giving rivers!

Sindh occupies about one-third of the Indus valley. Over this region of variable climate, swept by dust storms, parched by the heat and the glare of day, and cooled by the chill of night, with an average rainfall of about eight inches,—the flora, away from the banks of the Indus, is indeed poor, consisting of herbs and shrubs characteristic of saline soils, with but a few trees here and there, of which the most common is the *Babul, Acacia Arabica* The fauna, which differs considerably from that of other parts of India, takes more after the Southwest Asiatic type of which the chief representative is the camel.

In this shallow basin reclaimed from the sea-bed by mother nature's miracle-working machinery, with its rather monotonous scenery, relieved here and there by bald hills, the human type has not been so intermixed as in the extreme East, namely the Gangetic delta. One certainly meets with a picturesque variety of the Western Indian types ranging from the fair-skinned Northerner and the Parsi on the one

hand, to the Goanese, the desert nomads and the jet-black Negroes (*Siddis*) on the other; but all these came from outside Sindh and congregated in the sea-port centres and populous cities. The indigenous population, however, uninfluenced by the Mongolian and the Dravidian types, is preeminently Scythian or Turko-Iranian. Less tall in stature, less heavily built, thin even to slimness,—the Sindhi of to-day is easily distinguishable everywhere.

The language is called *Sindhi*, the present script being an adaptation of Persian characters adopted after the advent of the British. "Sindhi is more closely connected with *Prakrit* than either Marathi or Guzrati having preserved, because of its isolated position, many phonetic and flexional peculiarities that have dropped out of other vernaculars".* Its cultural heritage, though Sanskritic in its source, is predominantly Islamic or Sufistic.

The whole of Sindhi culture may be summed up in the words, music and song, and the whole of Sindhi literature in the anthology of Sufism. It would perhaps be nearer the truth to say that whereas much of the scripture-part consists of Sikhism, and is the

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* Imperial Gazetteer

solace and inspiration of men as well as women, the Sufi literature is confined mostly to men. This simplification of culture in lyric and song allied to the love of music, and the unification of reformed Hinduism and Islam have infused a spirit of brotherhood and democracy rarely met with in other parts of India. Perhaps in the near future literature and music will win their way where political pacts and pledges have failed, making Hindu-Moslem unity a settled fact of Indian history and civilization. The most favourite names in Sindhi literature are those of Shah Latif and Sachal, held in great esteem by Hindus and Mahomedans.

Races and cultures, religions and civilizations, have met on the soil of Sindh and have acted and re-acted on each other. Aryans, Greeks and Scythians, Hindus, Buddhists and Muslims have risen into power and gone down leaving Sindh parcelled out into a number of petty states,—a house divided against itself. Sindh presents the curious spectacle of a practically non-militant people in the midst of four aggressively militant nationalities, the Sikh on the North, the Marhatta on the South, the Rajput to the East and the Mussalman to the West. The political status of Sindh in the history of India has thus been that of

a buffer state absorbing the shocks of successive invading hosts.

In its chequered historic life wherein Hindus, Buddhists, and Mussalmans have all had their part to play, Sindh has been associated with such outstanding names as those of Abul Fazl, Faizi and Birbal. Akbar had his birth in Sindh and Shah Jehan sought asylum here. Of places, Thatta, the ancient capital, was once a great centre of culture, commerce and manufacture; while Halla and Nasarpur are still famous for their pottery and fabrics respectively. Its new glory is, of course, Karachi, the nearest port to Europe, the first Indian Air Mail Station, and the clearing house of the granary of North-western India.

If there is nothing very arresting in the political history of Sindh so far known, the development of the religious life is indeed exceptionally interesting and full of inspiration. We will, therefore, attempt to give a brief outline of the growth and development of the religious consciousness in this province.

In the historic records of Sindh and the prehistoric speculations concerning it, there is something which reminds us of the pithy saying of the prophet of Galilee:—"Many that are last shall be first and the

first last".—(Mathew 20-16). This is true of individuals as well as of nations. The latest archaeological discoveries at Mohen-jo-Daro prove the truth of this dictum. Who could have thought that the "Sleepy hollow", the " Unhappy valley ", of Anglo-Indian prejudice, would turn out to be the home and cradleland of a civilization earlier than the Vedic and which, far from becoming totally extinct, had left behind it relics promising a new and startling orientation. Indeed, traces of its characteristic contributions are still to be found in the existing socio-religious order, and scholars are inclined to think that the "relics (stone-statuettes) of the prehistoric period at Mohen-jo-Daro and Harappa leave no room for doubt that the chalcolithic civilization of the Indus valley survived the Aryan invasion and was merged in Buddhism, Jainism, and Hinduism,"* thus hinting at an unbroken continuity in the religious and cultural history of India.

The earliest invasion that we can think of is that of the Vedic Aryans. Their passage through and sojourn in Sindh must have resulted in conserving Sanskrit culture and Vedic tradition, to what extent it

* Archaeological Survey of India

is difficult to determine. In the wake of the Aryans came the Greeks and the Scythians whose influence, though short-lived, must have been more or less anti-Vedic. The greatest shock to the Veda-Brahmin bureaucracy, however, came from the Buddhists whose humanitarian gospel so deeply moulded the thought and tradition of Sindh that the reactionary tendencies of Hindu Revivalism of the post-Buddhistic era completely failed to persuade it to compromise with caste and idolatry. This is rare, indeed unique, when compared with the history of other Indian provinces. And to this alone, perhaps, is due the failure of Christian Missions to gain a foothold in Sindh, though militant Islam succeeded in bringing to its fold quite a large number of the peasantry. The Islam, however, which came to Sindh, had in it more of Persian culture, mysticism and philosophy than the arid and uncompromising theism of Arabia. This mystical Islam, mingling with the existing Hindu-Buddhist tradition, flowered into that type of Sufism which is peculiar to Sindh. Into this melting pot of religions and cultures came the gospel of Guru Nanak, leavening the life of Hindu Sindh with its *bhakti* and synthetic vision. In this sense Sindh may indeed be said to be the disciple of the Punjab—the Punjab not of the

militant Khalsa of Guru Govind, but of the devout, pious, pacific Sikhs of Guru Nanak. Unfettered by the five symbols of the Khalsa, holding less rigorously to the worship of the *Granth Saheb* (the Sikh Scriptures), caste-less, idol-less Sindh has not only resurrected Guru Nanak's faith, but conserved it in its pure and simple form.

This receptive, hospitable temper of heterodox Sindh is neither religious neutrality nor mystical "negation". It is a symptom of spiritual youth and progressivness whereby the soul of the individual or the nation, in its cycles of ascent, seeks a new solvent in order to coordinate and consolidate its seemingly loose heterodoxy into a comprehensive harmony or synthesis. And it is this more than any other thing, as we shall have occasion to refer to it again, which led Diwan Navalrai to leap the barriers of space and tradition, and ally himself to another Youth Movement in far away Bengal. The way by which Bengal came to seek a new spiritual solvent is exceedingly interesting. Honeycombed with caste and the cult of gods and goddesses, the rank growth of Bengal's exuberant social and religious life had apparently little in common with that of far away Sindh. And yet one purpose wedded these two provinces together,—the

biography of Hiranand being a luminous witness to this inter-provincial, inter-racial at-one-ment!

In social manners and customs Sindh is very much unlike the rest of Hindu India. No wonder, therefore, that the present day household menials, called *Bhaias,* who come from the United Provinces, look upon Sindh as outside the pale of Hindusthan. Socially, Sindh may be said to be in the vanguard of reformed India. It seems there must have been any number of intermarriages between the aggressive Scythians and the settled population of Sindh, specially of the higher classes. The Brahmin, poor and ignorant, now forms a negligible minority. Like the *Bawa*, the Sikh priest, he is an ornamental figurehead without any real ecclesiastical authority. Idolatry and all its attendant rituals are conspicuous by their absence. Restrictions in food and cooking are unknown, while in matters of dress Sindh is indeed cosmopolitan,—the modern educated Sindhi is perhaps the most anglicised of Indians. Caste as understood elsewhere is non-existent, though social exclusiveness does exist. But the preponderance of Muslim influence with its attendant evils of *purda* and illiteracy, and a life of ease and luxury in the zenana have been a set-back to the social life. Add to

this the inhuman dowry system (*deti leti*) among the educated Amil community—a potent factor in the wrecking of domestic peace and happiness, and a fruitful cause of physical and mental breakdown. This *deti leti* looks like a survival of the primitive institution of marriage by capture, only here the bridegroom, instead of capturing the person of the bride, captures the purse of her parents! Temperance was a rare virtue in old Sindh, and even now Hyderabad, the premier city, is regarded as heading the list in the consumption of liquor. Indeed, the prevailing Sufi cult, like the Shakta cult in Bengal, has actually condoned the use of wine instead of prohibiting it. Many a time drink perverts seek the "easy ecstasy of alcohol' under the pious pretext of plunging into the depths of "mysticism". In this land of entombed Mirs and propertied Pirs, of aristocratic Amils and opulent Bhaibunds, of Sindhi Sikhs and Hindu Sufis, of Jats and Bhaias, one may see Sindh in all stages of historic life and evolution, from the primitive fisher-folk with his float and net to the most anglicised, bourgeois intellectuals!

Such in brief outline is the background of things in Sindh. From this general survey of the whole province, we now pass on to the special conditions

prevailing in Hyderabad—the heart and the intellectual centre of Sindh—from which came Navalrai and Hiranand.

As a city Hyderabad stands by itself. As we near the Railway Station, the old mud-fort and the serried phalanx of scowling ventilators (*Mang*), towering ghost-like over the elevated city, present a spectacle novel and uncanny. Thanks to the beneficence of the magnificent Indus and the beautiful Fuleli this city, built on terraced mounds, looks like an oasis in the midst of wilderness. Intolerably hot during the day, with hitherto little or no rains throughout the year, Hyderabad has clear and cool nights of which any town may well be proud. Its spiritual and material environments are clear-cut and marked. With very little of caste and idolatry, and with its dress and customs mostly of Muslim fashion, Hyderabad carries on its body and soul the unmistakable impress of Islamic impact. The Hindus, mostly followers of Guru Nanak, love the Muslim Sufis and Sufism. Such a soil was peculiarly fitted for the seed of Brahmoism of which the first sower was Navalrai.

Navalrai—what did he stand in need of? He belonged to a respectable family, had ample means at

his command to spend and to spare. He was healthy, happy and hard-working—a nobleman of the premier city of Sindh. If he wanted a *Guru* there was Nanak; if he wanted a Scripture there was the *Granth Sahèb* (the Sikh Scriptures); if he wanted *gnosis* and mysticism there was the Sufi literature. What needed he? What new thing stirred his youthful soul? What but that which is the soul's birthright and life interest,—the love and companionship of God. Everything was there save this. God was there, of course, but as a hostage in the hands of a hundred intermediaries—gurus, scriptures, social conventions, religious traditions, God in bondage, God as almost inaccessible! And young Navalrai wanted to be free to see God, to hear His voice, to hold Him by the hand as it were, to possess Him and be possessed by Him. He wanted God to be free to come to him—a very God in truth and in deed!

What was needed, therefore, was a Declaration of Independence—a declaration that no intermediaries were needed, that the human soul was always free to meet its God Who alone could fulfil its needs. Navalrai searched far and wide, long and patiently for it, till he recognised in the clarion call of Keshub the answer to his quest. How did he come to do it? *That is the*

mystery, the miracle of Modern Sindh ! Alone of all his fellow-countrymen in Sindh he heard the call and rose to respond to it. As the call was for an all-round, harmonious life of love and service, so was his response full and uncompromising. At the outset the response meant a break from parental control and domestic ease, from social compliance and religious confusions, but the break was not an unqualified one. It did not mean a complete rupture with the existing order, and the overthrow of all that was old. In fact, the break was a move towards resurrection, towards reconstruction of all that was vital and enduring in the historic life of the province, of all that was permanent and progressive in Hinduism, Sikhism and Islam. It was the excrescences and not the essence that suffered in this process of sifting and winnowing. And the devout Navalrai who was formerly a pious *Nanak-panthi,* rediscovered a new source of inspiration and authority in the *Upasana* (the order of service) of Keshub and his band. To his last day Navalrai stuck to the *Udbodhana* (Invocation) and *Aradhana* (Adoration), the *Dhyan* (Meditation) and *Bhajan* (Singing) and *Patha* (Readings), making them the central pillar on which rested the entire edifice of his new and regenerate manhood.

Hiranand—The Soul of Sindh

A vision-led, voice-fed life drawing its power and authority from the infinite reserves hidden within the soul—which means God Himself—such is Diwan Navalrai. In this simple and austere figure of the pioneer we find Keshub's man of "True Faith" reproduced and re-embodied. And the value of this life and that of Hiranand is that they stand at the gate of New Sindh interrogating every new and succeeding movement whether it come to preach this gospel of direct vision and inspiration, or speak of compromises and substitutes in the name of *gnosis* and nationalism, of horoscopes and mediums, of *guru* and *avatara*, of *shastra* and *sadhan*, of nationalism and modern civilization!

It is significant that out of aristocratic Hyderabad and the Amil Advani family should come out two selfless workers inaugurating a new era of the most uncompromising monotheistic worship, a casteless brotherhood, and the purification of home and society through the education and emancipation of woman.

The Navalrai and Hiranand apostolate—literally the first Sindhi Youth Movement—constituted the pioneer band of revolutionaries in Modern Sindh. Their movement of civic and educational *reforms*, of

social and religious revolt and reconstruction, was indeed the beginning of a new era. It was certainly a national though not a political movement. And the question that confronts the student of history is—Was there a crisis in Sindh, a social and religious crisis, which called into being two such apostolic spirits as Navalrai and Hiranand? What led two such independent and original individuals to go out of their province and seek inspiration and fellowship in another province? Was there a similarity in the conditions of Sindh and Bengal, of Hyderabad and Calcutta? And is not this union of hearts and homelands a drama, at once human and divine, of the dispensation of God, a handiwork of that Providence Who makes and guides the destinies of individuals and of nations?

Yes, the same God, Who as Mother India raised the standard of religious revolt in a Bengali youth, also stirred in the heart of a Sindhi youth, bringing the two together in His inscrutable ways. And the end was one, to uproot idolatry and caste, to work for temperance and the uplift of womanhood, to build up a free, regenerate community and nationality. This was the programme before these God-ordained pioneers of *Navavidhan* in Sindh. Other movements with

their own programme have followed—Roman Catholicism and the Theosophical Society, the newly reformed Singh Sabha and the Hindu Sabha, but the foundation was laid by these two heroic brothers of the city of Hyderabad. And their work far from being exhausted or finished is just begun. They are the seed out of which will rise a New Sindh.

CHAPTER II

THE SETTING

A prophet is said to regenerate his people; he infuses new life into them. In him the old generation dies, and a new generation is born. Himself the child of the past, he becomes in his turn the progenitor of an altogether new race of men. As from one small seed a whole forest may spring up, so one prophet brings forth, by the law of moral development, many generations of reformed souls that lay potentially in him. Born in his spirit, these new generations continue to live in him, and he in them. His spirit courses through their veins and arteries, and moulds their character, their ideas, and sentiments. They think his thoughts and feel his feelings, and however much they may advance in the path of reform, he is the root of the new life they lead:—Keshub Chunder Sen in his Lecture on "GREAT MEN," 1866.

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Birth and Parentage

Hyderabad Old and New—The Amil Community—The *Olaques* and the *Tikanas*—The Brahmins and Bawas—The Bhaibunds—The Masses—The Mukhis—The Advani House—Hiranand's Father—Hiranand's Mother—The Four Brothers—A Revolt—The Prophet of Modern Sindh.

A Mahomedan city from the eighth century, an historical capital of the Province, its name was changed from Nerunkot to Hyderabad by a Kalhora Chief in the eighteenth century, 1768. The tombs of the Kalhora and Talpur Mirs or rulers, scattered here and there, bear testimony to' its ancient Islamic glories. After the battle of Miani in 1843, when Sindh became British, the capital was transferred to Karachi. The beautiful Fuleli and the mighty Indus, the rocky ridge on which the city is built, and the sandy plains fringing the plateau, the Gidu Bunder, and the *Ganja Takkar* give the city not only a unique attractiveness but make it a natural stronghold.

The period with which we are concerned may be said to lie about the middle of the last century, not many years after Sindh came under British rule. The characters in this biography come from a city which, in a good many ways, is different from the city of

today. In less than a century Hyderabad has changed almost beyond recognition. To imagine the state of things as they were then one would have to begin with the city, its people, and then dwell on their civic and religious life.

Take away from the Hyderabad of to-day the whole of the new settlement, Hirabad; a good deal of the Cantonment quarters; the College site on the Fuleli; all the big schools and institutional edifices and public places like the Municipal Markets, *Musafirkhanas,* Theatres and Halls; most of the magnificent private residences built in the latest fashion; the many parks, gardens, and some of the better-kept and spacious streets which are crowded not only with men and children but ladies and girls as well;—take away all these and you will have a picture of the old Hyderabad. You will see the old city with its narrow, dingy lanes where the mud cottages and mud mansions, all crowned with yawning ventilators, seem to leave no space for air or sanitation, where the long line of humming human hives—the shops—draw crowds of Hyderabadis as well as non-Hyderabadis who come on cart or camel to buy and sell, or perhaps to settle their quarrel at the local court. You will see there the old Sindhi cylindrical hat *(dighi topi)*, almost extinct today, sitting

sedately on the heads of bearded and bemoustached Amils who, with loose pantaloons (*suthans*), look more like Muslims than Hindus, and see also the *dhoti*-wearing Bhaibunds and Banias with their white or coloured headdress. These with the children and young men, and the men of the poorest and the lowest class you will meet, but all with their headgear on, for in those days it was anathema to go bareheaded anywhere. There would be a sprinkling of women of the lower classes but the middle and the upper classes of women would not think of lifting their veil or stepping out of the *zenana* except to go to the Tikanas or attend some ceremonial functions. The quaint nose-rings and the gold or ivory bangles, and the almost *boorka*-like wrappers, the silk *soothans* (*pyjamas*), and the ceremonial, lurid red gowns (*peshgirs*) would be there but no *saris* or shoes. The nose-rings came to be discarded and the *saris* worn at a much later date.

The social structure of Hyderabad may be roughly divided into the following groups :—

(a) Khudabadi Amils of Hyderabad
(b) Non-Hyderabadi Amils
(c) Bhaibunds—Khudabadi and others
(d) Non-Sindhi Hindus including Brahmins
(e) Sindhi and other Mahomedans

First in the social scale come the Amils. The Amils are so called because as a class they were employed in secretarial work during the rule of the Mirs of Sindh. Some of them rose to be Prime Ministers or Diwans which term is now often loosely used as a designation for the Amils as a whole. Their origin is as yet obscure. They came from the Punjab, but need not, on that account, be called 'Punjabis,' for the political boundaries of Sindh and the Punjab have varied in different periods of Indian history. The Amils settled first in Khudabad, then in Hyderabad. Whatever they were they are certainly neither Brahmins nor Sudras. Originally, they must have represented the other two classes of Hindu *Varnashram* viz., Kshatriyas and Vaishyas, the Vaishyas outnumbering the Kshatriyas. It is said that the warlike ancestry of some at least of the Amil families (clans' like that of the Advanis, Gidwanis and Mirchandanis is not difficult to trace. Anyway, the martial instinct of the Amils gradually gave way before the peaceful occupation of the Vaishya, so that they came to find in their brain a better weapon than the sword by which to retain their power and position in the state and the social order. When Sikhism spread westward and southward from its original home it found in this

go-ahead community a fertile field of propagation, all the Amils accepting the new faith. Sikh nomenclature was adopted, and the wearing of long hair and the *Patka* (turban) became common. These latter, however, began to be discarded from the time of Diwan Navalrai and may be said to have disappeared about a generation ago.

It is an anomaly in Hindu India to find a non-Brahmin community like the Amils at the head of society. This is perhaps due to the fact that the Brahmins, few and unlettered, were all immigrants—*Gauda, Saraswata*, or some class of south-Indian Brahmins. They never exercised the same influence and authority as they do in other provinces, content to eke out a scanty living from the occasional contributions doled out to them.

Next to the Hyderabadi Amils come the non-Hyderabadi Amils, and after them the Bhaibunds. The last two groups stand apart by themselves as well as from the first group. The exclusiveness of the first group from the social, intellectual and occupational standpoint makes it an aristocracy. The barriers among the first three, however, are being slowly and steadily undermined by education and the exigencies of modern

life. Marriages of Hyderabadi Amil youngmen with the daughters of non-Hyderabadi Amils and Bhaibunds are not regarded as objectionable, but owing to *Deti Leti* they are becoming rarer. The Amils of today, under the pressure of modern life, are taking to occupations which, a generation ago, would have been considered derogatory to the family and the community. The number of those who had lands of their own either from their ancestors (zemindars) or from Government grants is growing less.

One cannot say that the home life, though of the joint family system, helped in the enrichment of all the members of the family. The men lived a life apart. During the day they would frequent the *Otaques* where they could smoke and drink, or play cards, *choupar* or sit and talk, not unoften ordering their meals from home. These *Otaques* in every lane or locality, generally the drawing rooms of some respectable or well-to-do persons, were the social centres for the men. They would retire to their homes only at night, the pious minded among them paying an evening visit to the *Tikanas* or Sikh temples. The women, on the other hand, spending their time in cooking and needle-work while in their homes, would visit the *Tikanas* early in the morning and occasionally the

houses of the Brahmins to hear *Kathas.* The most insistent and sinister call, however, on their time was the call of the mourning visitations (*siappa* or *touri*) —visiting the houses of bereaved friends or relations. The ceremony of mourning in Sindh is the most body-breaking, soul-destroying institution devised by man. For full twelve months or even more from the day of death, through the tenth day *sradh* with the preposterous and ludicrous extortions of the *Karni-ghor,* to the closing day of the year, there would be an interminable round of lamentations and beating of breast by batches of women around the tragic figure of the bereaved widow.

The ceremonial part of religion was under the strict control of orthodox Brahmin priests, mostly ignorant, who were not only asked to cast the horoscopes of every new-born child but to give a name on the sixth day and were consulted on every important occasion, the simple *bhakti* and the easy credulity of the average citizen yielding itself to the tyranny of orthodoxy. The *Tikanas* with the Sikh *Bawas* (priests) were the institutional centres of the people who were, in reality, not *Sanatani* Hindus but *Nanakpanthi* Sikhs. Thus there was a curious

alliance of the Sikh *Bawas* with the Brahmin priests in the religious ministrations of the citizens of Hyderabad.

In purely social matters, the people unlike that of the rest of India were singularly free from caste and other food restrictions. Among the citizens of old Hyderabad drink was universal—men, women, boys and girls all partook of it. It was a breach of the law of hospitality not to offer drink to a guest; it was considered rude to refuse a glass when offered though there were some who abstained from drink. On ceremonial or social occasions drink was regarded as absolutely essential. At a time when both Hinduism and Islam were in a decadent state, and there was as yet no sign of any awakening or revival, social morality especially among the itinerant merchants could not be high. The Bhaibunds or *Sindhworkis*, the most widely travelled of Indians, are to be found in every port all over the world, and these, though orthodox Hindus in Sindh, never suffer social ostracism because of their sea-voyage or sojourn among non-Hindus in foreign lands.

Inspite of all this Hyderabad, as regards its people, is singularly homogeneous. An inland city, with a long and unbroken historic tradition, it presents a

fruitful field of study and research. To one coming from outside Sindh the life of the masses or the common people presents very striking contrasts. There seems to be nothing like what may be called the Depressed Classes in most parts of Sindh. Why this strange anomaly in a province of Hindu India? Is it due to the preponderance of Muslim influence? During the thousand years of Muslim rule, a very large percentage of the peasantry was converted, often under the slightest pretext and in the most puerile fashion, into Mahomedanism. Whatever that may be, shall we not say that these lower class Hindus would have ere long been branded as the Depressed Classes if Islam had not taken them into its fold? One may ask why were they not reclaimed by Sikhism as in the Punjab? The answer must be that the Sikhism in Sindh during the five hundred years of its existence has never been of the militant and reclaiming type. The peasantry in the rural areas and the manual labourers in a city like Hyderabad, when compared with the people of the same class in other provinces, are very much better dressed and more prosperous looking. The mutual relationship of the upper and the lower classes is also on a much higher and humaner level. The *intelligensia* is addressed as "Sain,"

"Seth," "Saheb," "Diwan," the servant class is addressed as Bhaia (Brother) or Mai (mother or woman) if Hindus, and if Mahomedans, as in the Punjab, "Bhai" or "Yar" Unlike the present-day strained feelings there used to be a good deal of real amity among Hindus and Mahomedans not only in the villages where Hindu Zemindars preponderated but in the towns as well. This could be seen at its best in the provincial fairs and festivals. The pilgrimages too, not unoften, were the popular meeting-ground of Hindus and Muslims—the Hindus visiting the tombs of Pirs, the Mahomedans, at least in a few instances like that of Odero Lal, paying homage at the shrine of Hindu *Sadhus*. The names, too, of Hindus in Sindh sometimes sound like that of a Mahomedan because of the admixture of Sanskrit with Persian words—as Fatehchand, Meherchand, Gurbuxrai.

The men with their Persian and Sindhi education, with a handful of the English-knowing younger generation, the very small percentage of women with a knowledge of the Gurumukhi script, formed the bulk of the literates, the Sufi and Sikh literature being the principal source of culture. The education of boys found more favour among Hindu Amil children than

among the Bhaibunds or the Mahomedans. The communal life would be seen at its best and worst at the *Panchayet—communes*—the governing body with the *Mukhi* (head) as the final authority. The Amil Diwans with their *Mukhis*, along with the privileged few among the highly-salaried Government officials, were the real City Fathers, the comparatively opulent Bhaibunds and other classes, and the sturdy Mahomedan population submitting willingly to the authority of an intellectual aristocracy.

It was in this city and in a family of Khudabadi Amils—whence were recruited the Mukhis, Nandiram and after him Shaukiram—that Navalrai and Hiranand were born. The ancestral house is situated not far from the main road, the one big road that skirts the city on its western side and then turns southward to the Railway Station. Not in the congested quarters of the old city but right on its fringe, in the midst of a clump of buildings old and new, rising irregularly on terraced mounds, is the old house still standing, thanks to the ministrations of generations of masons and carpenters! The lane, now called Advani Lane, is as it was in Hiranand's time. The main part of the building, too, is intact, so that lovers and admirers of Hiranand may visit the place of his birth and boyhood.

Hiranand—The Soul of Sindh

Hiranand's father, Diwan Shaukiram Nandiram, was a man of imposing personality. Vigour and uprightness were written on every line of his face, and he was a model of the old-world courtesy and gentleness. He was extremely methodical in his habits, and wrote a beautiful Persian hand. He served for a long time, as a *Taluka* Revenue Officer and Magistrate, and his record was the cleanest, so much so that even his worst enemy never whispered that he was open to a bribe. When he retired on full pension, he was given an honorary title, and he became a prominent member of the Hyderabad Municipality. He also devoted himself to the cause of reform in his own community, and by his exertions succeeded in reducing marriage expenses and in minimising the evil effects of several pernicious customs. He was the Mukhi (chief) of the largest section of his caste, a caste called Kshatri Amil from its occupation, which, like that of the Kayasthas, was chiefly Government service. His ancestors had come from the Punjab, and settled at Khudabad in the Hyderabad District as servants of the Kalhora rulers of Sindh; and his religion was the religion of Guru Nanak, the great spiritual teacher, whose name is loved and adored in the provinces watered by the Indus and its tributaries. He was a

man of inflexible principles, and this was no mean part of Hiranand's inheritance.

Hiranand's mother, who little knew that her "earthly flower would be heavenly fruit" in three decades, was a loving and lovable woman, devoted to her children and husband. She was simplicity personified. She attended to her home, was absorbed in her household work, and was a great comfort to her husband. Like all her kith and kin, she professed the faith of Guru Nanak, and had by heart much of the devotional poetry of Guru Nanak and Guru Arjun. Her husband was innocent of English, but was a Persian scholar. She, on the other hand, was innocent even of letters; but this did not prevent her from committing to memory the *Japuji* and the *Sukhmani*, which are considered as the quintessence of the holy *Granth* (Sikh scripture), and even when calamity after calamity visited her, her simple faith was never shaken. The mother makes the most of us, and there is no doubt that, from her, Hiranand inherited his almost womanly tenderness and his generous love, which formed such a remarkable feature of his life as to endear him even to those who differed from him. Not only Hiranand but his daughters also learnt from

her the many beautiful stories of the Hindu *Shastras* —stories like those of *Savitri* and *Sita*—which place before the Hindu maiden the ideals of chastity, of faithful love and sincere self-sacrifice.

Hiranand's eldest brother, Diwan Navalrai, had a full share of this double inheritance, but, I imagine, with a difference. He was a better organiser and a greater disciplinarian than Hiranand, and he was more methodical and orderly. But he had less of that personal magnetism which gathered around Hiranand a band of devoted disciples, disclipes determined to follow his example—disciples to whom we owe the Hiranand Leper Asylum at Maggar Pir, Karachi, the Orphange at Sukkur, and the many educational institutions at Hyderabad, Sindh. Navalrai had had the advantage of regular instruction at an English-teaching school, though not at a college, and he made his way from a petty clerkship to a Deputy Collectorship of the highest grade by the force of sterling merit and exemplary life. He won the respect, confidence, and even affection of his official superiors to a degree rarely equalled, and he worked as hard out of as in office hours. After entering Government Service he had paid great attention to his ancestral religion, and



The Four Brothers.
NAVALRAI, MOTIRAM, HIRANAND, TARACHAND.
(From left to right)

Facing page 34

had studied the *Granth* (Sikh Scripture) diligently, and subsequently read many other religious books.

Navalrai's younger brother, Tarachand, who in those days was a teacher in the Government High School, and who later became the Principal of the Training College at Hyderabad, Sindh, was devoted to him and followed in his footsteps. The third was Hiranand who was born on March 23, 1863. His name, which according to Sindhi custom was given on the sixth day, means the diamond (*hira*) of delight (*anand*). The second son of Diwan Shaukiram, and, the fourth, Motiram (a Barrister-at-law, who married a daughter of Revd. Charles Voysey, Theistic Church, London) resembled each other in complexion, but differed from the first and the third between whom, again, there was a great similarity. Curiously enough, the small-pox affected the face of each of these latter, while it did not even touch the former. The first and the third had the spirit of real heroes, and great originality.

Hira and Moti were to their mother her diamond and pearl of great price. Hira, in Sindhi, means a diamond, and Moti means a pearl. Both were charming little boys; and the old ancestral house, now wrapped

in sombre gloom, often echoed, in those days, to the laughter of the little ones, specially of Moti; for even then there was a look of earnestness in Hira's young eyes, which arrested attention. The home was a happy one, even though the grandfather of the children, Diwan Nandiram, had lost his sight; for, he was a hale and hearty old man, whose spirit was in no way broken by his loss of sight and who had the inestimable love of his dutiful son and grandsons, and daughter-in-law. Into this family came the revolutionary message of Keshub from far away Bengal capturing young Navalrai as its first apostle on the banks of the Indus. This was not a case of conversion in the accepted sense of the term. It was rather a mutual recognition of two chosen spirits brought about by the mysterious ways of Providence. Navalrai, a devout follower of Guru Nanak, one day found some one entering his Prayer Room and doing obeisance, in orthodox fashion, to the *Granth*, the Scripture kept there. The scene witnessed so often elsewhere, however, brought on a sudden revulsion of feeling, and Navalrai removed the Granth from its usual place. From that time on, he sought for a faith which, while honouring the Guru and his recorded teachings, would have nothing to do with *Guru-worship* and *Granth-worship*. This new urge

in him was in line with the life and teachings of Guru Nanak himself. The difference between him and his fellow-countrymen in Sindh was, therefore, a very vital and real one. They stopped short with Guru Nanak and the *Granth Saheb*, while Navalrai, realising the insidious character of such a step in the onward march of the spirit, sought to establish his life on direct God-vision and Inspiration. This is truly the way of Guru Nanak who taught direct communion with the Living God, and a *bhakti* in which all faiths and prophets are united.

Guru Nanak had said in explicit terms that he belonged to no sect, and that it mattered very little whether He Whom he loved was called Allah or Ram. To him, as to Namdev and Kabir, the temple and the mosque were one and the same thing, and like Chaitanya he had Mahomedan disciples. His creed is well represented by Abul Fazl's inscription written for a Kashmir temple:

> "O God, in every temple I see people that see Thee, and in every language I hear spoken, people praise Thee.
> Polytheism and Islam feel after Thee.
> Each religion says: "Thou art one, without equal".

If it be a mosque, people murmur the holy prayer, and if it be a Christian church, people ring the bell, from love to Thee.
Sometimes I frequent the Christian cloister, and sometimes the mosque.
But it is Thou Whom I search from temple to temple.
Thy elect have no dealings with either heresy or orthodoxy; for, neither of them stands behind the screen of Thy truth.
Heresy to the heretic, and religion to the orthodox; but the dust of the rose-petal belongs to the heart of the perfume-seller."

Abul Fazl and Faizi were both descendants of a Sindhi (a fact little known), and in Sindh there is hardly a village where sentiments like the above are not sung by our rustic minstrels. The Sufi poetry of Latif and Inayet, of Sami and Dalpat, of Sachal and Rohal,—six of the sweetest singers of Sindh,—is as full of them as the devotional poetry of the great Gurus and the great Bhaktas, enshrined in the *Granth.* All these God-intoxicated men were really neither Hindus nor Mahomedans. Guru Nanak even went so far as to say, in one of the most beautiful of his songs, that he was a madman, mad with the madness of divine love.

In another place, he compared himself to a minnow striving to understand the Infinite Ocean of Love and Wisdom encompassing him on all sides. He never cared for the furious formalisms, or the fantastic fanaticisms of castes and creeds. For these, he knew, echoed only to the Great Name of the Nameless, glorified by the Upanishads and by the *Bhaktas* of all lands.

Very similar was the state of things in the Brahmo Samaj where great stress was laid on the non-observance of the Hindu ritual; and the new Brahmo creed was, therefore, not a little militant. About five years before the birth of Hiranand, Keshub had refused to be initiated by his family priest, an orthodox Brahmin. In September 1859, about a year after that refusal, Keshub during his voyage to Ceylon had, on board the steamer, eaten things touched by hands considered unclean by his caste. In 1862, just a year before Hiranand's birth, he had contrary to his family usage, and in defiance of his kinsmen, openly taken his *purdanishin* wife with him to witness his installation, as minister of the Adi Somaj, by Debendranath Tagore; and thereafter for several months both had lived at the latter's house. In August of the same year, he had actually

brought about a marriage between persons of different castes and thrown orthodoxy into convulsions. On January 11, 1863 he performed the birth ceremony of his eldest son according to Brahmo rites; and, in the same year, he had persuaded Debendranath to throw away the sacred thread, and for the first time, to appoint one, who was not a Brahmin, to officiate in the pulpit. Finally, in November 1866, he had seceded from Debendranath, as the latter opposed intermarriage between different castes, and allowed only Brahmins, wearing the distinctive badge of orthodox Hinduism, to preach from the pulpit. Keshub hated idols and idolatrous forms, and his spirit was caught up by the young aspirants who had enrolled themselves under his banner. Navalrai was one of these aspirants. There were, however, no family idols to break or burn; for, the followers of Guru Nanak are not idol-worshippers.

Navalrai was the first, in Sindh, to be attracted by Keshub Chunder Sen, whose eloquent discourses in India and England were creating a great sensation when Hiranand was yet in his teens. He took a trip to Calcutta to see that remarkable man who had won his admiration, and formally joined the Brahmo Samaj. It fulfilled the ideal which his previous studies had

gradually formed in his mind. It had found a clarion voice in Keshub and its call appealed to all his accumulated hereditary and acquired eclecticism. It was to him, in truth and reality, as Keshub wrote in his *Nava Samhita,*

> "the Church Universal which is the repository of all ancient wisdom and the receptacle of modern science, which recognises in all prophets and saints a harmony, in all scriptures a unity, and through all dispensations a continuity, which abjures all that separates and divides and always magnifies unity and peace, which harmonises reason and faith, *yoga* and *bhakti*, asceticism and social duty in their highest forms, and which shall make of all nations and sects one kingdom and one family in the fulness of time."

The creed was simple and attractive: for, like every real religious revival, it went to first principles and promised a complete reformation.

In the Census of 1891, a column was set apart for the Sikhs, but in the Bombay Presidency that column became useless, and the Census Report states that the followers of the Guru returned themselves as Hindus. Diwans Nandiram and Shaukiram, like the other followers of Guru Nanak in Sindh, called them-

selves Hindus. The same course was followed by the members of the Adi Brahmo Samaj in Bengal. But the followers of Keshub did not enter themselves as Hindus in religion. They were wholly opposed to the orthodox ceremonial, and Navalrai and Tarachand, accepting Keshub's views, cast off the sacred thread, symbolic of caste, from their persons. The two brothers, also, on *Shradh* days and Hindu holidays, refused to perform any of the Hindu ceremonies, or to bow to the family Brahmin, or to the *Nanakpanthi* priest. They went further and announced that they had no objection to dine with Mussulmans. They knew that the announcement would cause pain to their father and grandfather, and spread consternation among the ladies of their family; but they talked with their own heart and, determining to do what they considered right, braved the consequences. Thus it was that the upheaval at Calcutta reacted on this family, on the other side of India.

Diwan Shaukiram, being an enlightened man and a follower of Nanak, was, at heart, not opposed to the essentials of his eldest son's Brahmo creed. He could not also deny that the Brahmins and the Bawas had completely degenerated in his native city with,

of course, a few exceptions. But he was not prepared for the revolution, which his eldest son did not shrink from at all. He was the accredited head (*mukhi*) of the major part of the Amil community, and, as such, presided at their deliberations, and at their feasts and funerals. His father, Diwan Nandiram, had held that office before him, and as his ancestors had filled high offices in the time of the Kalhoras and the Talpurs, the family enjoyed a very high social status. Navalrai and Tarachand, however, were quite willing to run the risk of excommunication rather than submit to the ministrations of Brahmins and Bawas, or acknowledge the distinctions of caste. They were perfectly obedient and dutiful in all other matters. They regularly brought their pay to their father, and they showed him every respect, but they positively refused to budge an inch in their repudiation and abhorrence of what they considered idolatrous or superstitious. As, however, they did not actually dine with any Mussulman or Christian, though quite prepared to do so, and as their father wielded immense influence in his caste, no steps were openly taken against them, though their profession of the new faith caused a great sensation.

From this short account of Hiranand's birth and parentage it will be seen that the setting is at once

striking and portentous. There is thunder and lightning in the "Sleepy hollow" of Sindh, there is stir and commotion in the easy-going Amil community of Hyderabad, and when the sky clears one beholds a youthful figure emerging from it like a prophet whose ways take him away from the beaten track. And in the wake of this prophetic figure is that of another,—a little child!

CHAPTER III

BOYHOOD: HYDERABAD (1863–79)

"Say done and it is done,"—wrote Hiranand in the Diary of the Eagle's Nest. What Hiranand said he acted on. Speaking of Napoleon,' Emerson said: "To what heaps of cowardly doubts is not that man's life an answer?" Among ourselves Hiranand was a man of this Napoleonic character. What duty is, whether one ought to do it at once, or weigh the many considerations which are against the doing of it, are questions which might be left to the psychologists to settle. What the sincere soul knows is that doubts cannot be solved except by action, and that action may be with the hand, or the heart, or the mind.

During the days he was at Hyderabad, Sindh, before he came to Calcutta, he had shown by his actions and behaviour that he meant what he said, and what he said he did (vide anecdotes on ghosts, snakes and Mussulman class-mates)......Similar stories of him will be told by those who knew him in his College days at Calcutta...I am sure they will be of use to our young men. For, who need so much as the youth of our country those cardinal virtues without which youth would be wasted in any country, and manhood entered on without a sense of the responsibility attaching to it, and without the possession of powers which would be needed in it?—Promotho Loll Sen, in "The World and the New Dispensation," July 26, 1903.

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School Life

School life—Anecdotes—Glimpses of the coming hero in the boy—Marriage—S. N. Tagore and Miss Carpenter—Death of grandfather and break with orthodoxy—From Hyderabad to Calcutta.

Ancient scriptures record the adoring and enduring love and friendship of brothers like Ram and Laksmana, Yudhisthira and Arjuna, Moses and Aaron, Hassan and Hussain. In the history of Modern Sindh the friendship of Navalrai and Hiranand may by said to belong to this classic, epic type. Navalrai was very fond of little Hira whom he used to take with him even to his office. The child looked upon his brother as his hero, treasured his words, and followed him in all things. Though too young to grasp the new religious idealism which fired Navalrai, the social implications of that idealism caught his youthful imagination and appealed to the active and the adventurous in him. After his brother he came to look upon caste as an abomination, and upon Brahminical forms as a farce. What effect they had on him at the formative period of his character will be seen from his school life at Hyderabad.

On January 27, 1873, he was admitted to the Practising Class, attached to the Normal School, at Hyderabad, Sindh, and Diwan Kauramal Chandanmal,

the head of the School at that time, heard how the little boy, one day, deliberately drank water from an earthen cup belonging to the Mussulman students, in order to show that he did not care for his caste. He, however, did not know that the Mussulman students were a caste by themselves. He thought they would welcome his defiance of custom, but they, on the contrary, lodged a complaint before the Headmaster that Hira had polluted the cup. Diwan Kauramal wrote: "I questioned him, and he said: 'My Hindu class-mates say I have defiled myself; and my Muhammadan class-mates say I have polluted their vessel, but I think they are both wrong.' I warned him against repeating his act, and told him that his father would get angry if he heard of it. Upon this he smiled and left. But I observed that he did not drink water again from that cup." The child knew his eldest brother's views, and hence his smile.

Diwan Kauramal also stated that Hiranand, though generally very shy, evinced, even then, a strong will and independence of judgment. "When reasoned with or found fault with, he would argue, and when put down or overcome, he would simply smile," as if conscious that he was in the right. The strong will

was hereditary; the independence of judgment was due to the example of the eldest brother.

From the Practising School, Hiranand was promoted to the Training School, as "a free student not desirous of a master's certificate." The Educational Inspector in Sindh examined him in December 1874, in Sindhi and Persian, history, geography, arithmetic and algebra, and he passed in all the heads with credit. He was then in his twelfth year, and though not quite plastic in the hands of his teachers, or of his parents, he had learnt truthfulness, temperance, simplicity and other noble virtues from his eldest brother, even at that early age.

One of the places which the little boy used to frequent was the Brahma Mandir which Navalrai had built in September 1875, the year of Keshub's lectures in England, on a very convenient and airy site granted to him for the purpose by the Government. Here, after his day's work, Navalrai used to meet a few earnest men inspired by his ideal of purity and unselfishness, and join them in prayer and meditation; and here, in two urns, lie enshrined the ashes of the two noble brothers, Navalrai and Hiranand. In the pretty garden, under a magnificent banian tree, there is a

large square platform, near a reservoir of fresh water, and there Navalrai and Hiranand, amidst the fragrance of flowers and the balmy peace of Nature, passed some of their happiest hours. The Mandir, from its lofty position, commands, on the west, a sight of the very extensive Mussulman graveyard, from the middle of which the mausoleum of Sarfraz Khan Kalhoro, surrounded by tall, full-foliaged mimosas, lifts its head to bask in the sun. This cemetery was usually shunned by little boys, for it was supposed to be haunted by ghosts. There were stories told of swift vengeance meted out to those who had disturbed the dead, or caught a sight, by chance, of their spirits, as they flitted like fire-flies from tree to tree on dark nights, or held high revelry under the waning moon ; and there were weird tales of the hard fate that had suddenly overtaken those daring truants who had trodden on the tombs to conceal themselves in the leafy recesses of this old historical burial-ground. But little Hira knew better, and was not in the least afraid of the dead or the ghosts of the dead.

"When he was studying in the Normal School," wrote his cousin Bhavandas, "we used to talk occasionally of spirits. I asked him if he believed in their

existence. He said: 'No.' He then took me to Sarfrazshah's cemetery, and selecting the best tomb there, and seating himself on it, commenced whipping it with a thin cane. 'If there is a spirit in the tomb,' said he, 'it will come out and punish us;' but no spirit came out, and we returned home very much elated." Here are a couple of anecdotes contributed by the same person: "He was very courageous. I remember very well that once, when going to the Brahma Mandir after sunset, we saw a big snake a few yards from us in the open space between the Mandir and the Normal School. We both started on seeing it; but Hira, without a moment's hesitation, took up a stone and ran after it. I entreated him to stop, but he would not. The snake, however, disappeared in a hole. When we talked again, he said: 'Bhavan, you should be brave, and not fear death.' We were in the habit of going into the Mandir by jumping over the compound wall from the north-western side. A plum tree stood there, and we used to eat the plums. One day, however, he told me he thought it was wrong to pluck the plums, as we had no permission to do so. I said: 'Will Kaka (Navalrai) object to our eating them?' He replied: 'Kaka does not know what we are doing, how then can I say what he will think of it? I think

it is theft.' As we were too shy to beg permission, we discontinued the practice though very reluctantly."

About *May 1875*, Hiranand was admitted to the fourth class by the Headmaster of the Government High School, Mr. Keshavarao Bapuji Bal, whose name is still held in great esteem at Hyderabad and who was, in many respects, a model teacher. Tarachand had given all the necessary preliminary tuition to his younger brother, and Navalrai used to send a trusted servant, Dhero, with Hira, lest he should fall in evil company. Navalrai, being a most hardworked official, could spare but little time for personally supervising the education of his brothers, but Keshavarao was a friend of his, and the teachers in the Government High School, so little remembered now, were good men. Keshavarao's wife's brother, Purushottam, a worthy young lad, who was studying in the same school, was attracted to Hiranand, and that early friendship was not forgotten in later years. Hiranand's school life was a happy one, and he grew not only in knowledge, but, thanks to the example of his brothers, "in reverence and charity."

In 1875, Hira and one of his sisters were married. Diwan Shaukiram was not an advocate of the custom

of early marriage, but his filial piety carried the day, for Diwan Nandiram had been won over by the ladies of the family, and took the whole responsibility upon himself. The customary presents sent by the relations of the bride were passed on to the parents-in-law of Hira's sister, and the two marriages, therefore, did not tax the resources of the family. Navalrai was not able to prevent the marriage of his favourite brother, a boy of sixteen, but he took care to have its consummation postponed until the pair were fully grown up.

In the same year, Mr. Satyendranath Tagore, a fellow-student of Keshub at the Hindu College, Calcutta, and a son of the revered Debendranath Tagore, came to Hyderabad as Sessions Judge. He served there from 30th August 1875 to 18th April 1876, and, as his wife and children were with him, an intimacy sprang up between his family and Navalrai's, and Hira and Moti used often to go to the Judge's Bungalow, to see his children and go out for boating and other amusements.

In September 1875, shortly after his arrival, Mr. Tagore delivered an impressive sermon, on the anniversary day of the Hyderabad Brahmo Samaj. A procession was then formed, and the members of the

Samaj and their sympathisers went through the Bazar, with flags bearing various theistic inscriptions. Both Hira and Moti had been prohibited by their father from attending the evening service or joining in the procession. But both had slipped out, and Hira had even managed to secure a flag, and carried it in the procession. They returned at 10 p. m. and expected a thrashing. Hira, however, was a favourite with his father and grandfather, and he was merely admonished, while Moti received several slaps on his cheeks.

During the time the Tagores were at Hyderabad, they had the honour of entertaining Miss Mary Carpenter as their guest. She took the deepest interest in female education, and she wished to see some Sindhi ladies. Motiram well remembers the visit she paid to the ladies of his family one night, and the forget-me-nots she left behind as keepsakes. He and Hiranand were told to go to bed, but both peeped into the well-illuminated drawing-room on the ground-floor, from the staircase, and saw poor Tarachand acting as interpreter between the English lady and her Indian sisters. Miss Carpenter inquired what the ladies did at home, and looked at their various ornaments, and dilated upon the proper nursing and treatment of children. But neither Navalrai nor Tarachand had any issue, and

their wives had a bad time of it after Miss Carpenter left. Hira and Moti taunted them with the poverty of their conversation, and the superfluity of their ornaments, and mimicked their monosyllabic replies. The sharp eyes of the boys did not fail to notice the difference between an educated lady like Miss Carpenter and their uneducated sisters and sisters-in-law, and this early observation was not without its effects on their after-life. Hiranand took his daughters for education to a distant place, and died there; while Motiram married an accomplished English lady of his own Theistic faith.

Miss Carpenter presided at a prize distribution to the boys of the High School; and some of the *elite* of the city were asked to meet her at the Tagores'. There Navalrai could not, in accordance with his principles, refuse to break bread with her, and it soon transpired that he had taken food cooked by a Goan, an Indian Christian of Goa. Diwan Shaukiram was very much distressed, but his eldest son was very dear to him, and though he found himself in hot waters with his co-religionists, his great tact and influence stood him in good stead, and helped him to tide over the crisis. Navalrai, it was well known, was a strict vegetarian, and it was certain that he could not have taken any

meat at the Civilian's table. Then, again, the accounts given varied, and no one liked to question Navalrai himself. The principal members of the caste were also anxious to say or do nothing likely to bring their head (mukhi) into disrepute, and several of them respected Navalrai for his manifold virtues. In Sindh, the spirit of caste, moreover, is not very strong. It is certainly not so strong as in the Deccan, where some high Hindu officials were obliged to do penance for taking tea at a Mission House. The ladies of Navalrai's family suffered something like a boycott, or rather, being afraid themselves of taunts and gibes and differential social treatment, they avoided women's meetings, and ceased even to visit those of their relations who were pronounced opponents of promiscuous eating and drinking. Being themselves also such opponents, they took the precaution, in self-defence, of ear-marking, as it were, certain utensils for the use of Navalrai and Tarachand. All this happened, indeed, but the thunder-clap of surprise, which had greeted the first news of the alleged transgression, was certainly not premonitory of a social earthquake; and, as every one knew Navalrai would never consent to do penance, and as his people were influential, no open proceedings were taken to excommunicate him, and the affair, to all appearance, blew over.



Hiranand's Grandfather.

DIWAN NANDIRAM.

Facing page 57

But the incident was recalled, when, in December 1878, Diwan Nandiram breathed his last. He was a man of splendid physique, and had lived to a ripe old age. It is customary for the sons and grandsons of a deceased Hindu to shave their heads, and to walk barefooted with the bier to the cremation-ground. Diwan Shaukiram and his younger brother, Diwan Khubchand, followed the custom, but Navalrai and Tarachand refused to follow it, even though their father and uncle besought them. Hiranand was still a child, but he also did not see why his head should be shaved, and he thought not only of resisting himself but tried to induce his cousin Bhavan (Diwan Khubchand's eldest son) to resist. Bhavan, however, refused to be persuaded. The knight of the razor was ready for the boys, after the elders were shorn of their hair, and the boys were called. Bhavan said nothing and quietly submitted, but, after he was shaved, came Hira's turn. His father had anticipated no opposition from him, but the boy, who had been warned by Bhavan of the consequences, had fortified himself by prayer, and believing that what was being done was senseless and wrong, he respectfully stated his objection and asked to be excused. His father became quite speechless with anger. The boy, however, did not yield. The

lad had made up his mind to follow his elder brother, and even his father could not prevail upon him to do what he considered wrong.

This may be called an irony of fate; for, circumstances had put Diwan Shaukiram at the head of the orthodox party, in the whole community, and he had to carry on social war against the other party, which had admitted to their fold a man, considered in those days no better than a Mussulman, by Diwan Shaukiram's followers. It was hard for the leader of the orthodox to be told that his own eldest son, the pillar of his house, had taken food cooked by a Christian, and it was hard for him, amidst the publicity of a funeral, to see three of his sons refusing to take part in what his community considered the last offices of the dead and the last tokens of reverence and affection. The party which Diwan Shaukiram opposed, the party of the Shekh as it was called (though the so-called Shekh was more devoted to Nanak than many of his opponents), had had, by the same irony, two venerable Sanskrit scholars at its head, scholars esteemed the most orthodox, before the controversy; and another Sanskrit scholar, a son of one of them, had turned against his father and sided with Diwan Shaukiram,

and so siding, had conscientiously pressed him to excommunicate both Navalrai and Tarachand, in the cause of consistency! There had been thus a triangular battle, complicated by previous friendships, but fortunately the death of this brilliant and sincere agitator's father, and the touching death-bed scene of forgiveness, had lightened Diwan Shaukiram's difficulties. The community, however, had had enough of internecine dissensions, dissensions which had resulted in the partition of the Panchayat property, and though Diwan Shaukiram's followers were scandalized by what happened at his father's funeral, peace was not broken.

To come to the lad, Hiranand had stood first at the annual examination, and could have gone up for his matriculation in 1878, but for a rule of the Bombay University, disqualifying students under sixteen from appearing at the examination. Hira was in his sixteenth year, and it was represented to Navalrai that, as he would lose a whole year, and was nearly sixteen, he might well be certified as sixteen years old. Navalrai refused to give any such certificate, but, to enable the boy to make the best use of his time, determined to send him to Calcutta. With immense tact, Navalrai overcame the objections of his parents, and in consultation

with Keshub, made all the necessary arrangements for the boarding and education of his favourite brother who was to be joined after a year by Moti. On 17th January 1879, therefore, Hiranand found himself at Calcutta. No Sindhi boy had ever before made such a long journey for such a purpose, but :—

> "A subtle chain of countless rings
> The next unto the farthest brings."

CHAPTER IV

YOUTH: CALCUTTA (1879—84)—I

The earliest that I can think of Hiranand was when I first visited Hyderabad, about the year 1875. Then he was a child, clad in red tunic, slender, firm-looking, with a gentle smile playing about his face. Next time I saw him was when he came to Calcutta to study. Then he had grown into a fine youth of sixteen or seventeen, tall, well-made, giving signs of what he was growing to become......I came across very few young men who showed the same simplicity, sincerity and affectionateness. Under his mildness, however, there was a stern framework of moral purity, which every one who knew him intimately could not fail to recognise. I never knew him to do or say a dishonourable or impure thing. He somewhat reminds me of Keshub Chunder Sen's youth, though Keshub was altogether more stern than he. Another feature he distinctly showed was a restless activity in whatever he undertook to do. He never flagged, he never tired, he never failed. Whether it was a class, or a club, or a charity that he had to organise, he did with his whole soul, and never rested till he had done it......The absence of conceit and brag, alas so frequent in our young men, gave a singular charm to all his actions. He was the most unpretentious of our young men. I knew he had a deep, genuine faith in God, but in his religious life he was quiet and undemonstrative, as in everything else. His morality was much more prominent than his religious fervour ; and, let me say, I always regard this as a wholesome thing. The closest resemblance he bore was to his illustrious brother, Navalrai, whose example must have inspired him from his earliest age."
—Protap Chunder Mozoomdar's letter to the author.

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Studies and Recreations

Calcutta and the Brahmo Samaj—Its four periods of growth—The Missionary Body—Hira and Moti in their midst—Hiranand's first friend, Nandalal—P. C. Mozoomdar in Sindh—Death of Hiranand's grand-father—Dr. Holmstead and study of medicine—Studies and Recreations.

A few words are needed here about Calcutta anp the Brahmo Samaj to which Navalrai wanted to send his dearly beloved brother, Hiranand, at the most impressionable period of life. Hiranand was in his fifteenth year when the question came of his removal to Calcutta. A receptive lad, he had imbibed a great deal of the ideals and teachings of the Brahmo Samaj from the example and precepts of Navalrai, as well as from the divine services, ceremonies and social reform activities of the local Brahmo Samaj. The consecration ceremony of the Hyderabad Brahma Mandir in 1875, by Satyendra Nath Tagore, I. C. S., the eldest son of Maharshi Devendra Nath Tagore, must have been a red-letter day in the life of Hiranand and his companions. And Hiranand's first personal experience of a Bengali Brahmo must have come from his familiarity with the Tagores who came to Hyderabad in 1875.

As for the Brahmo Samaj in Bengal it was passing through a serious crisis. The crisis in 1878 may be

said to be the *fourth* of its kind in the spiritual history of the Brahmo Samaj. The four periods of growth may be said to centre round :—

1. **Anti-idolatry brought about by *Jnan*-culture and leading to spiritual worship.**
2. **Anti-caste (1860) wrought by *Karma*-culture and leading to spiritual fellowship.**
3. **Anti-intellectualism (1868) following *Bhakti*-culture and leading to devotional piety.**
4. **Anti-rationalism (1878) following *Yoga*-culture and leading to a life of inspiration.**

During the first two periods when the Brahmo Samaj was busy fighting idolatry and caste, the orthodox Hindu society broke away from *the Brahmos who formed a solid, compact body of enlightened social reformers* The Brahmo Samaj of these two periods may be said to be characterised by the *culture* of *Jnan* and *Karma*. Keshub, who was the first to initiate the anti-caste campaign in the Brahmo Samaj, was not a man to rest content with any achievement, however signal. From the first to the last, this divine discontent in him hungered for fuller expressions of faith and ideals, life and character. Very early in youth, he began speaking of the harmonious development of the whole man, then later, in the same strain,

on the synthesis of scriptures and religions, on the harmony of cultures and ideals, on the at-one-ment of peoples and prophets. And during the closing years of his life, he summed it all up in one word—*Navavidhan*—the New Dispensation of God.

With this urge eternal in him the Keshub of the *Jnan-Karma* period was heading for a spiritual crisis when, all unexpectedly, *Bhakti*, hitherto dreaded and ignored by the Brahmo Samaj people, poured down on him in 1868. It came as a sanctifying storm of the Spirit sweeping away the overgrowths of intellectualism and self-righteousness, which had accumulated through the exclusive pursuit of *Jnan* and *Karma*. This *Bhakti crisis* of 1868 alienated not a few of the older Brahmos who looked upon *Bhakti* as a superstition,—a perversion of the emotional element in piety, an un-Brahmic aberration into which Keshub was drifting. The next crisis took ten years to come to a head,—about the time of the Cooch Behar marriage, in 1878. And this time it was Inspiration, or the *Yoga-crisis*. It is only when there is conscious at-one-ment or *Yoga* of the human soul with the Divine that Inspiration becomes not a rare visitant but a constant companion. *Keshub claimed this inspiration for himself as well as for all* who

acknowledged its working. This enraged and alienated those who had already been growing restive under his *Bhakti-regime*, and cared nothing for that God-inspired or *Yoga-yukta* life which to Keshub was the consummation of spirituality. It must be said here that there was no neglect of *Jnan* and *Karma* in the *Bhakti* and *Yoga* period; rather did they all acquire a fresh impetus and mingle in mystic union to make up the whole man—the full man—which is the goal of every individual in the new faith. The Protestors seceded, forming a separate body under the name of the Sadharan Brahmo Samaj, which in those days was the meeting-ground not only of rationalists, spiritualists and anglicised constitutionalists, but of "lawyer-politicians and the motley crowd of colourless sympathisers"* who flocked to the Brahmo Samaj for social opportunities and conveniences. Thus, while in the *Jnan-Karma* period there was a break of the Brahmo Samaj with Hindu society, in the *Bhakti* and *Yoga-inspiration* period the break occurred within the body of the Brahmo Samaj itself.

The crisis in the Brahmo Samaj coincided with the domestic crisis in the Advani family at Hyderabad,

*Vide "Behold The Man," pages 71, 72 by Prof. Dwijadas Datta.

when Hiranand's grandfather passed away in 1878. This and the postponement of his appearance at the Matriculation Examination resulted in the *proposal* of the fifteen-year old lad's pilgrimage to Calcutta. *The proposal received the sanction of Keshub and proved a very significant event in the life of Hiranand and that of Sindh.* It speaks a great deal of the faith, the penetrating insight, and the statesman-like courage of young Navalrai which enabled him to keep close to the ideal man of his heart—Keshub —during the troublous months of 1878. Thus, when Hiranand came to Calcutta in the January of 1879 Keshub and his devoted friends and fellow-workers, risen afresh from the fiery trial, were just settling down to work out a new programme of work, worship and fellowship.

When Hiranand arrived at Calcutta he was taken straight to the headquarters where the apostles and missionaries lived. Students' Homes for Brahmo young men had been started long before this. But the new charge, Hiranand, was more than a student from outside. He was regarded from the very start as a member of Keshub's family and was taken as an inmate of the Ashram where Keshub and his fellow-workers worked and worshipped together.

The Missionaries of the Bharatvarshiya Brahmo Samaj lived in those days at No. 6, College Square, an unpretentious house, which was ten minutes' walk from Keshub's *Lily Cottage* and Protap's *Peace Cottage.* The rent paid for the house, which Keshub called "Bharat Ashram," was Rs. 50 a month, but a front-room was sub-let to Hiranand for Rs. 10 for his exclusive use, and all the Missionaries looked after their young charge. They were all well acquainted with Navalrai, and were eager to do him a service. Hiranand was thus thrown into the society of several very earnest and lovable men. These men who were devoted to Keshub loyally divided the work of the Brahmo Mission according to the instructions of their spiritual head, who was a born judge of men, and whose influence over them was unbounded. Bhai Protap Chunder Mozoomdar represented the Christian aspect of the New Dispensation; Bhai Gour Govinda Roy, the Hindu; Bhai Girish Chunder, the Muhammadan; Bhai Aughorenath, the Buddhistic; and Bhai Mohendranath, the Sikh.* Bhai Amrita Lal was to lead the chants called Sankirtans, for he had immense enthusiasm;

*At first, the Christian. The formal division of work was recognized at the meetings of the Apostolic Durbar held on 15th November 1880, and 7th August 1882 (*vide* Unity and the Minister, dated 19th March 1899).

Bhai Troilokyanath was to make the fullest use of devotional music; and Bhai Peary Mohun was to betake himself to gospel-writing. There were four other Missionaries, Bhai Prosonno Coomar, Wooma Nath, Dina Nath and Bhai Kanti Chunder. The first of these had great tact, and it was his duty to manage various delicate affairs entrusted to him. The marked characteristic of the second was disinterestedness, of the third, courtesy, and of the fourth, zealous service. This last, therefore, was the Manager of the Mission Boarding-house and of the Mission Office, *Pracharashram*. It was Kanti Babu who admitted Hiranand as a boarder, and kept his accounts. The fare was very simple, for the Missionaries believed in plain living and high thinking.

In August or September 1879, a Sindhi guest of Hiranand, Diwan Gopaldas, Photographer, who was unused to Bengali dishes, reported to Diwan Shaukiram, on his return, that Hiranand was poor off in the matter of food; and so the old faithful servant of the family, Dhero, was sent all the way to Calcutta to see to his comfort, much against Hiranand's wishes.

In December 1879, Hiranand, who had joined the Hare School shortly after his arrival, passed

the University Entrance Examination (in the 2nd Division), and joined the Presidency College. Keshub's eldest son, Karuna Chunder Sen, who was his school-fellow, joined the same college.

In January 1880, Navalrai paid a visit to Calcutta, with the threefold object of attending the anniversary of the Samaj, seeing Hiranand, and arranging for Moti's education. He took Moti with him, and Hiranand had, thenceforward, not only to pursue his own studies but to guide those of his younger brother, who was admitted to the fourth class in the Albert School, the Rector of which was Krishna Behari Sen, Keshub's youngest brother. Motiram says Hiranand used to coach him three or four hours daily in English and Mathematics, and hence he was able to matriculate in 1882. Navalrai used to send Rs. 100 every month for Hiranand and Moti, and their monthly expenses were generally as follows :—

Hiranand's College Fee...	...Rs.	12
Moti's School Fee ...	... „	3
Rent	... „	10
Milk	... „	10
Servant (after Dhero left)	... „	3
Messing Charges ...	... „	15 to 20

Clothes	...Rs.	5 or 6
Washerman	... "	5
Books and Stationery ...	... "	10
Miscellaneous (candles etc.)	... "	2

The balance of about twenty rupees was given to poor students and others who stood in need of help.

In April 1880, the brothers journeyed with their servant Dhero to spend their vacation at home. They travelled by the intermediate class up to Delhi, and thence took third class tickets. Their aged father and mother and their loving sisters and sisters-in-law gave them a joyful welcome, and the reunion of the four brothers was a happy event in the family. It is, however, sad to note that the younger two were destined never to see their venerable father again.

They left for Calcutta, with Dhero, at the end of their holiday. Motiram remembers an incident in May 1880, which shows that even in those days Hiranand had a horror of snobbishness. Moti had to go to school on a day on which it was raining hard. He had bought a nice umbrella, but it had heen taken away, that day, by Nandalal Sen, a nephew of Keshub. His school hour approached, but Nandalal did not

appear. Hiranand then told him to make use of Dhero's country umbrella, the ribs of which were not unlike the ribs of that old servant. Moti wanted something fashionable, and refused to have anything to do with such a scarecrow. He forgot, however, that he had to do with the iron will of his elder brother, and though he resisted up to twelve (noon) he was forced to swallow his dignity, and to go with that very ugly and humble umbrella, even though the sky actually cleared. "Good thoughts are no better than good dreams, unless they be executed," and Hiranand not only thought simplicity sublime, but showed by his life that he thought it so.

Motiram also remembers how Hiranand used to insist, every night, upon his giving an account of his thoughts and his doings, before he turned in,—an obligation which the boy welcomed at first, but became quite sick of, later on. He further recollects how Hiranand and Nandalal Sen (whose pet name was Bhulo) used to have discussions on recondite subjects, after dinner up to midnight. Emerson was their favourite in those days, and the two young men, whose love exceeded the love of brothers, drinking deep at that fountain, not only debated spiritual problems, but spent many an hour in silent meditation and prayer.

Studies and Recreations

About September 1880, the faithful Dhero fell ill and was tenderly nursed by the brothers. He was laid up for a fortnight, and was then sent to Hyderabad where he breathed his last.

He was alive when Bhai P. C. Mozoomdar visited Hyderabad in December 1880, for he is mentioned in the following interesting letter, written by that great Missionary to Hiranand, whom he loved as a son. (I have preserved Bhai Protap's spelling of proper names).

"My dear Heeranand,

I am writing from your house, so you must read this letter at mine. I am sitting in the little upstairs room, where Diwan Tarachand gave a party yesterday to his Parsee friends, the members of the Elphinstone Dramatic Club, who are giving performances here. Your father received me very kindly yesterday, and, I hear, attended Divine Service this morning at the Mandir for the first time in his life. Tarachand is collecting inscriptions, and some say photographs also. Poor Dero is laid up. He is wearing many old boots, and a comforter, and, poor fellow, he hates Calcutta with all his heart. I left Kaora Mul at Rohri, full of work, and he did not like the idea of sending his children to

Calcutta as you suggested. Do you go to my house sometimes? You must see that my garden is kept in nice order. Everybody here is all right. How is Moti? Give him my love. I want you to write to me here.

Yours affectionately,

P. C. MOZOOMDAR.

P. S.—I intend staying at Hyderabad for about a week.

Diwan Kauramal was then Deputy Collector at Rohri. He had accepted Brahmoism, and was the Brahmo Minister at Hyderabad. Bhai Protap was known to be a very eloquent preacher, and so even Diwan Shaukiram went to hear him. He was, moreover, a guest of Navalrai, and Sindh is specially famous for the old-world virtue of hospitality and courtesy to strangers.

Bhai Protap's discourses, some of which were in Hindi, aroused considerable interest; and the anniversary at Calcutta, in January 1881, was attended by four gentlemen from Sindh. These were Navalrai and Mr. Apa Vishnu (an esteemed Mahratta friend of his, who was Sub-Judge at Hyderabad and distinguished for his uprightness), Tarachand, and Dharamdas

(a Sindhi Brahmo). The four brothers met during a season of spiritual elevation, and the religious exercises gone through during that period, the services held, the sermons delivered, and the example of his eldest brother, produced a deep effect on Hiranand. During the celebration of the anniversary, he was all humility and loving kindness. His humility expressed itself in his dress and countenance, his loving kindness in nursing the sick. The Amil dress, excepting the head-gear, is very much like the dress of the Parsis, and Hiranand had heard some Amils laugh at the *dhotis* (loin-cloths) of Banyas (the mercantile class), and he had heard them laugh with pain. Thenceforward, to do penance, as it were, for the pride of his people, and to kill the germs of such hauteur in himself, he had taken to wearing a *dhoti* himself, with a Bengali *orni* (a sort of wrap worn over the shoulders) at home. In January 1881, however, he wore them not only at home but openly in public, and looked more like a Bengali than a Sindhi. In the same month, Lala Kashiram, Secretary of the Himalayan Brahmo Samaj, fell seriously ill at Calcutta, and was lovingly nursed by Hiranand during nearly six months. Such "bonds of love and service" bound him to the hearts of many a worker in God's vineyard.

Motiram well remembers how, when attending a cricket match in February 1881, in his Bengali dress, Hiranand tore up instantly a piece from his new dhoti worth Rs. 8, on seeing a poor lad, who was badly hit in the eye, bleeding. There were others who merely looked on and regretted the accident, but Hiranand could never brook a brother's pain : and once at Hyderabad, when a Muhammadan butcher was being murderously assaulted, rushed to his rescue, and used his skill in bandaging to such good purpose, that the man's life was saved. Service and sacrifice were as a second nature to him.

In April 1881, he took a vow of humility, and surprised his professors and fellow-students by appearing one day, at college, with bare feet, in the ochre-coloured dress of a Sannyasi. As this, however, excited notice and comment, he resumed his former dress, but, at home, continued to wear clothes of that colour. One of his reasons for wearing them was to save washing charges, and to use the saving for the help of the poor. Some called this a freak and tom-foolery, but Hiranand kept the even tenour of his way, and did not mind their gibes. Well has Lowell said :—



Hiranand's Father,

DIWAN SHAUKIRAM.

Facing page 77

Studies and Recreations

Who is it will not dare himself to trust?
Who is it hath not strength to stand alone?
Who is it thwarts and bilks the inward 'must'?
He and his works, like sand, from earth are blown.

While Hiranand, in the days of his youth, was remembering his Father in Heaven, his earthly father was about to leave for that land, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." On the 27th of July, 1881, Diwan Shaukiram breathed his last at his native city. He was deeply loved by his family, and was esteemed a perfect gentleman, even by his adversaries. He had his trials, but he knew how to go through them unscathed. He prized the blessings he enjoyed, and set them off against the troubles of his life. Calm and resigned, he bade farewell to those by his bedside, and breathing a blessing on the loved ones abroad, he commended his soul to Him "with Whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

Navalrai and Tarachand felt their loss keenly, and prayed to God for the repose of their father's soul, but, true to their principles, refused to perform Brahmanic rites, or to shave their heads, or to walk barefooted with the funeral cortege. The usual ceremonies were, however, secretly performed by their uncle and his sons.

Late at night, on the same day, Hiranand received his brother's telegram about his loss. He did not break the news to his younger brother, and struggled with his own emotions. Next morning, he gently informed Moti, who burst into a flood of tears. With a quiver in his own voice, Hiranand embraced him and soothed him and whispered to him: "Do not draw attention to our grief. The grief is ours. Keep it a secret." Then the two brothers fell on their knees, and prayed together fervently, in this their first great bereavement.

The brothers could not leave for Hyderabad, as their elders wanted them to continue their studies. They soon settled down to their work, and in December 1881, Hiranand passed his F. A. examination in the First Division, and won a scholarship of Rs. 20, tenable for two years. The winter vacation of five weeks, ending on the 10th of January, was passed by the brothers at Hyderabad with their bereaved mother. "I am striving," wrote Hiranand to his cousin, Bhavan, on January 10th, 1882, "to be healthy and strong in spirit."

He wanted, then, to study medicine and to become a Medical Missionary. On January 23rd, 1882, he

wrote on the subject to Dr. Holmsted, who was then Civil Surgeon at Hyderabad, and whose name is even now a household word there.

Dr. Holmsted was devoted to his profession, and was very kind to the poor. Tarachand used to introduce patients to him, and to see that his instructions were carried out. The doctor charged no fee to the poor, and even little children used to go to him when he was wanted, and bring him. He was a man of few words, and Navalrai and Tarachand were among the very few men with whom he was not habitually taciturn. Hiranand had come to know him at Hyderabad through his brothers, and Dr. Holmsted's example had sunk deep in his heart. Hiranand now asked him what was the proper age for commencing the study of medicine, and in what manner he could be most useful. The doctor's reply was that eighteen was a good time to commence the study of medicine, that twenty-three or twenty-four was "quite soon enough to commence the actual practice," and that Hiranand could do immense good if he made it his business "to improve the water-supply of towns and villages, to build improved houses, to improve conservancy, to understand to some extent forestry and gardening and the

principles of Life Assurance," and in short to make two blades grow where only one grew before.*

The doctor added: "As a physician, you will do good to individuals: as a philanthropist, good to communities. For the last, patience is always needed, and in order to have patience, never overwork yourself. All religions teach:—'Be moderate in all things'."

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*Compare what the Hon'ble Mr. Nicholson said in his Convocation Address to the Madras Graduates in 1900: "You may or may not be called upon to the administration of a State, but meanwhile you may wisely assist in the affairs of your own town or village. You may or may not rise to dispense justice from the Bench of the High Court, but meanwhile you may assuage local quarrels, arbitrate local differences and promote peace and justice among your neighbours. You may never elaborate a great educational advance or scheme, but you may assuredly help to enlighten your own village, to assist the well-being of the village school, to teach your own classes wisely and with solicitude. You may never see your way to pioneer some great advance in female education, but you can bring interesting knowledge and new ideas, not as a tutor but as a friend, each to your own home, whence, as I have known, valuable results and influence may flow. You may never bring about a great sanitary reform, but you can see that the village well is clean and its surroundings wholesome; you can take care that your own house and backyard, your office and hospital, are models of sanitary purity. You may not become a great author—some of you here present, I hope, will—but each of you may write many an interesting and useful leaflet for the benefit of your neighbours, or at least may join a society for the promotion of your vernacular and its literature. You may never rise to edit a newspaper, but everywhere you may spread knowledge or assist in the collection of true facts; you can correct false, exaggerated, distorted, one-sided views. You may not, nay, you will not, discover a general panacea for poverty, but you can learn and then teach sound ideas about industry, you can assist local thrift and the right use of local capital, you can stimulate co-operative, conjoint effort, you can promote social and economic development in your own neighbourhood."

Hiranand had said, in his letter, that he was not likely to live more than 50 years at the most, but the doctor pooh-poohed this, and said he ought to live for eighty. The doctor finally counselled him to abide by Navalrai's advice. "You have a good brother," he wrote, "one who knows the advantages of a good education to commence life with. Since he can and is willing to support you till you fit yourself for a superior position, give great weight to his wishes." This was decisive, and Hiranand went on with his studies at college, in accordance with his brother's advice, but much against his own will, for he did not like the Arts' course, and wished very much to master the healing art. This longing grew with his growth.

The letter to Dr. Holmsted was written at Protap Chunder Mozoomdar's house, which Hiranand used to frequent. He removed from 6, College Square, in February 1882, to Krishna Behari Sen's, and both the brothers lived and boarded with that gentleman up to December 1882.

During his college days, Hiranand maintained very good health. He played cricket and football regularly, and was a swift runner. He ran a race in the Woodlands at Alipur, Calcutta, with the then

Maharaja of Cooch Behar and other youths, and won it. At Hyderabad, when a boy, he had played Iti Dakar (called in Gujerati, Gilli Danda) very well. He was good in gymnastics, and specially in exercises on parallel bars. He suffered, only on a few occasions, from fever, but none of those attacks was severe ; and, as a rule, he was as sound in body as in mind.

Once every two months he used to go to the well-stocked Calcutta Museum, and spend several hours in inspecting its treasures. During the December vacation, again, the brothers used, after breakfast, to walk to the Eden Gardens, called after Sir Ashley Eden, and return in the evening. They usually had some refreshments with them, and lay, for hours, on the lawn, by the ornamental lake, watching the ripples and eddies in that beautiful sheet of water, and the play and sport of ducks and swans. Sometimes, again, they spent their afternoons in the Campbell Hospital, on the Lower Circular Road, to see the sufferers, to give them the balm of sympathy, and to realize fully the blessing of health.

Hiranand's favourite books were the "Imitation of Christ," Augustine's Confessions, Ecce Homo, and Emerson's works. He also loved the Dialogues of

Plato and Milton, Keats and Shelley. He liked Gibbon who was recommended to him by Bhai P. C. Mozoomdar, and was deeply interested in historical works. In 1881, he read Caird's book on "The Philosophy of Kant," and Carpenter's Mental Physiology, and Grote's Plato. He had read Scott's novels (of which the Head Master, Keshava Rao, was very fond) before going to Calcutta, and, at Calcutta, the novels which charmed him the most were Adam Bede and Romola. He read these over and over again. The College Library records show that, in 1882, he read also George Eliot's other works, and issued such books as the Masnavi of Jalaluddin (the great storehouse of Sufi thought), Dante's "Vision," Descartes' Discourse, Cousin's "Philosophiques," Fichte's Works, and Bain on the "Emotions and the Will," besides books on Mathematics, Hydrostatics and Chemistry. In 1883, he took out works on Astronomy, and Darwin's and Herbert Spencer's and Mill's books, besides Plutarch and Plato, Milner's "Gallery of Nature," and the correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson, and several historical works. His mental pabulum was thus of the very best. Sanskrit was not taught in those days in the High Schools in Sindh, and Hīranand's "second language" was therefore not Sanskrit but Persian.

Besides doing his own work, Hiranand had to help his younger brother. Both had spent their winter vacation, in 1881, at Hyderabad, and it had then been decided that Moti should attend the High School there, and be 'coached' in English and Persian by Tarachand. But after six months, Navalrai had changed his mind, on finding that the Calcutta Matriculation was easier than the Bombay Entrance Examination. Moti, therefore, had again joined Hiranand in June 1882, and had the benefit of his tuition for three hours every day. The boy was precocious, and had been promoted at once from the fifth standard to the Matriculation class. He was deficient only in English and Persian, and had to work hard in order to pass the examination. But even after hard work, he felt it was safer to take up Sindhi, for his translation paper, as his second language, than Persian. There was, however, no Sindhi scholar at Calcutta, whom the University could appoint as examiner for the solitary Sindhi lad. Krishna Behari Sen was, then, a member of the Syndicate, and he proposed that Hiranand should be appointed Examiner in Sindhi. He assured the other Syndics of the exemplary character of his recommendee, and such was the esteem, in which he himself was held, that he

carried the motion. Thus it fell to Hiranand's lot to examine his younger brother's paper, and he examined it in the presence of Krishna Behari, and allotted only thirty marks out of fifty. Moti, however, had secured a large number of marks in other subjects, and so he came off with flying colours.

In the same year, Hiranand passed his winter vacation with his family, and left for Calcutta on January 9th, 1883. He could not but contrast his own home with Bhulo's and Nalu's, and, fresh from the society of well-educated Brahmo ladies, he could not but realize the vast difference between them and their Sindhi sisters. He intended to educate his own wife after finishing his college course, and, if his brother had allowed him to take up Medicine, he would have led the life of a medical and educational Missionary to Sindhi women, for he felt they were in a very backward condition. In those days, it required considerable courage to even take one's wife from the ancestral home to the place where one might be employed. Hiranand was yet a student, but his cousin, Bhavandas, was now in Government service and displayed such courage. He sent for his wife, who wept a great deal before leaving, for she knew she would be taunted for doing what was not customary,

and she had, moreover, to part from her parents and relations. Hiranand congratulated his cousin, exhorted him to be "good and godly," and to take his wife's education in hand, so as to make her a useful member of society, and not a mere toy for the amusement of his leisure hours. "Your wife," he wrote, "is now entrusted to your care. She has no other company save yours. You are her potter. You can mould her as you please. Bhau (Brother), know your responsibility; try to do now whatever little you can do. Time runs, opportunity flies; death is not far-off. Work, work, work, while there is yet time."

CHAPTER V

YOUTH: CALCUTTA (1879—84)—II

"We do not know the ways in which God works. How two souls encounter each other opportunely and in time, for good and for growth, how two pilgrims on life's journey meet, how they infuse new life and fresh vigour into each other, how they stimulate and instruct each other, are some of the ways of Destiny. Destiny is always on our side, never really against us, though, apparently at times, things seem to be in deadly opposition to us .. ..O brother, let us believe this, believe that, in all circumstances, nature is in our favour and never opposed to us. This is a truth I have learnt. Brother, how strong I feel when I hear from your lips that in God you have found rest and consolation. So may all. This is my heart's longing. Hold on to your God, hold on to truth, hold on to the dictates of conscience, hold on to the best yearnings of the heart. Let 'higher life,' 'higher life,' be our cry, day and night."—Hiranand

* * *

"Brother birds of the Nest, the whole universe carries to us the message of love and forbearance. The stars above and the grass below, they all tell us of peace, of love, of gentle dealing, of patient charity, of goodwill. The transcendental star and ignoble lowly grass work in harmony in the scheme of nature. And so should we. The high and the low, the great and the small, the idle and the industrious, should work in this peaceful Nest, in blessed union and love, helping and directing one another. Meekly bearing with each other's faults, we should shun all manner of personal treatment which may border on or smack of indifference or silent anger of the heart. Dear brothers, merging all differences and distinctions in our common love, we should work conjointly for one another in affectionate union."—Hiranand

Discipline and Organisation

The Arts' Course—Doubts and difficulties—Letter to the author—Discipline and Organisation—The Eagle's Nest—Its ideals and achievements—A Model Brotherhood—Hiranand's inner life—Diary (Journal) from Oct. 4 to Dec. 2, 1883.

Hiranand, shortly after his return to Calcutta in January 1883, had to struggle once more with his own conviction that he was more cut out for the life of a Doctor than that of an Arts' graduate. He did not like the Arts' course, and about February 1883 he again wrote to Navalrai to send him to England to qualify himself as a medical practitioner. Keshub was in his favour; and Protap, who was about to leave for England, was willing to take charge of him. On the 3rd of March, Hiranand wired to Navalrai for his decision, and added: "Keshub advises, best opportunity not to be lost." Navalrai, however, after consulting Tarachand, counselled Hiranand to finish the Arts' course. Foiled in this attempt to take up the line which he thought would best suit him, Hiranand took up the thread of his studies for the degree, as a matter of duty to his brother, and not through inclination.

His will being at variance with what he considered his duty, he watched himself closely, and I have before me his "Secret Dialogues" with himself, written in the

beginning of September 1883, in which he takes much blame to himself for instability of mind, and mentions his difficulties. His health was good, his constitution strong, his mind contented, his nature simple and honest, but he confessed to himself that he was not industrious and steady. This was his first difficulty. "My second difficulty," he writes, "is about my dealings with my brothers, wife and friends. I wish so to be and act, that I may gain the satisfaction of my eldest brother. I wish to take care of Moti, so that he may become a virtuous boy. I wish so to deal with my wife that she may be happy with God, and contented with me. I wish so to behave to my friends that they may perfectly understand me, and that we all combined should fearlessly follow truth, and judge charitably and sympathetically of each other's doings and defects." His third difficulty was about money matters. "I am not extravagant, I have not many desires, my tastes are simple, my wants few, yet I cannot follow the rules of economy. The fact is I am too soft, and money goes away from me without my knowing it. I wish to curtail expenses, but I am too gentle. It is true that as I grow I gain experience; but I am sadly wanting in that firmness and knowledge, which enable one never to give a pie

more for a thing than what it is worth." His fourth difficulty was to arrive at a settled view of religion and life, but he wrote that he was making fair progress in that direction, and that he trusted God would land him "in the regions of truth and peace." He was grateful that, unlike many others, he had been born in a good family, "had an upright father, a kind mother, affectionate brothers and sisters, 'rare' friends, and excellent guardians. He was also blessed with "a faithful and dutiful heart," but he said it was not yet developed, and he had one "vicious tendency." It was that "when a good mental question interested him, he gave up other things." He resolved to check that tendency, and to do not what was *pleasant* to himself, but what went much against his grain. To use the language of the Upanishads, he went in for the *shreya*, the good, and not for the *preya*, the pleasing.

There are few thoughtful college students who have not had to puzzle themselves about "religion and life." It is only at a very mature period of life that we realize (if we realize at all) how little our logic can achieve, specially in the realm of the Unseen. Logic is a good servant for sweeping off rubbish, and for fetching and carrying facts to the scientific imagination;

but let a people ask it to act as their *sole* lord and master, and it will produce the "red fool-fury of the Seine" or Dead Sea Apples.

It was Hiranand's good fortune to "cleave to the sunnier side of doubt," and the following letter to me, sent from Calcutta, after a previous one, in which he had put a very subtle question, shows that though he was a little at sea as to the exact technical meaning of Determinism, he fully realized the importance of co-ordinating that doctrine with Faith "beyond the forms of Faith."

"Sunday, 7th September, 1883.

'But play no tricks upon thy soul, O man,
Let fact be fact, and life the thing it can.'

*   *   *

'To strive, believe, endure in patience,
Our work on earth must ever be;
Full sight, enjoyment, rest in gladness,
Will follow, in eternity.'

My Dear Dayaram,

I read with pleasure your long letter. It is true that the question we have taken up 'does not admit either of an easy answer or of a satisfactory solution.' But this is true, more or

less, of all vital questions. With the progress of knowledge, our notions about life clear up. This is clearly seen by comparing the different periods of our individual existence. A boy's notion of flowers differs from that of a full-grown man. As the mind develops, its conceptions also develop. In this sense, we may rightly say that we can never be certain of having arrived at truth; because enlarged experience opens up new modes of existence of which we never dreamt before. An expanded vision, a telescope or a microscope, discovers stars or animalculae which the naked sight never so much as guessed of. And who knows what science might yet bring forth, what new energy which as yet remains concealed to our senses? With these infinite possibilities of existence swimming before our eyes, with the endless growth of the human mind before us, no one can dogmatize, no one can boast that he has arrived at the whole truth.

But can we arrive at certainty which is sufficient for practical purposes? Can we solve the insoluble mystery which besets us on all sides, so as to satisfy the present requirements of the human mind? Can the mind always seize upon so much truth as is necessary to make its present life happy and free from doubt? It

may be that probability is the only guide vouchsafed unto us; but is it not enough? Do we need more? Is not there such a thing as conviction which can risk life, face the fire, and endure the rack, to attest the truth of an opinion? How could a Galileo or a Columbus remain unshaken amidst the curses of blind bigots, and insults of haughty grandees? If there were nothing certain in life, whence this depth of conviction, whence this firm adherence to truth? The fact is that the mind is never perfect, but ever tending towards perfection. Hence it is so wonderfully constructed, its adaptation is so marvellous, that it can always have so much of light as it can bear. As the elastic skin grows with the bones and keeps pace with the expanding body and never bursts, so the mind keeps pace with time and age and circumstances, till we can imagine it almost touching the Divinity Himself. However far we may be from the solution of a question, yet so is the mind constituted that solve it it must, be it in a *puerile or philosophical way*. We cannot conceive of mind or matter, their essence, their substance, time, space, yet we must form some conceptions of them. I do not know whether it is right to say that we can have no conception of the negative. Have we any conception of the positive? In relation to the negative, we have; but never

apart from it. In the same way, we can never conceive of God and of the Infinite. But the finite can never be thought of without the infinite. And we are compelled to have some (vague, it may be) conception of the Infinite, to give some form, some shape to God. Why, we know nothing of mind, we cannot conceive what it is. Yet we speak confidently of its powers, its faculties, its forces, its energies. We know nothing of death, can conceive nothing of future life. Yet open the pages of all scriptures, and you will find some conception formed of it, material or spiritual. The conception of mind, of spirit, is negative (in a way), yet how distinct, how certain it is to us. Shall we not say then that though probability is the only guide, yet it is quite sufficient for use, and amply supplies the place of certainty?

Treading, then, upon this safe ground, let us come to our question, and never despair of hunting up the truth. However partial the solution may be, it will be sufficient for our purpose. How truly has it been said that, 'if we cannot decide, yet we must decide': such is our restless abhorrence of doubt and uncertainty, and such the irresistible tendency of our mind to arrive at some conclusion or other. I am glad that putting aside all metaphysical, physical

and psychical windings and niceties and intricacies, you have seized upon some solution in a common-sense, matter of fact, practical way. I am also drifting to this determinism to which you have briefly alluded. That is the only view which seems to me to decide the endless controversy between freewill and fate. But the task is not yet easy. We must know the limit between our volitions and what is beyond. How far can we determine our acts, and how far are they determined for us? How far can we mould our destiny? How far are we the creators, and how far the creatures, of circumstances?......It requires no common introspection to draw the line of demarcation between what one actually does and what one can do, to determine how far will is influenced and modified by external circumstances and destiny. It seems to me that mere calculation, subtraction or addition of the forces determining the will, (not to speak of the difficulties of making such a calculation), cannot decide this question. The trustful mood, in which the soul spontaneously hails outward circumstances as divinely sent, is also to be explained The savage welcomes sun and rain, joy and sorrow, as the dispensations of his deity, while the modern civilized man ratiocinates about motor nerves, and casts up the sum total of circumstances and agencies favourable and

unfavourable; but both these are but partial and opposite solutions......Is there no way by which we can reconcile such differences? If feelings of devotion be a farce, if those mysterious and unknown yearnings, which know no law and no logic, but in their mighty force sweep over the soul like a hurricane, uprooting all reason and all ratiocination, if these be the mere vapours and fumes of a diseased brain or a diseased stomach, how poor is life then, how wretched and how dull! But fortunately we can follow both the deliverances of reason and the deliverances of the spiritual sense.

By the bye, have you read an article in the *Fortnightly Review* on Ralph Waldo Emerson by Henry Newman? I am curious to know how you like it. We have, I hope, many things to tell. Our innermost feelings and experiences often lie dormant, until sympathy awakes them, and gives them a voice. Would, we could, in simple confidence, communicate the sacred, speechless mutterings of the soul, and feel the tie of humanity connecting us with indissoluble bonds. Dear Dayaram, how pleasant it is to feel that you are treading the track I wish to tread. How joyful it is to feel that another soul, that another brother is pursuing truth, with unbiassed mind and unerring devotion. I am

afraid to write more at present, lest I seem to indulge in (vain) sentimentalism, although in certain moods and certain moments, one cannot help being a sentimentalist. I am pulling on well and feel my way smooth. Complaints of and in life I have very few. I only wish I could fight with my difficulties as manfully as I wish to do. To do one's duty should be the motto of every one. But I am sadly wanting in this matter. How happy would I be if I could do all that conscience bids me do. But I must stop here. With best regards,

Yours most sincerely,

HIRANAND."

In another letter addressed to a Bengali friend, Mr. Priya Nath Mullick, and headed "Eagle's Nest, 15th September, 1883," he wrote :

"I do not know how to reciprocate your warm and tender expressions. I am not worthy of them. But we do not know the ways in which God works. How two souls encounter each other opportunely and in time, for good and for growth, how two pilgrims on life's journey meet, how they infuse new life and fresh vigour into each other, how they stimulate and instruct each other, are some of the ways of Destiny.

Destiny is always on our side, never really against us, though, apparently at times, things seem to be in deadly opposition to us......O brother, let us believe this, believe that, in all circumstances, Nature is in our favour and never opposed to us. This is a truth I have learnt. Brother, how strong I feel when I hear from your lips that in God you have found rest and consolation. So may all. This is my heart's longing. Hold on to your God, hold on to truth, hold on to the dictates of conscience, hold on to the best yearnings of the heart. Let 'higher life,' 'higher life,' be our cry, day and night."

The "Eagle's Nest" (a beautiful name borrowed apparently from Ruskin,* or invented by unconscious cerebration), from which Hiranand sent the above letter, became, in October 1883, such a unique institution that it will be necessary to give a detailed account of it. The above letter is, however, the best introduction to it, for its keynote was "Excelsior," and everyone, who was connected with it, earnestly sought the portals of the "higher life."

*There is a cliff called "Eagle's Nest" near Killarney, which was visited by Tennyson. *Vide* Lord Hallam Tennyson's life of his father.

In July 1883, five young men, given to plain living and high thinking, had made it a habit to meet daily at 59/3, Bhavani Charan Dutt's Lane, the house of Krishna Behari Sen, and to study together for a few hours. After about a month, they had found the place somewhat inconvenient, and thought of renting a house for themselves. A humble building, No. 29/2, Madan Mitter's Lane, was accordingly secured at a monthly rent of ten rupees. This they called the *Eagle's Nest*, though, according to Motiram, the upper storey consisted of "two little poky rooms." Here, the five friends and two others, who also joined them, used to meet and carry on their studies.

They, however, soon felt the need of an ideal, and of disciplinary rules, and on Wednesday, the 3rd of October, 1883, the seven young men (one of whom was a Muhammadan) formally organized themselves into a students' club, and put up on their door a motto in Bengali verse, which ran thus :

> "This is the cottage of love: Leaving sorrow,
> Brother, enter with a peaceful heart.
> This is the place for work; we know nothing,
> As men we shall work till death,
> To show to the world the wealth of this life."

This sounds magniloquent, but this was really the noble purpose which Hiranand set before himself, and the journal which the seven friends commenced on the 4th October has, on its fly-leaf, the following lines in Hiranand's hand:

"We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.
The issue of the life to be
We weave with colours all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown."

And, in one of his friends' hand, I find the following from Goethe:

"Like as a star,
That taketh not rest,
That maketh not haste,
Be each fulfilling
His God-given hest."

And in another's, the following:

"Here eyes do regard you
In Eternity's stillness;
Here is all fullness,

Ye brave, to reward you;
Work and despair not."

The seven, thus, started with a high ideal, and the name of their club served to remind them of it; for, though the sceptical reader may laugh, each of them wished in sooth to be

"Like an eagle, whose young gaze
Feeds on the noontide beam, whose golden plume
Floats moveless on the storm, and in the blaze
Of sunrise gleams when earth is wrapped in
gloom."

Each of the seven bound himself to come to the club between 5-30 A. M. and 5-45 A. M. and, after meditation and prayer for 15 minutes, commence his study at 6 A. M. in the upper storey. The working hours were not to be less than eleven a day, excepting Sundays which were to be holidays. The college was opened after the Durga Puja recess on October 18, and closed again on November 8; and the working hours on all the days on which the friends had not to attend college lectures were as follows:—6 to 9 A. M.: 11 A. M. to 2-30 P. M.: 3 P. M. to 6 P. M.: 7 P. M. to 9-30 P. M. Each went home for his meals, but tiffin was sometimes taken in the Nest.

There was to be no conversation during the working hours, but any member feeling restive was at liberty to go downstairs and rest for fifteen minutes. None was to make any engagement likely to interfere with his attendance during the working hours. Absence and inattention were to be noted in the journal at the end of the day, and nothing "considered offensive by the members" was to be allowed. A small subscription had to be paid by each member to the Treasurer, and the Manager had to see to the expenditure, and the Secretary had to check his accounts.

Each of the seven submitted to a written examination every Thursday, in order to ascertain the weak joints in his armour, and to learn precision and accuracy. On every Sunday, there used to be a conversational meeting at night, and every day, during the recess half-hours, the friends were free to talk; and in the evening they used to sally out for a walk, or a visit to Keshub or the Paramhamsa, or to Vidyasagar or the Maulavi.

Each noted down not only his own irregularities, but also his friends'. Nothing, however, was set down in malice, and the critic himself was seldom criticised, on the contrary he was thanked for his friendly warning.

The irregularities noticed were by no means serious. They were, mostly, non-attendance at the proper time, or inattention, or talking loudly, or causing interruption. Sometimes, a member who was entrusted with the key of the Nest, and who was, therefore, bound to be more punctual than the rest, kept the others waiting for him at the door, or forced them to go home. But such occasions were few and far between, and the offender was quickly forgiven.

The minimum of eleven hours was not seldom exceeded, specially when the examination day approached; and there are entries which show that some of the members worked from 5 A. M. to 1 A. M., with short intervals for food and rest. They used to sleep, on such occasions, on bare mats in the Nest, without a pillow and without proper winter raiment or rugs, and awoke when their alarm clock struck the hour of 4 or 5 A. M.

The habit of early rising gave the seven young birds of the Nest an eye for Nature and for the firmament above, which could not but have stood them in very good stead in after-life. The students in the Nest, who had taken up Astronomy as one of their subjects, were fond of sky-gazing, specially in the very

early morning, and one of them, on October 24, made the following entry in the journal: "Rose very early this morning. What glories on the earth and in the skies awaited me! The crescent moon up in the eastern sky shedding a soft impalpable delicious lustre over the trees and all around, her fair face turned to greet the sun; my well-known friend Orion, down there, standing up in all his belted majesty, with the splendour of Sirius to his right, and the hazy uncertainties of the Pleiades to his left; Canopus peeping from the south through the tree-tops; Capella bending to the north; Jupiter and a glowing brother-planet throwing out their fascinating beams; the Pole Star and the Dippers quietly waning; and lastly, the crimson Dawn, with purple cloudlets on her breast, shaking off the dews and shades of Night."

The friends, when they met in the morning, filled their souls with the sunshine of brotherly love, during the time allotted to prayer—time often exceeded. They kept their Nest scrupulously clean, and to teach themselves humility and self-help, used to sweep it themselves, and bring water from a pipe on the road. They had their foibles, but they did their utmost to keep a watch on themselves, and they were so truthful,

and so meek in spirit, that there was seldom any cause for discord, seldom a rift in their lute. Each of them was, in very sooth, not only his own keeper, but his brother's, and their earnestness and spirituality strengthened their union and elevated their affection.

During the time devoted to amusement, Hiranand's monkey, "Rupy," showed itself quite worthy of its frolicsome ancestors. Hiranand had, with Nandalal Sen, paid a visit one day to Shambhu Chunder Mukerji, Editor of the "Reis and Raiyyat" and an eccentric genius, whose life has been written by an English civilian, Mr. Skrine. Shambhu Chunder had an excellent collection of live monkeys, which were very much attached to him, and it occurred to Hiranand to secure a pet for the Nest. He called the little fellow "Rupy;" and Rupy, as will be seen, taught him at least two good lessons, and afforded him and his friends a great deal of innocent diversion.

Human nature is human nature, and it sometimes happened that two or more of our young friends were in no mood to read. They then adjourned to the ground-floor, and had very interesting discussions, once, for example, on the "obstinate questionings" of the mind; and, on one night at least, they told a

number of ghost-stories. They never lost their temper except once, when they had a hot debate, but peace was soon restored, thanks to the deep religious feeling and brotherly affection, by which every one of them was animated. Almost all the young men were members of Keshub's Band of Hope; and *temperance,* in the most comprehensive sense of the word, was their rule of life. During the three months to which the Journal relates, they had a feast once only; and it does not seem to have agreed with some of them. They took grapes, but never touched wine or liquor, all the seven being total abstainers. They never talked about vices or women, races or theatres, gambling or drinking dens. They kept no servant, and were content not only with the simplest fare, but with the plainest dress. *Keshub was to them a living force, and it is touching to see, from some of the entries, that these students, who loved him, were not only imbued with a deep sense of reverence, but did their best to imitate his virtues.*

Mr. Hall Caine, in his "Christian," has given us a description of a modern brotherhood in London, probably taken from life. One of the texts, "There be eunuchs which have made themselves eunuchs for the

Kingdom of Heaven's sake," could not well apply to our friends, for several of them were married; but the other text, "Lord, who shall dwell in Thy tabernacle, or who shall rest upon Thy holy hill? Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life ," was certainly the guiding principle of the little Nest. Similarly, "Silence in the passages" and in the house itself, except at certain hours, was a rule generally observed. Each prayed for "a quiet night and perfect end"; and, to a certain extent, it might be said of the Nest what the great novelist has said of his monastery in the heart of London: "Without was the world, the fantastic world for ever changing, within were gentle if strict rules securely fixed. Without was the ceaseless ebb and flow of the financial tide; within were content and sweet poverty, and no disturbing fear. Without were struggle and strife and the fever of gain; within were peace and happiness and the grand mysteries which God reveals to the soul in solitude."

The young brethren in the Nest followed, in effect, the rules laid down by Manu for the Brahmacharya stage, and they lived more in the style and spirit of a Hindu Rishi's Ashrama, or a Buddhist Vihara, in the palmy days of Hinduism and Buddhism, than of the young undergraduates of the present day.

The entries made by Hiranand show how, with his heart set on Medicine, he worked for the B. A. degree, in order to please his brothers, how the indolence arising from his distaste for his studies, and his occasional deviations from the Rules of the *Nest,* caused him great grief, how his own low estimate of his ability made him falter where he should have firmly trod, how he had to be in conflict with his unselfish feelings, (to indulge which was pleasant to him), in order to tread the rough path of a student's duty, and how eventually he subdued his will, and helped his friends to effect the same conquest. They further show the thoughts that occurred to him during his studies, and they throw a great light on the growth of his soul. They betray the influence of Carlyle and Emerson, of Coleridge and Shelley on the impressionable youth, and tell us, with no uncertain voice, in what mental latitudes and longitudes he dwelt. They are, therefore, reproduced in extenso,—from 1883, Oct. 4 to Dec. 2, almost two months.

Thursday, 4th October, 1883.—I have not read the whole time with steady attention. At noon I commenced ten minutes after the appointed time. I hope to be more punctual in future. Two interesting questions suggested themselves

to me in my studies, and they are:—(1) Whether in a Government, looking from all sides, the CHURCH is the more important element or the STATE; or, looking at the same question from another standpoint, we may ask whether, on the whole, CONSCIENCE is more important or the WILL. (2) What was it that made Hinduism outlive both Buddhism and Jainism, or why did Buddhism cease to be the religion of India, when it had once spread throughout the length and breadth of the land?

Friday, 5th October, 1883.—The day passed off well. I could not do anything in the night. How truly it has been said that a little slip or inattention may plunge the poor traveller in a deep abyss! A sour drop spoils a whole pail of milk. So, little trifles unsettle our minds to an extent hardly expected. Yield to a temptation to speak a word and the whole study is corrupted. Therefore, in future, take care of small things.

6th October, 1883.—Work not satisfactory. What is the reason? I do not know whether I can decently excuse myself for irregularity and imperfect observance of club rules, by the incompleteness of our house arrangements for convenient study. Let me, however, remember

that, whether inconvenient or uncomfortable, it is absolutely necessary for discipline that the rules be strictly observed. I read Indian History and was charmed with Akbar's life. Assuredly, he was one of the greatest of kings, greater than Arthur, Alfred, Peter, Pompey, Caesar, Henry IV of France, Frederick, Cromwell, Marcus Aurelius, Isabella of Spain, James IV of Scotland; greater than anything I can recollect, in history: greater than Alexander and Hannibal. His humanity and all-sidedness were remarkable. His catholicism broke through the iron bonds of Muslim bigotry.* But like all great men, he was in advance of his age, and no one could follow this dazzling and bright meteor of the skies. He alone could unite India. Modern civilisation and the English

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*"While Thou art with me,
I seem no longer like a lonely man,
In the King's garden, gathering here and there,
From each fair plant the blossom choicest grown,
To wreathe a crown not only for the King,
But in due time for every Mussulman,
Brahmin and Buddhist, Christian and Parsee,
Thro' all the warring world of Hindustan.
Well spake thy brother in his hymn to heaven:
'Thy glory baffles wisdom. All the tracks
Of Science, making toward Thy Perfectness,
Are blinding desert sand; we scarce can spell
The Alif of Thine Alphabet of Love'."—*Akbar's Dream*

Government are but partially doing the work which Akbar meant to do and did in his life. But after all it is for history, past, present and future, to decide whether India can ever be united into one nation. Can India be governed on the local, central and republican principles of the United States?

October 8, 1883.—How great is the difference between simply wishing and thinking and acting? And if you talk big and promise much, who can trust your words, when bubbling up they go, but do not descend into solid deeds or genial drops of rain. I know that I shall have many difficulties. But let me not be discouraged, or lose sight of my *original idea*. If one but perseveres, in time everything must come. Love, charity, close application, the energy for hard, sweating work, and the feeling of the sacredness of life and work, all these will come gradually. Do not lose heart. Be of good cheer. Foes will be friends.

Wednesday, 10th October, 1883.—I cannot look back upon the day with entire satisfaction. The redeeming feature of it is that it leaves me with an undefined hope that all will go well, that time will make amends for grievances both personal and not personal. Who had never

grievance? What considerable man did ever tread on only the soft and yielding meadows of life? Life is made up of ups and downs, hills and dales, *roughs* and *smooths*, anxieties and cares. And whoever would reach his destination, must push on over hard and soft, hot and cold, as the course may turn out to be. Then cease thy murmurs; truce to thy vain musings and fears. Lift up thy load as thou best can. And though the odds be against thee, victory will crown thy efforts in the end. Good night!

Friday, 12th October, 1883.—How can one command the confidence of others, when one has no confidence in oneself. He who considers himself weak can never do anything worth naming.

Saturday, 13th October, 1883.—[One of the seven had complained of interruptions.] Practical difficulties: they always exist, must exist. Therefore, let every one be prepared to meet them with a cheerful face. No complaint, no sad look. But gladly face every unpleasant thing. Love, forgiveness, fellow-feeling, bearing each other's burden, silently and slowly, will reign supreme in our sacred Nest.

Sunday, 14th October, 1883.—Where no human eye sees, God's eye sees. 'Tis vain to

excuse, and look innocent, when we are conscious that we are not so. Our guilt is proportionate to our conscious violation of internal dictates. And where man may acquit us honourably, our hearts condemn us unreservedly. Therefore, O man, tamper not with thy conscience, but do as it bids thee though at immense imminent risk. The end will crown all, and that is a peaceful conscience.

Monday, 15th October.—Who is the black sheep of the club? Let every one put the question to himself and answer it honestly and conscientiously. [One of the brethren admitted he was, as he had disturbed the others by unseasonable laughter.]

Tuesday, 16th October —The day has passed quietly with me. But my progress in my studies is unsatisfactory, as it generally is. It may be that they are not to my taste and not for me; but I cannot excuse myself for my poor progress on the ground of non-suitableness. I feel I could do better and could have done better, and this silences all sophistry. Screw thyself up to a more earnest struggle, or submit ignobly and helplessly to the caprices of chance.

Wednesday, 17th October.—Study unsatisfactory. Hopeful future. Let me see how I fulfil my part.

Thursday, 18th October.—I have never known despair, and I will not give it a place in my heart. My task is heavy, and I seem to sink under it. But it is all my own doing and I cannot complain. If man is to suffer for his ignorance and folly, it is just that I should suffer. O improvident man, couldst thou but take thought in time, thou wouldst be spared many things which make human life bitter and intolerable. But I will not write more in this gloomy mood. If the burden is heavy, I will not add to its weight by my own despondency. The clouds outside invite me to be hopeful and sanguine, for clear night and pleasant noon will appear once more. I read well in the morning and a part of the noon. Was very much distracted in the afternoon. My progress miserable.

Friday, 19th October.—My progress a little better than yesterday. But I have no ease of mind. I can recall no pleasing act during the whole day. The hand moved, the tongue spake, the heart felt, automatically; and the individual self slept in dull repose. I feel no pain, neither do I feel joy. When shall I reach that stage when my whole frame shall testify to the happiness of human life, when the breath that I draw shall whisper to all, that to live is to be happy,

that life is a blessing, that life with all its painful accompaniments is worth living. 'Tis an abominable lie to say that man is born to misery. We make life miserable ourselves. Therefore, if you desire to be happy, avail yourself of the means which nature places abundantly at the disposal of every individual. It is I alone that make or unmake my happiness.

Saturday, 20th October.—I am weary and weak. I am disheartened. O God, give me peace and strength. How many times have I failed consciously and unconsciously! How can I recall the past, and mend my aberrations, parallaxes and refractions with added knowledge and more refined instruments! But it is vain and delusive thus to regret. The more refined the instruments and the more ingenious the methods, the greater is the liability to error. The rough, rude, old-fashioned ways and methods give, in practical life, generally better and surer results than clever and complicated methods do. Let me be steadfast and firm. And there is enough hope for me. O God, grant that I may not faint and give up the contest in despair.

Sunday, 21st October.—Ye, that stand firm, take care lest ye fall. This life is an awful 'slip,' where each step is to be taken with due

care and precaution. O Father, "hold up my goings in Thy paths that my footsteps slip not."

THE BELIEVER'S CREED

1. That life is real and no dream. 2. That life is sacred and has a definite purpose and is not a farce or without a purpose. 3. That the world is governed by laws, which in their effects, in relation to man, are painful or pleasurable, friendly or inimical. 4. That no law of nature can be violated with impunity. 5. That the effect of a law is instantaneous and never deferred. 6. That every individual must bear the effect of a law himself. 7. That laws continue to operate, although man may be ignorant of them; that nature does not excuse or except an individual on the score of ignorance or incapacity; that fire burns both the sinner and the saint. 8. That there is a God to whom the human heart may look up for help and guidance; or, if there is none, the mind must make one. 9. That the soul is immortal, and its aspirations are not baseless. 10. That the punishment of sin is instantaneous, and future punishment is a myth of the imagination. 11. That Christ's law of love is higher than Moses's law of force.

Monday, 22nd October.—Open mine eyes to the light of love and truth in men. This day I

have spent in self-examination and self-adjustment. I was upset in the morning; was unsettled the whole noon. Now in the evening, with the fall of night, I am getting composed. If the crystallization of the mind takes place, I hope to be able to work well in future.

Tuesday, 23rd October.—Some sacred joy uplifts me. What is it? It is the feeling that there is enough room for me in the wide world. Only let me strive to secure my seat.

Wednesday, 24th October.—[One of the members regretted he had not done well and wrote in despair: "What to do?" Hiranand wrote underneath]:—Strive patiently and persistently.

Thursday, 25th October.—[A friend had not been able to fix his attention and had written: "Some thoughts came to my mind as I began to read my book, and nearly the whole of my time was taken up in pondering over them." In reference apparently to this, Hiranand wrote the following]:—To indulge in gloomy reflections is iniquitous. And to forget the responsibility of daily life is ruinous. O friends, however desperate our condition, never lose hope. The current is against us, and if we are not up and doing, if we do not ply our oars, down is

the whirlpool of disappointment and despair, whence very few come out safe and sound. Remember, brethren, that to-day's neglected or ill-spent moments materially and palpably affect our whole future. Therefore, feel the heavy responsibility of the present moment, and your future is sure to be happy and peaceful.

Friday, 26th October.—A somewhat satisfactory day to-day. Studied to some purpose. But I am far from my ideal. Let me press close and draw nearer and nearer to it. 'Tis now about twelve of the night. I am sitting alone, indulging in some fond hopes. If even the tinge of some unformed idea silently exhilarates the soul, how much more will the reality? Brethren, if we can work away with our whole heart and soul, the blue heavens will smile upon us and the winds will bless us. We are a favoured little fraternity. We should deem it no common blessing to have so many opportunities given to us to grow and improve. We are a bit of progressive humanity. And if we bring not the necessary speed and energy, the coachman who guides Nature's car will whip us out into the background of...............Brethren, take heed, lest...............

Saturday, 27th October.—I do not want to be happy, but to deserve to be happy.

Monday, 29th October.—To a man who simply cries for the moon, but does not run after her, she never comes.

Tuesday, 30th October.—If we are not undutiful, neither are we dutiful. I have not been one of the dutiful. I may not have externally violated the rules, but I do not feel that I have kept wholly their spirit. In these wanton days, it is requisite that both the letter and the spirit of a law should be strictly followed. But I daily break the rules literally or substantially, without compunction and with impunity. No, even if no brother censure me, if no voice compel me, I do not go without chastisement for transgression. It is the mind that chastises, for it withholds that satisfaction, the withholding of which is the greatest punishment for our transgressions. Then let me try to get that satisfaction, and it will abundantly repay all my toils.

Wednesday, 31st October.—Brother birds of the Nest, the whole universe carries to us the message of love and forbearance. The stars above and the grass below: they all tell us of peace, of love, of gentle dealing, of patient charity, of goodwill. The transcendental star and the ignoble lowly grass work in harmony in the scheme of nature. And so should we. The

high and the low, the great and the small, the idle and the industrious, should work in this peaceful Nest, in blessed union and love, helping and directing one another. Meekly bearing with each other's faults, we should shun all manner of personal treatment which may border on or smack of indifference or silent anger of the heart. Dear brothers, merging all differences and distinctions in our common love, we should work conjointly for one another in affectionate union.

Thursday, 1st November.– I love them all, and a brother's tie unites them to me.

Friday, 2nd November.—I am not regular, as I should be. My deviations and distractions do not cease, although I endeavour to be free from them. These distractions both please and torment me. They please me because they are not vain and idle distractions, but lift my spirit higher: and they torment me, because my conscience is not satisfied, and bids me in faint echoes not to let them come. Thus the conflict goes on, between duty and tendency, between conscience and inclination. May it end to the satisfaction of both. But I want a devoted Memory to watch over me, like a faithful dog, and wake me up when a thief enters. I believe I have strength to fight the thief, but not

vigilance enough to notice when he comes. But delay is dangerous. I am growing weaker. The thief is gaining upon me. I have hope yet. Sooner or later, I will, or must, catch the thief who steals my peace and robs me of my joy. But be watchful, active and work-loving, or mere strength will be of no avail. 1 a. m.

Sunday, 4th November.—How blessed it will be, when I learn never to swerve an inch from the line of duty.

Monday, 5th November.—It is a pity that I am making no progress in my studies. I do not know clearly yet how to help myself. Why I should be racking my brains to relieve the pains of others, I do not know. But it is no virtue to leave one's sphere to help another. Charity begins at home, says St. Paul very truly. O my heart, art thou ready to sacrifice thy pleasant, and, it may be, unselfish pursuits, and follow the rough, thin and straight line of duty? If thou cravest for peace, nothing can give thee peace, save performing faithfully thy duty. And if my duty is not clear to me, let me strive to make it clear as soon as I can, as there is no more time to lose

Tuesday, 6th November.—[One of the brethren indulged in speculation as to personal

identity and the unity of the three tenses.] Truce to all transcendentalism, if it end in evanescent, idle visions. Dreams may soothe, but they cannot stand the light. And if the mind choose to move in ideas merely, it must be content to enjoy in idea too. As the man sows, so he reaps. A beggar may please himself with being a king, but that gives him no bread. Thus thinking, I silently sink into sleep, and cannot say where the morning sun will find me. Stir up my mind in the bustling crowd, or there is no room for thee.

Wednesday, 7th November.—Monkey (Rupy).—Sir, I am entirely entangled and involved, past all help. Master.—Why don't you try to free yourself? Monkey.—The more I try, the harder fastens the rope. What can I do? If I knew the mystery of coils, how the rope winds and unwinds itself, I could easily disentangle myself. Master.—Very good; I am busy now; wait for some time till I come to your rescue; or, if you have sense enough, observe how the rope loosens and fastens and get yourself out. (An hour after.) Monkey.—Sir, I can bear no more. Master.—Yes, I'll come straight to you and make you free. (The Master immediately disentangled the monkey and he was grateful and glad.) [This was meant to apply

to an unsteady mind, fast bound in the coils of the world, till loosened by the touch of a master-spirit.]

Whither am I whirling away, with the motion of this planet in the excited ether? Fast chained to the Earth, by gravity mysterious and supreme, I am spinning with the earth and going my daily round. Starry Infinity, with the golden full-orbed day, and the jewelled diamond night, dances round me as I in dumb wonder peep and glide away into endless space. Midst such immensity, inconceivable and vast, I think myself away into nothing, or an atom no bigger than a drop in the shoreless deep. Where be my ambitious aims, where be my miserable falls. I forget them all. "What is man," cry I, "that Thou, O Lord, carest for him." I blush when I remember my unworthy, ignoble acts and petty prurient feelings on occasions past. If this Infinity and Eternity had possessed me then, how I would have spurned those baser, meaner feelings, and felt like a nobler atom of the universe divine. Vain is my regret now, but I have this consolation that if I am sincere in my regret, time for amendment is not yet past. Kind nature soon forgives and forgets the follies of her children and heals up their wounds again. I have the future to redeem the

past and transfuse myself with holier and higher feelings. And if I could retain constantly this transcending sense of holy Infinity, where I, as a small unit, hold my place, I should move ever in accord with glad Nature. Glory, Glory, unto Thee, O Creator Divine, my Father, my eternal Friend. May I ever aspire to be Thy faithful child.

Thursday, 8th November.—[One of the friends had asked on the previous day, "May I not fly from my destiny."] Rupy.—Master! Master! Why have you shortened my rope? I cannot get at the window, and survey your doings. You are not good and kind to me. Master.—I have shortened your rope, because, otherwise, you will get between the bars of the window, and there become suspended in free air plumb down, tail up head down. Not a very pleasant situation. Rupy.—But, Sir! I have such a curiosity to have a peep into your secrets. Master.—Have you so soon forgotten the fate of your brother Ape, who by chance, seeing me shoot, tried to imitate me, and......shot himself. Rupy.—It may be that my unfortunate brother Ape met with that sad fate. I do not suppose that I shall be so foolish. Master.—No, my dear Rupy, I know better. Do not strike the bars of fate: you will only hurt your fingers. Be content with where I have placed you.

In the sea of feelings I float, O Lord. Do Thou act as my Pilot and direct my helm. So many fair islands attract me that I am simply bewildered and know not whither to go. O, sit at the centre of my heart, and move its compass to my true destination. 11 p. m. At this lone hour of the night when a chill vibrates through my whole system, warm me, O Lord, with holy joy. 2 p. m.

Friday, 9th November —[One of the brethren wrote on this day:—"Dupe of to-morrow even from a child. Worked for 3 hours only."] Only the Brave deserve the Fair. The worthy alone will be rewarded. And before you cry for influence and success you must establish your title to get them. The Labourer in the Vineyard of the Highest must "sweat first in service" before he gets his wages and dues. Fools are they who, before they strike with the axe, expect the tree to fall. Earn your right to success, and you shall have an over-measure of it.

Saturday, 10th November.—Like the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, let me sing, inarticulate, my hymn to the Creator who sent the sun and the dawn. Glory, Glory, unto Thee, Light of the Universe, Joy Infinite. May I, reasoning man, mingle my voice with the rest

of Thy Creation, and in accents, sweet and harmonious, lisp out Thy praise. 6-15 a. m. Sir, what do you mean to do in life? To make merry? No. To hoard up? No. To win praise and applause? No. To sacrifice? Yes. But how? I do not know yet. 4-15 p. m.

Sunday, 11th November.—Father! give me a pure heart and active mind, that I may see all Thy things in their chaste nakedness. Here is one brother whose externals repel me; there is another, whose heart disgusts me; yonder is another whose dulness perplexes me; farther off is another whose sophistry unmans me. My own weaknesses and foibles pain me. How midst such a motley, and tumult of feelings, can I preserve my calmness? How can I love man and love life amidst such shocks of feelings. Teach me to accept my brothers whole, in their good and evil. Teach me to love even those diametrically opposed to me, so that to the end of my life, I may view Thy handiwork, man, with a chaste heart.

Monday, 12th November.—Yonder is the land of bliss, but you must wade through pangs to reach it.

Tuesday, 13th November.—Am I shamed of truth that I seek roundabout ways of telling it

to others? Never fear to tell the truth. For the strength of Truth is the strength of the Almighty.

Wednesday, 14th November.—Make no more dalliance with Ease, but embrace Work. 'Set your will to do, and you can work miracles,' so said remarkable Joubert, in inspiring words. [This was meant for a faint-hearted brother, but another friend wrote underneath: 'But how to set the will?' Hiranand replied]: Even as the carter sets his bull to the cart and tells it "pull," so you, as the carter, yoke your will to the thing to be done and tell it "pull," whether it will or no. But this is a poor answer. Ah! this like several other mysteries no prophet can reveal. Begin to blow up the smouldering light within you, and ghosts, which bleed and torment only in darkness, will glide away in the light of the radiant mind. Where Thought founders, the buoyant cork-armour of Action and Effort keep the bark afloat in the heavy surges of Life's ocean. The practical way perhaps to 'set' the will is first to fasten it well to the weight to be drawn, and then 'whip,' as Carlyle says.

Thursday, 15th November.—[One of the friends wrote: 'Why cannot my head and heart put themselves in the right spot? Hiranand

wrote under this]: Ans.—Because thy head is not where thy heart is: if they went together, every spot would be "right." [Another wrote: 'Why do we speak in the upper room?' And Hiranand wrote under this: 'Arrest thyself.']

Friday, 16th November.—Behold! the heart says: We are a blessed brotherhood where all are good or try to be good, or at least wish to be so. Therefore, each should love all as one's dear own. The humble grass aspires to touch the sky, and the arched heavens do not scorn it. Therefore, amen, amen to all the good wishes of all good-seeking men.

Saturday, 17th November.—Crimson River of the East! Ruddy Dawn! Here, I bring unto thee the unstained wishes of my baby soul. Accept them thou in their purity and infantness. Accept thou me with all my faults and black spots, and bless me with thy pure enlivening breath, that, daily, I might offer fresh and fragrant flowers at thy holy feet. O, touch me with thy opening fingers, as thou touchest thy flowering babes, that my budding spirit too may blossom and flower, and with lowly confident eyes fixed on thee, shed thy purity and joy all around. Amen.

Sunday, 18th November.—

Q.—Do I ever curse God, or Fate, or my human lot? A.—No, never.

Q.—Do I get weary of life? A.—Sometimes.

Q.—Do I mind my duty? A.—Sometimes.

Q.—Do I lead an active, busy life? A.—Very seldom.

Q.—Do I accept truth in its integrity, regardless of environments, of person and place, mood and time? A.—Sometimes.

Q.—Do I stoop and bend to others? A.—Sometimes.

Q.—Do I look to others' interests and claims? A.—Sometimes.

Q.—Do I encroach on the rights of others? A.—Seldom.

Q.—Am I conscientious? A.—Sometimes

Q.—Am I honest and sincere in my dealings with others? A.—Mostly.

Q.—Am I resolute in carrying out what I determine to do? A.—Rarely.

Q.—Have I a strong will? A.—I have, but my motives are weak.

Q.—Have I clear ideas and bright concepts? A.—Rarely.

Q.—Have I fresh thoughts? A.—Sometimes.

Q.—Am I carnal and flesh-eating? A.—Sometimes.

Q.—Am I vindictive? A.—Seldom.

Q.—Am I proud? A.—Yes.

Q.—Am I lowly? A.—Sometimes.

Q.—Have I application? A.—No, seldom.

Q.—Have I vehemence of feeling? A.—Not much. Sometimes I have, but it does not last long.

Q.—Am I a coward? A.—No.

Q.—Am I sociable? A.—Sometimes.

Q.—Am I careless and negligent? A.—Yes.

Q.—Am I dull and sluggish. A.—Yes.

Q.—Are my senses and perceptions quick and keen? A.—No.

Q.—Have I endurance? A.—Yes.

Q.—Have I strong imagination and fertile fancy? A.—No.

Q.—Have I a good memory? A.—No.

Q.—Have I moral and spiritual insight? A.—A little.

Q.—Have I a faithful heart? A.—Yes.

Q.—Am I liberal or conservative? A.—The former.

Q.—Have I the spirit of a partisan? Have I strong prejudices? A.—No.

Q.—Am I profound? A.—No.

Q.—Am I comprehensive? A.—No.

Q.—Am I original? A.—Sometimes.

Q.—Am I a man of strong principles? Have I tenacious purposes? A.—Not yet.

Q.—Am I an aspirant after the good? A.—Yes.

Monday, 19th November.—Mother, Thou art mine, and may I ever aspire to be Thy son. 6-30 a. m. When Brutus advanced to meet the Tarquins, to prevent confusion in the army, he issued an order that no one should engage the enemy without the leave of the General. Unfortunately the son of the General, while riding round the camp, was insolently taunted by an officer of the enemy. The youth, in the heat of the moment, forgot his father's order, fought the man, and killed him. The whole army applauded the deed of the young soldier, but when the news reached the General, his father, he immediately ordered his son to be arrested, and brought before the Court Martial. The father sat in judgment over the son. Imagine the delicacy, the difficulty and the awfulness of the position. The strongest of natural ties contending against the principle of justice and the sense

of duty. The whole army interceded for their favourite hero, but the father remained unmoved, holding even, with fingers firm, the scales of justice. The son was quiet; the father looked at him with the strongest emotion; his heart throbbed loud and fast, his whole frame shook, his tongue died away within him: how to pronounce capital sentence on the darling before him, the light and stay of his old age. But the sense of justice mounted high, and as two mighty currents from opposite directions meeting, lash one another in mortal combat, so affection and justice wrestled within the heart of the brave Brutus. But he who had expelled the Tarquins could sacrifice his dearest to the demands of duty. The death doom was passed. The bystanders were thunder-stricken. But expostulation was of no avail. The father would rather see his entrails torn out before him than shirk the demands of justice. But when the sentence was passed, he came down, embraced his son, and broke his heart in the stone-melting scene. Ah! such men govern the world. Who is there amongst us that has reconciled within himself the requirements of *law* and *love*? Who on his magisterial bench looks upon his friends and foes with a single eye? Who in his decisions proceeds upon abstract, immutable considerations of justice only, and like fire burns the king

as well as the beggar: whose feelings warp not his judgment, whose love colours not law? If there be any such, may God bless them.

Tuesday, 20th November.—"I will not condescend to demand but will enforced receive," said the saint to his admiring audience. No need of an advertisement for Christ's Sermon on the Mount. People must flock of themselves. It is Emerson who seeks out the sage in his Craigenputtock cave.

Wednesday, 21st November.—Thou art my life, Thou art my strength, Thee will I worship. A noble-looking youth wanted to enter Wilson's Circus. "Where is your ticket?" asked the porter. "I have none," replied the confident youth. "Then get thee one, if you would go in." Says the proud youth, "I am related to Wilson, the Circus Proprietor. Therefore, let me in." The stern gateman replied: "Excuse me, Sir. Relation or no relation, I cannot admit without a ticket." The youth chafed, but turned away, blaming himself for his own superb confidence and carelessness. The dogs, who keep the peace of society, make no distinction between the sinner and the saint.

"And he said unto them: 'Bless those that curse you, love those that hate you;' but they

understood him not and said: 'Master! how can this be? Curse those that bless you, hate those that love you, are the true principles.' [Something had occurred in the club which had led to this reflection, for one of the members wrote under it: "Fie to us that we give ground to H to pass such a just remark upon us."]

O Dhruba, Dhruba! a balm to the wounded heart is thy transcendent faith. May it take possession of my spirit, so that I may even embrace tigers, that would fain eat me, as my own friends. May thy trustful face pass into me, so that I may view the lamb and the wolf alike as mine own.

> The gentle dove
> And ravenous kite
> Are made by God,
> And both, therefore, are mine.

[Dhruva, pronounced in Bengali Dhruba, was a little boy who under the guidance of the great sage Narada, fixed his attention on the Highest, and obtained the position of the Pole-star. Every Hindu boy is told the story of Dhruva by his father or mother, or by his family-priest, and Hiranand doubtless knew the story.]

Thursday, 22nd November.—You talk of pride of intellect. 'Tis but as the rampant reed

that breaks in the wind. Those that would climb high, must bend down, or break their head ! 4-30 a. m.

O, make me blind to men's faults, and keen to perceive their excellences, and keen to detect my defects and blind to my good qualities. O dear Father, this is my unceasing prayer to Thee.

Friday, 23rd November.—

It is Love, which heals all strife
Circling like the breath of life,
All things in pure, sweet abode
With its own mild brotherhood.
Times may change, not love; and soon
Every sprite beneath the moon
Would repent its angry vein,
And our nest smile heaven again."

—*Shelley*

Who is there amongst us who is "sole in his employment"?

Saturday, 24th November.—I know no face but Thine, Charmer Divine ! And like a faithful lover, may I ever hug Thee to my bosom, in the sincerity of my heart. May Thy love shine in me, a bright unmistakable reality, which no logic of the schools dare deny.

Discipline and Organisation

Monday, 26th November.—They say that Carlyle was a madcap and Emerson a visionary. And so will every seeing man be to those who see not.

"Seeing it is built
Of Music: therefore never built at all,
And, therefore, built for ever."

"The soul's sighing is but a breath
That with dumb force shoots up the earth,
And tongueing with immates of light,
Glows in gloam of grosser sight."

Tuesday, 27th November.—

"It is for man to dream,
And for bird high to soar,
The beast he walks the field,
And fish she dives the deep,
And man would perfect be,
Must all these in him be,
Must walk and dream and dive and soar."

Speed, speed K—'s wishes, [K wanted to make the Nest a permanent institution.]

O ye birds, sing sweetly. The crab-apple mellowed by wind and sun blooms soft and red. So should we (sour and crabbed as we are) mellowed by time and pain, softened by song

and love, bloom and ripe till we fall into the lap divine.

Wednesday, 28th November.—I forgot to render an account to the Supreme Overseer, as I had intended.

Thursday, 29th November.—If ye rise not with the dawn and, perching on your twigs, do not chirp and chime, ye are no birds. Even the black crows, with lusty chorus, caw up and down, and rouse the air with their morning hymn. And is the heart of man blacker than the crow, that it greets the light with senseless apathy unmoved? O wake up even like crows, that we may sound our note every morn, and unbosoming the darkness within, usher in new light and love. The crows welcome each day as a blessing, so may we.

Friday, 30th November.—Say "Done," and it is done. [This was advice to a faltering friend with an unsettled mind.]

Saturday, 1st December.—"Labour of Love" is what the gods demand.

Sunday, 2nd December.—

"He prayeth best, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast."

—*Coleridge*

CHAPTER VI

YOUTH: CALCUTTA (1879—84)—III

Keshub was a master in love.........He not only admired all forms of greatness and heroism which appealed to him with an irresistible charm, but loved more or less passionately every good and noble personality to whom he was drawn inspite of himself. In this he reminds me of Goethe, whose love for every form of excellence made him give himself to every man and woman he met, and in whom he found something excellent to love.

His was no intellectual, imaginary love, but real and spiritual......His was a personal love......His love for Christ is a study in this personal and spiritual culture......He loved Christ passionately because he loved God passionately. And he could not have loved Christ so had he not loved God so. The one made the other possible. The wholeheartedness in him made him fearless, unconventional, trustful and loving to a degree......His love for Christ was no exclusive love, using that word in its ordinary sense; though it was exclusive in the best sense, exclusive and at the same time all-inclusive. For in his love for Christ he did not forget Chaitanya and Buddha and other prophets to whom he had felt drawn......

The man who *loves* the first friend he meets with an entire, a wholehearted love will find it in the nature of that love not to stop with that first friend, but to go on loving entirely every friend he meets, and he will love all in a general way and each in a special way. This is the man who can love his enemies, and whose love will convert enemies into friends.—Extracts culled from "Keshub Chunder Sen: A Study," by Promotho Loll Sen.

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Fellowship and Hero-worship

Hiranand in *Eagle's Nest*—In Bengali homes and Society—Heroes and hero-worship—Influence of Brahmos and Brahmicas—College Professors—Keshub's closing year and death—Farewell to Calcutta.

A very ancient sage in Greece likened the human soul to Phoebus' lute, and in our own land, it is often likened to Shiva's *vina*, or Shakti's *vina*, or Krishna's *murali*, all meaning very much the same thing. Hiranand died before the lute could play its full music; but it is clear from the entries in the "Nest" *Journal*, some of them very quaint and strange, that the Higher Ideal had already taken possession of him, and that the presence of such a man in the small Students' Brotherhood made for love and harmony and could not but have been felt as a powerful spiritual lever.

It would be, however, a mistake to suppose that his confreres, who received so much, had nothing to give in return. Every one of them had resolved not only "to acquire healthy and purposive working habits" (to use the language of their rules), but to develop social feelings and to prepare for a useful career. Every one endeavoured to be true to his ideal; and the Journal shows what will-power can do and how education can influence both heredity and environment.

Rudyard Kipling has written a book which tells us more about English school-boys than any other book known to us Indians. But the life of our under-graduates is a sealed book to the Englishman, and that fact is my excuse for dwelling so long on Hiranand's College days and reproducing his diary. It was, moreover, necessary to go into details, in order to understand the play, direct and reflex, of the various forces in the Nest, where the young students,—who may be characterized as the sentimental one, the mystic, the practical one, the plodding one, the poetical one, the meek melancholy one and the spiritual one,—met to work, to pray, and to go through strict self-imposed discipline. I have had also another object in view. It is often said, now-a-days, that the collegiate system, inaugurated in 1854, has proved a failure; and most unquestionably, it does not pay as much attention to the formation of character as it ought. But, in my humble opinion, the critics, who see nothing good in it, are wholly mistaken. The system, defective as it is, *compels* our young men to understand such master-spirits as Shakespeare, Shelley, Wordsworth and Tennyson. It compels them to go through a course, mathematical, scientific, philosophical, historical or literary. It compels them to remember, to think, to

imagine, and to see into Nature and into themselves. It teaches them, above all, to concentrate attention; for, without such concentration, success is not possible. Every college student, therefore, has to learn a stage of Samadhi,* and he thus qualifies for the higher training which no college can ever give, but which is within the reach of every earnest soul. There is no doubt our colleges would do better work, if, along with secular professors, they employed men of acknowledged holiness and purity of life to teach Hinduism to the Hindu, Islam to the Mussulman, Zoroastrianism to the Parsi, and Christianity to the Christian. But so long as the unity of truth underlying all these faiths is not perceived and God is assumed to have been kind to some of his people and unkind to others, it is hopeless to expect the State to take an initiative in such a matter. All the more necessary is it for the various communities, in India, to attach boarding-houses to every college, and impart religious and moral training through a resident professor. It will be, however, suicidal to advocate the abolition of the

*Patanjali has described the training in concentration of thought, the climax of which is reached when we become

"Entranced in some diviner mood
Of self-oblivious solitude."

colleges simply because the State cannot see its way to give such training systematically. The true remedy lies in our own hands, for the State does not prevent us from doing our best to leaven materialistic with spiritual education. But, unfortunately, we have very few spiritual teachers willing to give such training, and commanding the confidence of the public.

The seven young men, who formed the whole-hearted brotherhood, I have described, and set an example to the various brotherhoods since established, were, in this respect, very fortunate; for, their period of study at the Presidency College was synchronous with a religious revival due to three great personalities, Debendranath Tagore, Keshub Chunder Sen and Paramhamsa Ramkrishna, every one of whom stood "on the heights of his life with a glimpse of a height that is higher."

The life at *Eagle's Nest* lays bare before us Hiranand's secret of discipline and organisation,—his genius for love and friendship. This genius for love and friendship developed into a passion for fellowship and hero-worship. If the *Nest* shows us something of the life of fellowship, Hiranand's hero-worshipping

spirit is best seen in the home-circle and in his personal contact with the good and the great men and women of Bengal around him. By birth a Sindhi, Hiranand was, by training and culture, one of the finest and the truest Bengali youths of his time.

The first name to be mentioned in his home-circle in Calcutta is Krishna Behari Sen, Keshub's younger brother. Krishna Bihari sen was a French scholar and the head of a college, but, throughout his life, he had the habits of a humble student, the simplicity of a child, and the tolerance of him whose life he wrote in beautiful Bengali, the great *Tathagata,* Buddha.

He was, perhaps, the only one of the Sen brothers who excited no hatred, whom all parties respected, and whom many deeply loved. He educated his daughters, one of whom married a Bengali civilian, the eldest son of her father's life-long friend, and is now no more. Krishna Behari Sen died in 1895, and Sir Alfred Croft, the Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University, in his Convocation Address in 1896, paid the following glowing tribute to his memory:

"While other men might inspire admiration for the brilliancy of their qualities, the chief

characteristic of Krishna Behari Sen was that he was loved. I do not remember to have witnessed, at any time, a more spontaneous and genuine outburst of feeling than was evoked by the news of his death, nine months ago. In him I lost a personal friend, for whose unassuming goodness and the rare sincerity of whose character I had a profound regard. He seemed to breathe a purer and serener air than most. No persecution daunted him; poverty did not disturb him; for, of those afflictions too he had his share. He lived his life quietly and harmoniously, striving after the free and equal development of all his faculties, moral, intellectual and spiritual, governed throughout by a high ideal. In his work as a teacher, he was inspired by lofty aims. Far beyond the range and scope of examinations, which bound the vision of too many teachers, he felt a keen, almost a painful, responsibility for the welfare of the young lives committed to his charge, for the development of their characters along the lines of uprightness and honour. Every incident of College life supplied him with a text upon which to preach a brief sermon by the way, trying with all his heart to inspire his pupils with his own love of goodness and truth. Graduates of the Calcutta University—such of you as have received your degrees this day, and

to whom, in accordance with recognized precedent, I should address a word of counsel and encouragement—to you I would say, study the life and emulate the character of Krishna Behari Sen, a man as great to my mind in some respects as his greater brother. His life affords an object lesson within the reach of all, which all may study, and all who do so will study it with profit."

Such was the man with whom it was Hiranand's good fortune to associate intimately. Both the brothers had free access to the *Zenana,* and Moti was a playmate of Krishna Behari's daughters. This amiable gentleman had a great penchant for philosophy, and Hiranand, who used to attend the theological class started for college students by Keshub, used often to discuss Compte and Herbert Spencer with him, and so fond was Krishna Behari of the young student, and so deeply interested in speculation, that he used sometimes to sit up and talk till 1 A. M. On those occasions, there was a veritable "feast of reason and flow of soul," and the conversation, not seldom, glanced off from the religion of humanity, and noumena and phenomena, to the lives of the prophets and saints of all lands, to the great Buddhist upheaval in India in

ancient times, to the Bhakti movement of the 15th century, and, reaching "empyreal heights of thought," linger lovingly on Him Who is the soul of all goodness, beauty and truth, Who is "the One Life pervading all," and Who, in His mercy,

> "Sends his teachers unto every age,
> To every clime, and every race of men,
> With revelations fitted to their growth
> And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of Truth
> Into the selfish rule of one sole race."

Under Keshub's and Krishna Behari's guidance, and under the impulse imparted to him by his study of Emerson, Hiranand loved Nature as the *City of God,* and imbibed a great reverence for Science as Nature's interpreter. He made the acquaintance of Dr. Mahendralal Sircar, an accomplished scientist, and commenced to attend his lectures in the Science Institution. Dr. Mahendralal had an unrivalled knowledge of medicine, but the limitations of Allopathy made him turn his attention to the provings of Homœopathy, and becoming convinced of its truth he did his best to popularise it. He had a free dispensary for the poor, at his own house, and he effected marvellous cures by operating on the vital force with tried drugs. Deeply versed in the processes of Nature,

he experienced no difficulty in understanding her paradoxes. He did not believe that she had no secrets, and he knew that the rationale of vaccination and inoculation was Homœopathy not Allopathy. In his hands, the infinitesimal doses of Hahnemann actually worked wonders. But his attention was not confined to medicine alone. He was an advocate of scientific training and scientific research, long before Professor Padshah was born, but unfortunately there was no philanthropist, like Mr. Tata, at Calcutta, or, if there was one, Dr. Mahendralal had not Padshah's tact to secure 30 lakhs, and so he did what he could by means of periodical lectures. His was then a voice in the wilderness, but there were some young men like Hiranand, who, though not devoted to science, wished to understand its message, and to these Dr. Sircar rendered invaluable assistance. His kindness to the poor, moreover, won Hiranand's heart, and, to the last, he was a great admirer of the worthy doctor.

There was another truly great man who exercised a deep influence over Hiranand. *During the May Vacation of 1882, Hiranand first saw the famous Paramhamsa Ramkrishna,* whose master-mind and absolute unworldliness, and freedom from desire

have been done justice to by Professor Max Muller. He was not a learned man, but he had gone through such mental and spiritual experiences that he could truly say:

> "My mind became the book through which I grew
> Wise in all human wisdom......"

The Paramhamsa lived in a retired place (Ashram) on the banks of the Hugli, in one of the Calcutta suburbs called Dakshineshwar; and, in 1883, Hiranand spent almost every Sunday at the Ashram, amidst beautiful scenery. His friend Nalu writes: "Among the men in India, whom he personally knew and loved and respected, the late Ramkrishna Paramhamsa of Dakshineshwar in Bengal was one. It was through Keshub Chunder Sen that Hiranand, like most of us, came to know the Paramhamsa of Dakshineshwar. I think I am not wide of the truth when I say that, of all the young men in our circle whom the Paramhamsa knew, Hiranand was the one whom he loved most deeply. Hiranand used to spend days and nights at the Paramhamsa's place, listening to his words full of deep wisdom, arguing with him, joking with him, and trying to serve him personally if possible. When Hiranand came away from Calcutta, the Paramhamsa

used to enquire about him, and, in his stammering way, wished him to come back to him. How deeply Hiranand was attached to the Saint of Dakshineshwar, can be gathered from the fact that when he heard that he (the Paramhamsa) was very seriously ill, leaving his work at Karachi for a few days, he went all the way to Calcutta to see the dying saint. Does not such a fact speak a good deal of his personal love and reverence for holy characters? And was not Hiranand himself one of such holy characters?"*

The Paramhamsa's discourses were simple yet profound. "His religion," says Bhai Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, "unlike the religion of ordinary Hindu sadhus, did not mean too much dogma, or controversial proficiency, or outward worship with flowers and sandal, incense and offering. His religion meant ecstacy, insight; his whole nature burned day and night with the permanent fire and fever of a strong faith and feeling. His conversation was a ceaseless breaking forth of this inward fire, and lasted for long hours...While his interlocutors were weary, he, though outwardly feeble, was as fresh as ever. He merged into rapturous ecstacy and outward unconsciousness

*"Phœnix," 5th May 1894.

often during the day, oftenest in conversation when he spoke of his favourite spiritual experiences, or heard any striking response to them." Shiva was to him "as the incarnation of contemplativeness;" Rama, who was worshipped by his father, was "regarded by him with the love and profound loyalty of a devoted servant," and every one of the Hindu deities was to him "a force, an embodied principle tending to reveal the supreme relation of the soul to that eternal and formless Being, Who is unchangeable in his blessedness and unity (*Akhanda Satchchidananda*)." The Muhammadan Allah, the Christian God, the *Nirakara Brahma* were all realized by him. Wealth he scorned; and, "woman," he used to say, "is disarmed when you view her as the manifestation of the divine *vidya shakti,* power of pure wisdom, as the Mother of the human race"; and to *vidya shakti* he used to say: "O Mother Divine, I want no honour from men, I want no pleasure of the flesh; only let my soul flow into Thee as the permanent confluence of the Ganga and the Yamuna. Mother, I am without *bhakti,* without *yoga.* I am poor and friendless. I want no one's praise; only let my mind always dwell in the lotus of Thy feet." Keshub Chunder Sen loved the Paramhamsa, and in the "New Dispensation"

wrote as follows:—"*Sadhu sanga,* or the companionship of saints and devotees, is justly regarded as one of the essential means of sanctification; and we are gratified to find, among our brethren, a desire to avail themselves of such means, whenever an opportunity presents itself. Dayanand Saraswati, the great Vedic reformer, the Paramhamsa of Dakshineshwar, the Sikh Nagaji of Doomraon and the Paohari Baba of Ghazipur are, so far as we know, the four distinguished ascetic saints whom our friends have, from time to time, duly honoured, and, in whose company, they have sought the sanctifying influences of character and example. May we respect and serve with profound reverence and humility every ascetic, whom Providence may bring unto us. The impure become pure in the company of *sadhus.*"

The Paramhamsa was one of those rare *sadhus* who combined the highest insight with the deepest devotion, and it was a pleasure to Hiranand to sit at his feet and hear how he had so identified gold in his mind with mere earth that no form of wealth could tempt him, how for years he had meditated on Durga until he saw her image in every woman, not excluding his own wife, how eventually this fixed image proved

an obstacle to him when he wished to dislodge it and meditate on the *Akhanda Satchidananda,* how it took him many years to concentrate his whole being, how he felt like a dew-drop seeking the ocean, or like a bee seeking the lily. He used to say:—

"Put your *ghara* (earthen pot) inside the brook of clear water. There is bubbling, there is noise, as long as the vessel is empty. When it is full, the bubbling ceases, the disturbance ceases. In silence and fulness, the vessel lies in the depth of the element. So the heart in devotion. So long as the bee is outside the petals of the lotus, and has not tasted its honey, it hovers round the flowers emitting its buzzing sound; but when it is inside the flower, it drinks its nectar noiselessly. So long as a man quarrels and disputes about doctrines and dogmas, he has not tasted the nectar of true faith: when he has tasted it, he becomes still."

"Boil your sugar well in a living and active fire. As long as there is earth and impurity in it, the sweet infusion will smoke and simmer. But when all the impurity is cast out, there is neither smoke nor sound, but the delicious fluid heaves itself in its unmixed worth, and, whether liquid or solid, is the delight of man and God. Such is the character of the man of faith."

Paramhamsa used to tell the earnest seekers, who gathered around him, of that stage of *samadhi* (super-consciousness) in which the negations of this world were lost in the positive bliss of the spirit. A day came when the mortal shell of the Paramhamsa burst and the bird flew away "to glory in the splendours and the voices" of a higher world than ours. Hiranand was busy at Karachi when the Paramhamsa fell ill, but he went all the way to Calcutta to nurse him, and had the good fortune to receive his blessing.

Blessed with such society, his heart attuned to the noblest spiritual influences, his face full of spiritual beauty, Hiranand won the affection not only of *Keshub, Protap and the other Missionaries,* but had the great privilege of moving unreservedly in their family circles. I have before me a small note in Bengali, written by Mrs. Mozoomdar, with a translation in English by Srimati Mohini Devi, who, in August 1881, married Karuna Chunder Sen. Hiranand had picked up colloquial Bengali, and committed to memory many beautiful Bengali hymns, but had not yet learnt to read manuscript letters, and the good lady, therefore, asked her accomplished ward to append a translation. Mohini was the second daughter of

Dr. Khastagir, an Assistant Surgeon and a staunch Brahmo, and younger sister of Srimati Saudamini who married Mr. B. L. Gupta, the well-known Civilian of Bengal. Like Hiranand and Moti, the two sisters had been left in the charge of Brahmo Missionaries for education. Keshub, after his return from England in 1870, had started a Female Normal School as well as the *Bharat Ashram*, and the sisters studied in the School, and mingled with the ladies of the Missionaries in the *Ashram*. Mohini read Shakespeare and other standard authors with Bhai Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, under whose fatherly care she lived for some time. She was senior to Hiranand by three years. Here is the little note as translated by her:—

"Dear son Heera, I send you my blessings in this anniversary time. Accept this *dhoti* from me.

(Sd.) SAUDAMINI MOZOOMDAR

11th of Magh"

"Dear son Heera," and the affectionate present accompanying that greeting show the impression made by the young student's modesty, humility and tenderness on the heart of the devoted wife of a great missionary. Mrs. Mozoomdar's world was summed

up in her husband. She had no children, and she took kindly to his wards, the two sisters from Chittagong and the two brothers from Sindh. Mohini bloomed into a beautiful girl, and was deeply loved by Keshub's eldest son to whom she was united in marriage. Mohini made a model wife and daughter-in-law. She had a very sweet voice and was a good musician. She edited a Bengali magazine for women, called the "Paricharika." Unfortunately, her life was a brief one, and she died in May, 1894, leaving her partner disconsolate, and mourned deeply by all who knew her sterling worth, her humility and her piety.

At Krishna Behari Sen's, Hiranand came frequently in contact with Keshub's mother, Sarada Sundari Devi, who lived with her youngest son. She loved Chaitanya, the Prophet of Nuddea, and had great sympathy with her son's teachings. She was extremely devout, and though she had many bereavements and suffered much, her sweet resignation never left her. She was fond of children, and looked upon Hiranand and Moti as her own sons. She fell seriously ill in July, 1883, and Hiranand repaid her affection by watching by her bedside and nursing her tenderly for twenty one days, though he was in the fourth year of his college

career, in which he had to work hard for his degree. Her own sons and grandsons used to say that Hiranand had shown her greater devotion than they themselves. Long after Hiranand had passed away she treasured his memory as one of her most sacred possessions. To her the name of Hiranand was linked up with the two brothers, Nandalal and Promotholal. To anybody visiting her at the old Colootola house and referring to Hiranand she would show the rooms in which Hiranand lived, relate stories about him and speak of him fondly as one the like of whom was not to be found (*eman chele dekhini*). Like Keshub Hiranand was profoundly influenced by Sarada Devi of whom Keshub's biographer, Protap Chunder, wrote in these terms :—

> "Of a fair complexion, rather tall in height, with a figure well-shaped and well-rounded, with features exquisitely chiselled, wearing over all her handsomeness the sacred veil of classical Hindu modesty, she was the cynosure of all eyes in the little village......Keshub's mother is an uncommon woman, and there is no doubt that much of the maternal excellence was transmitted to the character of the son. Keshub's mother had become a widow at the age of about twenty-five and Keshub himself was less than

eleven years old at the time......Amidst difficulties and sorrows, however, she was never for a single day indifferent to her religious vows and duties. There is no distant pilgrimage which, highly connected as she is, she has not made. There is no rigorous fast or vigil which she has not practised. There is no solemn orthodox vow which she has not taken. Yet, the asceticism of her hard widowhood is sweetened by a genuine tenderness unreservedly shown to all. Her strong simple commonsense, her wonderful piety and gentleness of disposition give her an insight into subjects which are sealed to the purblind vision of half-educated young ladies. Her unrestricted sympathies have endeared her to her orthodox relations as well as the members of the Brahmo Samaj. If this was all her character, perhaps it would not be worth mentioning. But the singular thing about her is that she has harmonised her undoubted orthodoxy with the advanced ideas and practices of her great son. Her fondness for Keshub has been always intense, and she has taken natural delight in his eminence and reputation. There is, however, an invaluable service she has done to his movement. She has been the pioneer of a large community of ladies, who, though they retain their place in the old national religion, heartily join the services, hymns and festivals of the Brahmo

Somaj. When Keshub finds the recognition of his place in the estimate of a grateful posterity, there is little doubt that the virtues of his good noble-hearted mother will be recognised also."

Another lady, whom the brothers came to know intimately, was Mrs. Ananda Chandra Gupta, Keshub's eldest sister, with whom they boarded for about six months in 1883. Keshub's niece, Kumudini Sen, who was as graceful as she was virtuous, they loved as a sister. When Hiranand last visited Calcutta, she gave a right royal feast in his honour, and she used to correspond with Moti.

From July, 1883 to January, 1884, Moti boarded at Nobin Chunder Sen's, while Hiranand continued to board with Keshub's sister. The Bengali way of cooking meat was not to Moti's taste, and so he became a vegetarian and joined a vegetarian family. Nobin Chunder Sen was Keshub's eldest brother, but was not a Brahmo, though his sons, Nandalal Sen and Promotholal Sen, were devoted to Keshub. Their pet names were Bhulo and Nalu, and both were deeply attached to Hiranand. Their mother, whose praises Hiranand was never tired of singing, was a paragon of domestic virtues, and managed her household in an

exemplary manner. From early morning till late at night, she spent herself in ministering to the wants of her numerous family, for she had three daughters and four sons the eldest of whom, Amritalal Sen, was married. Nobin Chunder was long employed in the Bank of Bengal on Rs. 375 a month, but he lost his fortune in a reclamation scheme, and the family had slender resources. There was, nevertheless, hardly a happier home in the whole of Calcutta. The house was kept scrupulously clean, and not the smallest detail was beneath the attention of its mistress. She belonged to the old school of Hindu matrons, who lived only for their husbands and their children and whose life was a perpetual sacrifice; and she was blessed, therefore, with the inward peace which is the best meed of sacrifice. Next to Keshub's mother, she was the one woman who influenced Hiranand the most.

Hiranand was never treated as an outsider by any of the ladies with whom he came in close contact. The sweetness of his disposition, his ready sympathy and his willing service won their hearts and secured him access to the inmost Zenana; for, curious as it may seem, even Brahmos had to keep up Zenanas. Mrs. Nobin Chunder Sen he called his Boromami.

Keshub's eldest sister was his Boropishi, Keshub's youngest sister (Mrs. Jadub C. Roy) was his Choto-pishi, Keshub's mother was his Thakurma (grand-mother), Keshub himself was his Mejo Kaka, Krishna Behari Sen his Chotokaka (youngest uncle), Nobin Chunder Sen his Boromama, and Bhulo's youngest sister his Buri. He and Moti were, as it were, fully adopted into the Sen family, and Nandalal followed Hiranand to Sindh, and Nalu, after returning from Manchester College, has been religiously celebrating the anniversary of Hiranand's death, and, in Brahmo papers, asking the Calcutta youth from time to time to follow Hiranand's example.

The Brahmo Missionaries, with whom Hiranand came most in contact, were Kanti Chunder Mitter, Mohendranath Bose, Gour Govind Roy, Girish Chunder Sen, Aghorenath and Troylokyanath. Kanti Babu, as has been already noted, kept the brothers' accounts, and looked after their physical comfort, so long as they lived in the Mission House. He was the very imper-sonation of devoted, ungrudging service. Mohendra-nath Bose was an admirer of the *Grantha,* and he and his wife were very fond of the brothers. Gour Govind Roy was a great Sanskrit scholar, saturated

with the spirit of the Upanishads. He exercised no small religious influence over Hiranand. From Girish Chunder, an Arabic scholar, *Hiranand learnt a great deal about Islam and its saints, and about the great Sufis.* Aghorenath Gupta influenced Hiranand in the direction of asceticism. He died in 1881 at Lucknow. The "singing apostle," Troylokyanath, made Bengali music so attractive to him that, in 1879-80, he actually commenced to study it and bought a harmonium. But, in 1881, he had to give up that study, though, occasionally, he played on an *ektara* (one-stringed musical instrument).

I need hardly say that the great Minister and Bhai Protap took a deep interest in the welfare of the two boys, who had been committed specially to their care. It was the latter who, by the care he bestowed on Saudamini and Mohini, turned Hiranand's thoughts towards female emancipation, while the influence of the former for good was simply unbounded. What Protap Chunder, himself a towering personality, thought of his great friend and master, Keshub, will be evident from the following extract taken from the concluding paragraph of his *Introduction* to the "Life and Teachings of Keshub Chunder Sen."—

Hiranand—The Soul of Sindh

"Keshub Chunder Sen's genius was complicated, profound, restless, God-inspired. It reflected every light, every want, every aspiration of the age. It aimed at removing all darkness, doubt, sorrow. He laboured really, radically to bring the kingdom of heaven on earth. He lived in that kingdom in his heart, he wanted to make it a fact in the world. He tried to live like an ideal Hindu devotee, like a mystical Christian saint, and also like a practical European reformer. He laboured to be true to every relation of his many-sided life: as a householder, a minister, a message-bearer of heaven, a subject, citizen, man of the times, as the son and servant of God, establishing new ideals of spiritual culture and attainment. He was an originator and author of things, turning ideas into facts, making the abstract concrete. He was a seer of unseen truths and harmonies in strange phases of life and systems, his heart as broad as human goodness. He was the prophet of better times, of a higher faith, of a purer morality, of a superior humanity. He was an unwearied doer of the right and true, a ceaseless sower of the good seed, an uncomplaining labourer whose reward came not to him on this earth.........The love of God was with him rest, full of the mystery of strength. With him faith was the profoundest wisdom, and a certainty in every-day

> life. With him, the presence of God was a ready guidance that sufficed for all the intricacies of a unique life of strange trials, and sufficed for an untimely death of strangely protracted suffering. He lived and died an intense, burning, restless light, which suddenly went down in its fulness and undimmed lustre. And, now that he is gone, in our darkness we feel we knew him not, and gave him not his due."

As for Keshub there was never a feast or a social gathering at his house to which the brothers, Hira and Moti, were not invited. Keshub loved children and had always a smile for them, and the tiniest mite did not feel afraid of him. His Band of Hope was in full swing in 1880, and little Moti took part in the procession which started, in that year, from the Albert School, and after traversing College Street, stopped at Lily Cottage, the Minister's home. There were lectures given and hymns sung on the road, and finally the effigy of the Demon of Drink, charged with combustibles, was set on fire amidst huzzas and hand-clappings and pyrotechnic display. Keshub had also a theological class, as already mentioned; and it was at Keshub's that Hiranand came to know the Revd. Mr. Brown and the Revd. Mr. Smith, two Oxford

Missionaries, the latter of whom was a truly lovable man. Keshub's personal magnetism was very great, and his power of organization almost unique.

His life, as said before, was a life of strange ironies and severe trials; and he himself used to say that, if he was great at all, he was great on account of his patience, and not on account of his oratory. The Missionaries used to quarrel even during his lifetime; and, indeed, several of them said, when he died, that they had crucified him. That was a natural exaggeration of poignant contrition, but as a matter of fact, though quarrels among men not seldom arose, Keshub knew how to compose those differences. He seldom gave orders; he prayed in his sanctuary in the presence of the peccant sheep, and prayed so fervently that, for the time being, he seemed to be lifted out of himself, and instead of saying, "Go to the Punjab," he used to say, "The Lord wants a servant for the Punjab," and immediately a Missionary was forthcoming and the whole Band, in their spiritual exaltation, forgot all minor troubles and trials. I remember to have witnessed a Brahmo *Sankirtan* (processional singing) in 1893, and I saw some of the Brahmo Missionaries dance in enthusiasm, but Bhai Protap walked sedately. And

yet, it is well known that when Keshub, during the anniversary Sankirtans, danced, like Chaitanya, in ecstacy, Protap used to cast the proprieties to the winds and follow in the same measure. Such was his commanding personality and such the effect of his red-hot fervour! But, in addition to these, he had great tact and sweet reasonableness. He bore no malice to the Secessionists, and Pundit Shivanath Shastri said how once, when he was returning to Calcutta from Bombay, he met Keshub, who was returning from some town in Behar in an Inter-class railway compartment, and he having had no food, Keshub gave him something to eat and talked as if nothing had happened. The Pundit also related how in the days of their comradeship, Keshub had become his guest at an out-of-the-way station, and refused to take anything in the morning but gram moistened in water, and a little ginger. The Pundit asked for an explanation, and Keshub good-humouredly replied: "I have to drag the Brahmo Samaj cart and to bear your whips; so I take gram like a horse." The Pundit laughingly retorted: "Well, you kick us every now and then, and so we whip you." Keshub had to bear the whips and scorns of many of his followers in 1878. But the man, who had built the Brahma Mandir,

secured legislative recognition of his Church and social ideals, established the Bharat Ashrama for his Missionaries, the Victoria College for Girls, and the Albert College for Boys, who had edited the "Sunday Mirror," and started a pice paper, the "Sulabh Samachar," for the masses, survived the dark days of 1878 and 1879, and retained his hold on the affections of the active apostles of his creed. He continued his daily service in the sanctuary, where his *extempore* sermons in Bengali were the admiration of his friends and the despair of his detractors. He continued to preach in the Mandir every Sunday, and his anniversary discourses still commanded the largest audiences which any preacher has ever been able to attract in Calcutta. He had even Viceroys and Lieutenant Governors among his hearers, and, by common consent, he was the best orator India has yet produced. He was a man of many sorrows, for he was a householder with wife and children, and not merely a householder but the pilot of a storm-tossed Church. He had had to educate his wife, but it was impossible even for her, devoted though she was, to keep pace with him. His daughter-in-law, Mohini, who used to report his daily prayers, was a source of great comfort to him. He had to deal with several very stiff-necked men and to

mould them for doing the work of his Lord. He had, through Amritalal Bose and others, to make collections for the maintenance of his band of missionaries, every one of whom had taken the vow of poverty. He had to preach the doctrine of inspiration, of immediate communication with the Highest Spirit, to a scoffing city, and to make efforts to improve the condition of women among people who looked upon a love-marriage as a social scandal, and upon female education as the forerunner of unchastity. Great patience and great love, however, enabled Keshub to rise superior to the repeated "shocks of doom," and constant intercourse with such a singular man was for Hiranand the greatest regenerating factor in his life. Nothing shocked him so much as the dissensions which arose after Keshub's death; and had all the Missionaries been present at Bankipur when he himself breathed his last, he would have conjured them with his last conscious breath, to heal up their differences, for the sake and in the name of the Master whom they loved, and to cease to trouble that crystalline spirit by making him the shuttle-cock and battledore of their barren polemics.

Profoundly as Hiranand was affected by his close contact with Keshub and the apostles, and influenced

by other forces and personalities, it will be, nevertheless, too much to assume that his college had no share in the making of him, or that its share was inappreciably small.

None of the professors, it is true, was a great man, but several of them were estimable men and men of character. Professor Tawney, who afterwards became Director of Public Instruction in the Bengal Presidency, was Principal of the College, and used to take the B. A. class. Hiranand always spoke of him with great respect. Professor Gough (a Sanskrit scholar of no mean reputation, who afterwards joined the Allahabad University) lectured on Philosophy, Professor Pedlar on Science, Professor Booth (a very kind-hearted Irishman who was somewhat eccentric) on Mathematics, Professor Prosunno Kumar Chattopadhya on History, Professors Rowe, Webb and Percival on English Literature, and Maulavi Ahmad on Persian Literature. This last, who had obtained the title of Shamsulullama for his proficiency in Arabic and Persian, used to get only rupees sixty per month as his salary. Professor Rowe, it is said, was in touch with his pupils. Professor Webb, who has written a book on Etiquette, does not appear to have won the

affection of those he taught. Professor Percival, an East Indian gentleman, was painstaking and sympathetic. The Maulavi, who with his white flowing attar-scented garments used to come in a palanquin, was very kind to Hiranand and to Moti.

Hiranand took his degree in the second class in December, 1883. After his examination, he passed most of his time at Keshub's "Lily Cottage." The great teacher had gone to Simla, for the benefit of his health, in July 1883, as he was suffering from diabetes, and had returned about the end of October. Hiranand had written to him expressing his sympathy, and his wish to nurse him. Keshub's reply was as follows:

"CAWNPUR,
21st October, 1883.

My Dear Hiranand,

You know I have been ailing. This is my apology for the apparent neglect I have shown in not having answered your letters in due time. I believe in the sincerity of your assurances of sympathy, and I must thank you heartily. I know there are souls that love me truly, and would nurse me and comfort me during my illness. Gratefully would I accept their services. But, my good Hiranand, there

is a higher and holier love which I demand of those around. That love which, apparently a personal attachment to myself, carries both the heart and the soul godward, and washes off impurity and infidelity, is the sort of affection I consider to be due to me. Will not my friends give me that love, real and pure? I expect it, I demand it, in the name of Absolute Goodness. He loves me who does my Father's will, and is true to His Dispensation. He loves me who allows me to come and dwell in him with my dear Mother and the sweet Gospel of the New Church. If there be such, God bless them!

With best wishes,
Yours affly.,
K. C. SEN."

Keshub was in a very precarious state in December, and Hiranand now joined the other ministrants by his bedside. Navalrai also came to see the Minister, and Tarachand followed. Navalrai left on January 5, 1884, and three days later at 53 minutes past 9 A. M. Keshub Chunder Sen breathed his last. Both Hiranand and Tarachand were present when the end came. They followed the funeral procession to the burning ghat, and "witnessed a spectacle unsurpassed in dignity and impressiveness by anything within the memory of the

living." Protap Chunder thus writes of the funeral procession and of Keshub's spiritual presence:—

"The assembly was large; some thousands having now gathered. The Europeans and the Hindus were there, and the Mahomedans were there, all were there to pay their tribute of respect to the beloved leader of the Church of the New Dispensation......The funeral procession, and also the condolences that poured in, from Her Exalted Majesty the Empress of India down to the humble Brahmo sympathiser from the remotest corner of India, showed the universality and enthusiasm of honour in which Keshub Chunder Sen was held. Even his warmest and most devoted admirers were astounded at the unexpected testimony. All India throbbed with one pulsation of universal sorrow, in which the most conservative of races forgot their distinctions of caste, colour, religion, and training. It proved indeed that India was fast growing into a national life, and beginning to recognise its national heroes."

* * *

"It is impossible for me to realise that Keshub Chunder Sen has ceased to live. Impenetrable to this aching eye of flesh, the veil behind which his glorious face is hidden is a semi-

transparent veil, penetrable to the faithful spirit that longs to be united with him night and day. So vivid and intense is the image of his presence somewhere very near, in the bosom of that Infinite Father, communion with Whom is my daily rest, that every unsatisfied aspiration, shared with Him, makes its appeal to Keshub, every sorrow, such as he bore, waits for strength and endurance upon his glowing example. His influences suffuse this luminous atmosphere of thought, goodness, worship, wisdom. The abounding spirituality of the Church of modern Theism is fragrant with the incense of his pure, profound life. I have sometimes seen thousands of our Indian roses, beaded by the morning due, light up long-stretching fields in the gloom before day-break. But scarcely did the first sun-gleam glance on the fairy scene, when lo, every rose had disappeared, gathered and hidden away in the folds of the reapers' robes. Yet though the flowers had changed places, their sweet aroma scented sky and land, till the next morning's roses appeared again, adding beauty to beauty, and sweetness to sweetness. Keshub's life-scenes presented such a garden of real romance. Every morning they were blooming, fragrant, fresh; his works, his prayers, all alike. Who that knew him, loved him, was with him to the end, can deny the truth of this? Hidden away

by the hand of the Great Reaper in the folds of the Eternal, Keshub's influences permeate everything good and pure both in as well as out of the Brahmo Somaj."

In the following letter to Moti, who was at Hyderabad, and to whom and to Navalrai a telegram had been despatched, Hiranand thus refers to Keshub's death:

"My dear Moti,

Mejo Kaka's (Keshub's) departure to a better land must have taken you by surprise. He left his body here, but his spirit has gone to the Father in Heaven, there to work greater things. *Mejo Kaka's* spirit, while leaving this frame of earth, said to us all: 'Be good and pure; obey your conscience and love your *parents*, *country* and *church*'. And so we all should, if we are to remain faithful to his memory.

Day before yesterday, the students of Calcutta held a meeting to propose means to perpetuate his sacred memory. And the president advised them to do no better than to follow his example in doing good and philanthropic deeds, and devote their lives in bettering the condition of their country.

We all are in mourning, which will be over (as you might have guessed from the New Samhita) on Tuesday. Protap Babu is expected here to-morrow. The result of my examination will be out after ten or twelve days, and I am not quite confident of passing. I have not done well in mathematics. Dada (Tarachand) is doing well, and intends to leave the day after the anniversary, probably on the 21st. My coming is not certain. I hope you will not have left before this reaches you. My love to all. With best wishes to you,

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

Thus the close of Hiranand's college career and Calcutta sojourn coincided with the passing away of "India's greatest son,"* as Max Muller called him.

"Rest there, O beloved of many hearts, hope of many causes, rest now in thy glory in the abode of the blessed! Thy cares and sufferings were many; very ill-recompensed here. But thou hast built on the everlasting foundations, thou hast shown the light of undying example, thou hast enriched all humanity."†

*Max Muller—"India has lost her greatest son."

†P. C. Mozoomdar's "Life and Teachings of Keshub Chunder Sen."

CHAPTER VII

MAKING OF MODERN SINDH (1884-87)—I

Mr. Hiranand stood alone in the line of life he marked out for himself. It is true that such characters are rare, and there are comparatively few who would be able, from their personal endowments, or their circumstances, to devote themselves, as Mr. Hiranand did, for the good of their people; but, surely, among the many young men growing up around us in Hyderabad, there are some of sufficient means, and force of character, and earnestness of purpose, to follow the example of our deceased friend.

I trust that one result (of Hiranand's death) may be to stir up the young men of Sindh to follow his bright example, to induce some to exchange a life of ease and self-pleasing for a life of self-sacrifice and devotion for the welfare of others, to try to lift some of the heavy burdens which lie upon those around, to set before them a high ideal, and, with steadfastness of purpose, to endeavour to live up to it.

As a missionary, I am reminded of the death of the saintly Henry Martyn. He died at Shiraz, having spent his short life in unwearied devotion to his Master, his zeal having consumed him. But he was as a seed-corn cast into the soil, from which an abundant harvest has been reaped. Missionary zeal was marvellously quickened by his early death.

May we not hope that Mr. Hiranand's early death may, likewise, result in calling forth amongst his fellow-townsmen a like spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice, and that, thus, from the death of one many may be raised up who shall carry on the work he so nobly commenced.—Rev. Joseph C. Redman of the C. M. S., Hyderabad (Sindh).

———:o:———

Karachi Career

From Calcutta to Karachi—Choice of a Career—First Sindhi Journalist—Setting up a new standard of public service—In touch with Calcutta—General Gordon and Lord Ripon—*Sindh Sabha* and Hiranand's National Idealism—Communion with God and Nature—Brahmo Brotherhood—Domestic life—Brothers, Motiram and Navalrai—Dr. Mirza and Medical Training—Paramhamsa's death—Karachi Brahma Mandir built—Farewell to Karachi.

Keshub passed away on January 8. Hiranand left for Hyderabad in the last week of the same month. The intervening two weeks at Calcutta were memorable in more respects than one. They were the closing weeks of Hiranand's long pilgrimage at Calcutta, a pilgrimage out of which was born a new man—a new man unto the New Dispensation, a new man unto Bengal, unto Modern Sindh and unto India,—a fact which came to be seen in its true perspective when Hiranand passed away a decade later. Once again did Hiranand come to Calcutta, and that for a few days only, two years after, when the Paramhamsa was seriously ill. The last time he left Hyderabad for the east was when he was bringing his daughters to Bankipur, which, however, became his last resting place. When India, indeed the whole world, was mourning the death

of Keshub, when Keshub's devoted lieutenant, Protap, was far away on foreign waters unconscious of the great loss, and the Brahmo Samaj was in the throes of a sorrow and penitence tragic and profound, Bengal was passing through a serious political crisis in the shape of an agitation over the Ilbert Bill. The Bill, in a modified form, was passed on January 25, 1884. The agitation marks a milestone in the new national consciousness of Modern India. The racial animosity between Indians and Europeans, which had been gaining strength for some time past, and against which Keshub raised his voice of warning in his first public lecture, in 1866, "Jesus Christ, Europe and Asia," found its climax in the Ilbert Bill agitation, and launched into being that organised form of Indian public opinion, called the Indian National Congress, a year later.

Sir Henry Cotton, I. C. S., a great and loyal friend of India, writing on Keshub Chunder Sen's death in his book, "India and Home Memories," observed :—

"The death of Keshub Chunder, in 1884, was one of the earliest occasions for the manifestation of a truly national sentiment in

the country. The residents from all parts of India, irrespective of caste and creed, united with one voice in the expression of sorrow at his loss and pride in him as member of one common nation."

In life as in death Keshub left his mark on men and movements. Hiranand was one of the privileged few of the inner circle of young men who drank deep at the fount of inspiration thrown open by Keshub. As a zealous patriot and a keen student of human affairs, Hiranand was in touch with all that was happening, and during the rest of his brief but brilliant career of service, never deviated from the national idealism held forth by Keshub and his fellow-workers.

In the midst of all this turmoil and tribulation Hiranand took leave of Calcutta, reaching Hyderabad on February 1, 1884. Navalrai was glad that Hiranand had passed, and thankful that he had returned safe to the bosom of his family. The patient wife, who had never forgotten her absent one and never uttered a word of complaint, had now her reward. Hiranand had been in the habit of writing to her in Gurumukhi from Calcutta, and now that his formal Brahmacharya life was over, he made a loving husband. His widowed

mother thought what joy it would have been to his father to receive him after such long absence, but she did not utter that thought as her son reverently touched her feet, lest the memory of her grief, which was also his grief, should sadden his young face. The sisters and the childless sisters-in-law were happy that one, at least, of the two absent brothers had crowned his toil with success, and come back to them from the distant land. Tarachand had a rich library, and he was proud that his brother had come out a graduate, and that the leaves of many of his books would not now remain uncut for want of a reader.

The following letter written by Hiranand to Navalrai before leaving Calcutta shows how he was full of love and gratitude to his saintly elder brother, whose example had laid hold on him from his earliest childhood, and who loved him dearly.

"CALCUTTA,
13th November, 1883.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

If I have so long kept silence it has been with the desire to write with a holier heart and a purer hand. But day after day has passed away and night after night, and I have as yet

clutched at nothing worth naming. Where are the pure lips and the peaceful heart, with which I should speak and write to you? Meantime you send me love, you send me money. O, tell me how to receive these? Dear brother, I have often written to you that I do not feel worthy of all these gifts of love and kindness. I have not yet done anything worthy of me or thee. Daily I am struggling to reach a higher life. But mirage-like it shuns me and recedes into the far distance. In a few exceptional moments, when the light glows upon me, I feel confident and happy. But mostly my time passes in dull, feeble strokes, and I feel my life is as 'a twice-told tedious tale.' I ask myself to be patient, I exhort myself to remain steadfast; but, as yet, these are mere wishes in me which, to fructify into acts, will take a long, long time (how long I do not know). Besides a few cravings for the good all else is dark in me. I pray for light of conscience, but it is slow to come. O, when it does come how happy I shall be! I shall then say that thy love and care are not entirely thrown away upon me. O God! make me then worthy and faithful.

Yours affectionately,

HIRA."

The object of all this pride, affection and solicitude, meanwhile, was carrying on a struggle within himself, for he had to map out his life, and the multitude of his counsellors embarrassed him not a little. Some said: "There are but a few graduates in Sindh. Enter the Revenue Department or the Judicial, and you have a bright future before you." A friend, whom he deeply loved, said on the contrary: "Dear Hiranand, the country wants independent workers. See, your eldest brother is unable to take the least part in public questions, even indirectly; for, loyal to the rules of the service, he observes not only their letter but their spirit. You will be lost to the country, if you also put yourself under the same yoke. You may eventually draw Rs. 700 a month as a Deputy Collector of the highest grade, or Rs. 400 as a Sub-Judge of the highest class: for these are the only prizes now open to Sindhis; but you shall have to toil hard for these paltry prizes and serve at least twenty-five years before you can secure them. There is just now, on the other hand, an opening at Karachi for a Sindhi journalist. Why not join the press, and serve your country?" Hiranand had no difficulty in at once saying 'no' to those who wanted him to be a Government servant, but the other offer could not be so easily dismissed.

He would have personally liked to be a medical and educational missionary; but if he was to go to England to learn medicine thoroughly, it would not be possible to send Moti there; for Navalrai had to meet many calls upon his purse, and, even if he stinted his charities, he could not spare more than Rs. 300 a month. Moreover, Navalrai thought that his Hira's love for medicine was but a passing whim, specially as Hira used to say he had no good memory for jaw-breaking Latin and Greek terms. There was also Hiranand's wife to be considered, and Navalrai, though leaving Hiranand perfectly free to decide for himself, was of opinion that as there was no M. A. in the whole of Sindh, Hiranand, instead of going to England, might well take up the M. A. Honours course in Literature, History and Philosophy—subjects which he was fond of—and become an educationist. Hiranand himself had half a mind to study for that degree, and he actually wrote to Moti, who was at Calcutta, to find out what books had been prescribed. He added useful advice to the effect that Moti should attend the science lectures in Dr. Sircar's institution, and rely more on his own "industry and self-teaching" than on the teaching given in the College. Moti sent the information required, but, on February 20, 1884,

Hiranand wrote back: "My future course is not yet settled." Navalrai was then busy arranging for the Horse Show which came off on February 27, 1884, at Hyderabad, opposite the Local Fund Nursery on the Gidu Road; and Hiranand, to divert his thoughts, attended the Show, and saw prizes of about Rs. 4,000 given to the exhibitors of the best horses. He had not forgotten his old aversion to the Arts course of the Calcutta University, and it was better after all, he thought, to ride than be ridden; and, as a medical missionary he was not to be, it was best to become a journalist in order to serve his country.

The Ripon administration had given a great stimulus to the aspirations of the educated classes, and, fortunately for Sindh, its Commissioner, Mr. H. N. B. Erskine, was a just and clear-sighted officer, who welcomed criticism, and did his level best to avoid the folly of extremes. He made no racial distinctions, and he did not believe in setting one race against another. Far from looking upon the *Sindh Sabha* as a disloyal political association, he dealt with it as a body of gentlemen, and paid every attention to its representations. The life and soul of the Sabha, in those days, was the late Dayaram Jethmal, an eminent lawyer and patriot

whose forensic ability has hardly yet been equalled in Sindh, and after whom the Sindh College is called. The Educational Department had handed over to the Sabha their vernacular paper, the *Sindh Sudhar,* which was not self-supporting, on the solitary condition that school news communicated to the editor should be published therein; and Mr. Dayaram Jethmal and his co-adjutors, among whom were both Muhammedans and Parsis, persuaded Messrs. N. N. Pochajee and Dorabji (the Proprietors of an English Newspaper called The *Sindh Times**) to take charge of the *Sindh Sudhar,* and to place the editorial conduct of both the papers in the hands of a nominee of the Sabha. The Sabha was to exert itself to procure subscribers, and to make both the *Sindh Sudhar* and the *Sindh Times* as successful as possible, but it was to be in no way financially responsible.

The first nominee of the Sabha for the editorship was Hiranand. His stipend was fixed at Rs.175 a month. Of this sum, he spent only a bare pittance on

*The original "Sindhian" had been first converted into the the "Sindh News," then into the "Beacon," and lastly into the "Sindh Times."

himself. All the rest of his salary was spent for the benefit of others.

He did not forget the Eagle's Nest, and Nalu writes:

> Though so far away from it, Hiranand's heart was with that little community of friends; and, though he had virtually ceased to be its member, he never ceased to help it with money. I think it was he who contributed the largest amount to its funds. When Hiranand was Editor of the *Sindh Times* at Karachi, his younger brother was at Calcutta. He used to help him with money whenever he needed it. There were other friends at Calcutta whom he also helped in the same way. More than that, he had once heard of a casual Brahmo friend of his being in distress. As soon as he got his small pay he sent a large sum out of it to him. I need not multiply instances of such free, unostentatious acts of charity. Of him more than of any other young man that I know, I can say that he never let his left hand know what his right hand did.

The following letters to one of his brother-students in the "Nest" show in what light his new duties

presented themselves to him at first, how his spirit responded to the call of religion, and how he still retained an affectionate interest in the Nest, which he wished to be made a permanent institution.

"*Karachi, 31st March, 1884.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,

In the breathing space of a hard day's toil, I let my fancy rove. You steal into my mind like a good spirit, and turn it to pleasant thoughts and memories............How is the Nest going on? I like my present post very much, more for the hard drill it supplies me with, than anything else. It is very late now. And I am forced to stop, though I would like to write more, as (our) poor servants are waiting to close the office. To-day is my paper day, and I have been working the whole day till now, 10 or 11 P. M. (I do not know exactly)......With good wishes to all the brother-birds,

Yours affectionately,

HIRANAND.

* * * *

Karachi, 17th June, 1884.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

Having to edit two papers, one in English and another in Sindhi, I am much distracted,

and hardly get a fit opportunity to write. But the nights generally are my own, and, lounging in my verandah chair, I cannot but think of absent friends, dear ones, with whose memory a thousand associations are intertwined. Your good aspirations touch the same chords within me, and thousands of miles away, I can but echo them forth and say: 'Vibrate my heart to the strokes of goodness and truth,.................... vibrate melodious airs.' Ah, the touch of truth should set us all in vibration, in tremor, in tremulous motion. Move on, brother, in divine enthusiasm to the land (to which) the finger-posts of the heart incessantly point, and your joy shall be full. I am thankful for your kind affection, and pray that I might be worthy of it. My good wishes to you, to the members of the Nest.

Yes, no society can go on without a common object, or at least some definite object. And if the members connot frame a common object...... ......they can still go on in harmony, banded together in love, affection and esteem, till they arrive at some understanding or a common object. Considering the aimless, joyless life which, I dare say, many of us lead, I think the utmost endeavour should be made to get up a brotherhood, where each one will be,

unconsciously and perforce, reminded that life is real, life is earnest! And if the necessary zeal is wanting, it will surely come by and by. But zeal, spirit and perseverance come upon us sooner in company than in solitude. I would, therefore, urge that the Nest be kept up by all means, and the members should sincerely try to cultivate friendly, brotherly instincts and feelings, and to aim at a common high and sacred object.

* * * * * * * *

Yours ever,

HIRANAND."

It will be seen from these letters that, though he at first liked his work, he soon found it not a little distracting. In truth, the editorial cushion had its thorns. It was difficult to please everybody ; and, one day, Hiranand had a visit in his office from two angry military officers, whom somehow the *Sindh Times* had incensed. On another day, Mr. Hassanali, a prominent member of the Sindh Sabha, came to his house to expostulate, as a particular letter in the *Sindh Sudhar*, from an up-country correspondent, had given him offence. Such incidents, however, were nothing to a man of Hiranand's courage and straightforwardness ;

but, in the earlier days, his lack of previous training saddened him, and he often felt that this was not quite the work suited to him. On the 8th of May 1884, he had written to one, whom he dearly loved and who used then to help him in his work, as follows :—

"*8th May*, *1884*.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—

Often I break out (shall I say) like a coward into expressions of painful despair, and feel a most miserable fool in the world. I cannot bear that you should do my work, and yet I cannot help it. I never like to acknowledge that I will not do as an editor, yet it seems I am being forced to do it. I try to believe that my present work is providential. I try to be earnest about it. But, alas, I feel like a paralysed man, who, howmuchsoever he may will, is still helpless and unable to move. I do not envy others, neither can I envy me in the editor's chair. I am not quite helpless about it, neither am I sanguine. By and by, I flatter myself, I will be fit enough, but this hope is cruelly cut off when my desperate efforts to write fail. Ignominious failure this. "Go on and despair

not," says a good voice within me. I am fed, I am clothed, I must work, therefore, and do my allotted duty and grumble not. But the conviction is growing upon me that I am naturally unfit, and it is useless to subject the mind to a strain. I have a confused head, and it will take years of hard discipline to bring it into a clear workable condition. But, then, who would do the work till then? I am a little hermit, who can neither think nor talk nor express himself to others, who would like to shut himself up in a cell, and mutter his crude thoughts to the winds unrestrained. But what would the general public care for, whether I am fit or unfit: they want some readable matter which I cannot give. Even in making selections what a fool I make of myself. I cannot understand which are important and which unimportant; I get correspondence and feel at my wits' end how to dispose of it. What even inexperienced boys can manage to do I cannot. I am making no exaggeration. This is a fault of my intellect, and I am not discontented with it. Only I feel I ought not to burden others. I feel I ought to do that which I am naturally fit for. I can cherish a few good thoughts and good feelings. I can try to live them out. Anything else I am unfit for. I have not the faculty

of discrimination and criticism, which an editor should have. I have not the power of grasping and retaining facts, which a writer should have. And, wanting these, I can never hope to be an editor. Brother, you understand how I speak to you. Do feel my position, and counsel me.

Yours ever,

HIRANAND."

He was cheered on, however, to continue his work; and the following to the same friend shows how his loving heart was drawn spontaneously to every unselfish worker:—

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

If I said that I am grateful to you I would not be telling you all. You are unselfish, and that has an inexpressible charm for me. I have been obliged to many, but to them I can feel only grateful. I am obliged to you in several ways, and for that I am grateful. But it is because your obligations are so highly unselfish that I am peculiarly drawn towards you. I admire you for that, I love you with a spontaneous love for that. I wish that our relations should not only be sacred, but mutually worthy.

But I am as yet most unworthy. And it will be an ambition to me to strive to be worthy of your esteem and....

Yours ever,

HIRANAND."

Hiranand wrote to his Calcutta friends to secure him contributions from eminent writers like Mr. Kali Charan Banerji, and the following, in reply to one of such letters, from Bhavani Charan Banerji (the famous Upadhyaya Brahmabandhava who persuaded the Cambridge Dons to found a Vedanta Chair) will be read with interest. (By "Our Church," Bhavani meant the Brahmo Samaj.)

"*Calcutta, 7th July, 1881.*

MY DEAR HIRA,

I am not the man to influence my uncle to make him your correspondent. I do not think he will feel it to be an interesting task; moreover, he has to write much for the "Indian Christian Herald." How fares our Hira in his editorial dignity? Is journalism an edifying and a sacred task to him? Hira! It seems to me that your home is Colootolla, and you have

left your native land and gone to some strange country. Our Church is being torn into shreds.

Yours affectionately,

BHAVANI CH. BANERJI."

As a journalist, Hiranand was sometimes misled by ill-informed correspondents; but he never consciously wrote a single word that was untrue or suggestive of total or partial untruth. He never shirked his responsibility, and his contributors and informants knew full well that rather than betray them or his clients, the poor, he would readily go to jail himself. He was anxious to find out what was being done by low-paid official underlings in rural parts, and he secured regular correspondents for the *Sindh Sudhar* who brought to light various acts of oppression. The very word *khatu* now used in Sindhi to denote a newspaper correspondent is his invention. He induced Moti to send him letters from Calcutta for the Sindhi journal and his own articles in it were characterized by marked originality, and incisiveness combined with moderation. In his hands, the *Sindh Sudhar* became a very readable paper, and he had no reason to be dissatisfied with his work as its editor.

The *Sindh Times*, however, gave him no little trouble. The correction of proofs taxed his eyesight, and he had a dread of being called upon to supply more 'copy' on 'paper days,' when he had none ready. He hated keeping the establishment at work till a late hour at night, and yet he had sometimes to keep them so at work, when contributors did not keep their promises, or his own pen did not move fast enough. He was determined to give unnecessary offence to none and yet be truthful; and things in type had, therefore, not seldom to be recast, in order to remove an objectionable word or phrase. His anxiety to be true to his ideal sometimes cost him dear. He was fond of work—specially of work for the poor and the neglected, the submerged nine-tenths of our population—but such trials and interruptions made him wish, at times, that he had been a hermit far away from the madding crowd, from the "prodigious mixtures and confusions strange, of good and ill," of which he heard so much every day, and from "the silent crimes of capitals," of which he saw something at the capital of Sindh.

There were, however, some consolations. The proprietors were on good terms with him, as his predecessors had been addicted to drink, and been not

a little troublesome, while he was a total abstainer and not in the least troublesome. The Sabha was pleased with him, for he was doing good, honest work, and the papers were making headway even among officials. His contemporaries also, whenever they happened to notice the English paper, spoke appreciatingly, and one day, in July, 1884, he even received a letter from distant Tanjore, which was as follows :—

> "I am glad to read your paper: its contents are good, and the get-up is excellent, so much so that in this respect it far exceeds most of the Native and Anglo-Indian papers I have seen. But one thing strikes me with much displeasure: it is your allowing the nasty advertisement of "Ale, Brandy," and other such poisons in the paper. I do not think you like to encourage drinking by preaching the gospel of Satan from your editorial pulpit. Why then do you allow it to be advertised in your columns in words which mean: "come, drink these poisons and go to hell." It is true you are paid for such advertisements, but should you poison or encourage or help poisoning men for the sake of money? I trust you believe you should not. I therefore beseech you that, at least for the sake of humanity, you would stop publishing such advertisements."

Hiranand was quite at one with this cultured gentleman who signed himself "Enemy of Poison." But the proprietors pleaded their inability, for financial reasons, to accede to Hiranand's request.

In July and August, 1884, Hiranand was torn by anxiety for the fate of General Gordon whom he had not even seen—who was a total stranger to him—but whom he had learnt not merely to admire but to love and revere. He knew what disappointments the heroic soul then at Khartoum had experienced, and one of the compensations of his journalistic life lay in his being able to follow that great Christian soldier's career by means of the telegrams and the newspapers which came to his office. Gordon had started for Khartoum on January 18, 1884, and reached his destination on February 18, 1884. The refusal of the ministry to sanction Zobeir's appointment as Governor of the Sudan, their refusal to allow the road from Suakin to Berber to be opened, and the surrender of the garrison at Berber resulted in completely isolating him, and Khartoum was besieged by the Mahdi's forces on the 18th of March, 1884. Thereafter, specially from August, 1884, to January, 1885, Hiranand read every scrap of news about Gordon, with the interest and

anxiety of a near and loving relation; and his friends vividly remember his longing to be with the hero at Khartoum even as a menial. And when Gordon's death was telegraphed, he wept and sorrowed as if he had lost one dearest to him.

Possessing like his hero, General Gordon, an extremely sensitive conscience, Hiranand, who had a noble ideal of poverty and who did not like to take a single rupee more than could be helped, cast about for ways to make the *Sindh Times* a powerful organ of public opinion, and to save sufficient time for the *Sindh Sudhar.* He knew that his employers could not afford to pay more than Rs. 175 a month for the editing of the two papers, and he, therefore, feeling it absolutely necessary to have a joint editor, cut down his own pay to Rs. 75 in order to secure one. About the end of July, 1884, he put himself in communication, through one of his Nest friends, Upendranath Gupta, with that gentleman's cousin, Nagendranath Gupta, who became in 1888 one of the two proprietors of the *Phœnix,* and afterwards Editor of the Lahore *Tribune.*

The following letter to Moti refers partly to this subject:—

Karachi Career

"Karachi, 5th August, 1884.

MY DEAR MOTI,

I have not written to you for a long time. I am sorry Choto Kaka (Babu Krishna Behari Sen) is ill. Who conducts the *Liberal* now? I hope Kabiraj's medicine will do him good. It is difficult for me to edit both the papers. So I have asked Upen Babu whether Nagen Babu would like to come over here. I think he might have left Calcutta by this time. Kshetra (one of the Nest friends) had written to me about the thief who has robbed away the Nest. There are many such bad people in this world, who take advantage of kind treatment, and return evil for good. But we should never be unkind to any one, even though he may have robbed us. I hope the members of the Nest have forgiven the thief. Have you come up to your mates in the Persian Class? I think you will have to take great pains with your Persian. How do you like your new Professor? Try to make friends with a good clever boy in the class, and always sit by him. Abdul Majid* is a very industrious

*This gentleman went to England in 1888, as a Government of India Scholar, took his degree in law, was called to the Bar in 1891, and on his return, joined Government Service.

lad, and you can arrange with him to read together after college hours............I have received your Sindhi letters. How does Nalu fare at Simla? The weather there is bad at this time of the year. Has Moni's (Babu Mohit Lal Sen's) examination taken place? How is Amrita Babu's son? Has he recovered from the effects of strangulation. You should be writing to me always, though I may not be able to write to you often.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

* * *

From the next letter to Moti it appears that Mr. N. Gupta accepted Hiranand's offer to serve as joint editor on Rs. 100 a month.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

I understand your difficulty about Persian, but I hope you will get over it in time by dint of hard labour. Make it a point to read Persian with Abdul Majid after college hours; he will be of great help to you. Where is Nalu? At Simla, I read in the papers, most of the men with the Maharaja (of Cooch Behar) have fallen ill. I hope Nalu has not.

Nagen Babu has come here. He will relieve me of a great deal of work. How is your new Professor, Glenland? Do you attend the Science lectures of Father Lafont? They are very good, and, if you like, you might make time to attend them regularly. We want you to pass your F. A. Examination creditably, in the first division, and not in the second. Trusting that you are doing well.

I am with love,
Yours,
HIRANAND."

In August, 1884, however, there was little hope of Moti even passing the examination. The boy, who was not yet even sixteen, had been impressed by his elder brother with the necessity of always telling the whole truth. He was also a member of a domestic juvenile club at 59, Bhavani Charan Dutt's Lane, aiming at perfect truthfulness, and requiring of its members a confession of all transgressions of the moral law in word, thought and deed. When, therefore, the F. A. class was asked by their Professor of Composition, Mr. Stack, to write an essay on their "College experiences," Moti referred, *inter alia*, to the dozings of a Professor, who was rather too fond of his "forty

winks" during the lecture hours, and with whom his naughty pupils used to crack jokes on that account. Professor Stack showed Moti's essay to the Principal, Mr. Tawney (later Librarian at the India Office), and the boy was rusticated for one year. On August 25, 1884, Hiranand wired to Moti to apologize fully, and followed up that telegram by a temperate representation to Mr. Tawney, drawn up, at his instance, by a friend whom he credited with persuasiveness and power of expression greater than his own. He also wrote to the Rev. Mr. Philip Smith on the subject. I give below the following letters, as they show the deep interest he took in his younger brother's education, and have a value of their own.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

Mr. Tawney in reply to my letter says that he has forwarded my letter to the Director along with your application. He also says that he will tell the Director that Mr. Philip Smith has a very good opinion of you. I think he is now more leniently inclined. The Director, I hope, will now do you justice. I hope you are well and in peace.

Yours affly.,
HIRANAND.

11th September, 1884."

Karachi Career

"*Karachi, 3-10-84.*

My Dear Brother,

I received your translation (of a novel into Sindhi), and was much pleased with it. The story is good, and has a great moral in it. I intend making use of the translation in some way or other. When I get time, I will try to go over it carefully. It might then be published as a pamphlet, and distributed among boys. It can't be published in the "Sindh Sudhar," as there is already too much pressure on its space. What is the other tragi-comical translation? I am glad to find that you have got some talent for stories, but it must be patiently and perseveringly developed. Nothing can be done without hard labour. You must first try to master the English language well. Your knowledge of English is defective, and it should be carefully improved. They have taken very long to decide about you. If the decision is unfavourable, let me know it by telegram. Mr. Gupta, Joint Editor with me, has gone back to Calcutta to bring his family. He will see you and give you Rs. 50. I think it will suffice you for this month. I will send you more next month. Nagen Babu left this on the 1st; so he will be in Calcutta on the 6th or 7th. He will also give

you a portmanteau and a *Susi* *for Amrita Babu. What have you been doing during so many days of exile from your college? I hope you have been making the best use of them. Till the decision is given, don't manage to forget your Mathematics and Physics, and try to make up your deficiency in Persian and other subjects. Trusting you are doing well,

I am,

Yours affectionately,

HIRANAND."

* * *

"*18th October, 1884.*

MY DEAR MOTI,

Two days ago I wrote to Mr. Tawney asking him to expedite the decision of the Director and plead on your behalf. But, as you say, the Director's decision was expected at the end of the Pujah Holidays, my letter, I think, will reach Mr. Tawney too late. However, let us see. Let us know by wire the decision, if it is unfavourable. Also let me know whether you are rusticated from the College or from the University. I think rustication from the Presidency

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*A kind of cloth made in Sindh.

College does not necessarily debar you from the University. However, you should enquire about this point. The *Susi* is for Bhulo's brother, Amrita Lal Sen. I am sorry to hear that Baromamee (Mrs. Nobin Chunder Sen) is not improving. How is Choto Kaka! Tell Bhulo that I have received his good notes."

* * *

"*27th October, 1884.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I received a letter from Mr. Tawney day before yesterday informing me of the good news. I believe your percentage (of attendance) will come up to the required limit If there is any hitch, let me know so that I may write to Mr. Tawney to make an exception in your case. Now is the time for you to work, and you should redeem your credit by passing in the First Division, and win a scholarship to boot. Pay particular attention to your Mathematics and Persian. I am sorry that Baromama (Babu Nobin Chunder Sen) is suffering from asthmatic attacks so frequently.................................... My namaskar to Baromamee and Thakurma and Baropishi."

The month of October, 1884, was a very busy month for Hiranand. The Bombay District Local Boards Act and the Bombay District Municipal Amendment Act had been passed, in 1884, shortly after Hiranand became a journalist, to give effect to Lord Ripon's local self-government scheme; and the first elections were to be held on the 1st of November, 1884. The Sindh Sabha had discussed the Bills and sent its representations to the Legislative Council; and Hiranand's papers had discussed the scheme from various points of view. After the Municipal Bill, with various important amendments, became law, the Sabha exerted itself to secure the return of cultured representatives likely to do good to the people. Preliminary public meetings were organized, and Messrs. Dayaram Jethmal and A. D. Hassanali and others gave addresses, expounding the object of the new law and the rights and responsibilities of the electors. Unfortunately, the Acts of 1884 contained no clause against corruption. And, as one of the qualifications for voting in city municipalities was payment of municipal taxes, cartmen who paid the wheel-tax and prostitutes who paid the house-tax or other rates found themselves, all of a sudden, elevated to the dignity of electors, and besieged by canvassers for their precious votes.

Hiranand, who had attended the meetings, and, in his modest way, co-operated with the leaders of the Sabha, detested the methods resorted to by unscrupulous canvassers, and did his best to expose the jobbery and corruption practised by them. He was present himself at one of the elections, at which an unsophisticated cartman, in the presence of the Polling Officer, boldly asked one of the candidates for the promised price of his vote. He was also told of *nautch* parties given on the preceding night, which had lasted till morning, in order to bring the voters in carriages to the elections to vote solid for their entertainers. The drivers of bullocks and the *habitues* of Napier Quarter, Karachi, thought the *Sirkar* must have gone mad, and the election fun went on fast and furious for some days, and supplied plenty of material for the press. The result of the elections was notified in the *Sindh Official Gazette,* on December 11th, 1884, and the new Corporation consisting, on the whole, of very able representatives of the city, entered on its duties on the first day of the next year.

In October, 1884, Hiranand had also to attend a large public meeting at Karachi, at which it was resolved to send an address to Lord Ripon. He was one of

the speakers, and, being a great admirer of Lord Ripon, his maiden speech in Sindhi was a telling one. The Sindh Sabha further resolved to stir up the people in Sindh to mark their esteem of the retiring Viceroy, and, in a letter to one of his comrades in the Nest, in October, 1884, Hiranand wrote :—

> "I intend to go into the interior of Sindh on a political mission. I will go about from village to village telling the people about the good acts of Lord Ripon, and ask them to subscribe for a memorial to Lord Ripon. I am not yet decided about it, and I don't know if the adventure will succeed. If I go like an itinerant preacher, I may not succeed in raising much money, but I may create some stir and gain much experience. It is a novel thing, is it not? I will let you know when I decide about it."

Eventually, a Sindhi address was drawn up, and hundreds of its copies were distributed to friends, for securing signatures to it in all parts of Sindh. Hiranand wrote up Lord Ripon in the *Sindh Sudhar* with such good effect, that it was one of the addresses signed by thousands of both Hindus and Muhummadans. He was a member of the deputation appointed

to present the two addresses to Lord Ripon at Bombay in November, 1884, three of the other members being Mr. Fateh Ali, a relation of Mr. Budruddin Tyabji, who was the Manager of a commercial firm at Karachi, Bhai Hiranand Masand of Shikarpur, and the eldest son of Srai Tharokhan, the premier Zamindar of Larkana. The English address was enclosed in a very handsome silver casket of Cutch workmanship, and the Sindhi in a rich case of fine Sindh embroidery. The deputation put themselves in communication with the authorities at Bombay, through Mr. Budruddin Tyabji, and were present at the Town Hall when over a thousand addresses (including theirs) were presented to Lord Ripon, as well as at the magnificent farewell demonstration in his honour, which gave Mr. A. O. Hume, who witnessed it, his idea of the Indian National Congress.

The Sindh Sabha was also deeply interested in the land question, and a series of articles on that question together with another series dealing with the history of the Land Revenue Jurisdiction Act 1876, had appeared in the *Sindh Times* after Hiranand had taken charge of that paper. Fortunately, Mr. Erskine himself, after a careful study of the Settlement Reports and the other

literature on the subject, and, after watching the results of the system introduced by his predecessors, came to the conclusion that reform was urgently required. He thought it was too late to recognize the old Zamindari tenure, but he is the founder of the Irrigational Settlements (at first called Temporary Settlements), which are certainly more suited to Sindh than the Settlements they replaced. There had been a good deal of "muddling through," and in 1875-1876, Mr. (later Sir) Evans James had had no difficulty in proving that the landholders and the peasantry had been practically ruined by the costly experiments in Revenue administration made at their expense. The province owes a deep debt of gratitude to him for first destroying the 'prosperity myth' of the Sindh Settlement officers, and to Mr. Erskine for fine constructive work, afterwards continued, in even a more liberal spirit, by Sir Evans James when Commissioner in Sindh. Of course, neither the one nor the other could see his way to recognize all *the rights* of the landholders. But it was something to convert the rights, which they could not recognize, into *privileges,* and deal considerately with the Zamindars.

It will be too much to say that the *Sindh Times* and the *Sindh Sudhar* had anything to teach to such an expert as Mr. Erskine in revenue matters, but the grievances of the people were voiced in them in the most temperate language, by the advice and under the general direction of the Sabba, and such representations could not have failed to produce some effect.

Another matter which has not yet been disposed of by Government—but which was first formally brought to their notice by the Sindh Sabha, and to which they appointed a special officer, Dr. Pollen, to report on—related to the ancient special Zamindari rights enjoyed by certain landholders in the Shikarpur District—rights recognized by the Courts but not by the Revenue authorities, and therefore falling into desuetude.

In this way, Hiranand, after associating with such choice and master spirits of the age as Keshub, the Paramhamsa and Ishwar Chandra Vidyasagar, endeavoured to lead a life of public usefulness at Karachi, and to serve his country. But though moving, as it were, in a new world, and distracted not a little by his new duties, he still retained the freshness of his

devotional nature. He loved to walk by the sea at Clifton, where he felt happy as a child; with the beautiful panorama there of hills and dales under the azure sky—specially when what he called the "diamond jewelled night" came out with the forget-me-nots of heaven, or when the sea waves danced blithely and shone brightly, in response to the kisses of the moon. His soul, on such occasions, heaved with mighty devotion, in response to the love he felt his Father in Heaven bore him, and he returned home with that beauty in his eyes which all could perceive but only devotional persons fully understood. He sought lonely corners in his house, where he could sing alone in his heart to the Alone, and commune with Him Who is "closer than breathing" and "nearer than hands or feet." Refreshed and re-invigorated by such communion, he met the daily trials with a marvellous gentleness and patience, and wielded an influence which has resulted in great good to his country.

One of his first acts, at Karachi, had been to hire a small house, opposite to the one in which he was living, in Rambagh Garikhata, in order to locate the old Prarthana Samaj of Karachi, which had been started

by some Deccanis but which was nearly lifeless. The following letter sent to one of his Nest friends, in October, 1884, tells us what progress he himself had made.

"My Dear Brother,

Your loving note gladdens my heart and touches its tenderest strings: my heart vibrates to your touch, but I am afraid the notes are sometimes feeble and sometimes inaudible. They are feeble, because I am so weak; they are inaudible, because I have not the leisure and composure to transmit them to you. Nagendra Babu has come, and he will relieve me much. Still you shall have to wait for some time before you can hear from me that which can please you.

Our weekly conversational meetings are going on tolerably well. We are now cultivating a habit of sweet, spontaneous and sustained prayer. I hope you have kept up your hymn and prayer meetings too in the *Thakurghar*. I wish very much to be there once more with my *ektara*, and sing and pray and pray and sing till new life and new light and new spirit come to me. Much of the mystery of prayer I have not yet understood. But my latest experience is that there can be no prayer without *faith*. Up to this

time, I feel I have not prayed so much as aspired. *Prayer is something more than an aspiration. The mind not only wishes to have a thing but it believes that it will get it.* How, it does not care to know at the moment. But it shall get the thing required, if it believes most positively. And *faith* does not come of itself, but it is to be cultivated. I have now reached a new stage, as it were, of mental experience, wherein I feel that the voice of faith is quite distinct from the voice of reason, and equally, if not more, real. Let us have then faith, burning faith.

Yours ever,
HIRANAND."

To put into practice what he had requested his friends in Bengal to do, Hiranand had formed the half-a-dozen young men—natives of Karachi—who used to attend the conversational and prayer meetings, into a small brotherhood. The society was so modest and unassuming that its very existence was not known. One of the members, Mr. Virumal Hemumal, has kindly given me the following notes, which show what Hiranand's sharp eyes had noticed as the sources of sin, and what preventives he had thought of.

Karachi Career

"While Hiranand was at Karachi, editing the papers, the Prarthana Samaj was opposite to his bungalow in Rambagh. The members used to meet almost every evening. He used to give them lessons and advice on religion and morality in his usual sweet and loving way. He was not satisfied with delivering the speeches only, but was very anxious to see, and used to lay much stress on, our practising in our life what he used to teach. As an example, he formed a society called the 'Twine,' the object of which was so to mould the character of its "filaments" (members), as to form a beautifully harmonious whole,—a society, able to work for good.

The following were the rules for the guidance of the members of the Twine (dictated by himself):—

(1) There should be the spirit of unity among the members. (2) There should be brotherliness and love among the members. (3) There should be a feeling of equality and mutual help. (4) The members should confide in and trust each other. (5) Plain dealing and straightforwardness, honesty and truthfulness should form the guiding motto of each member. (6) The members should serve as a check upon one another, in order to keep within the bounds

of propriety and rectitude. (7) Implicit obedience should be paid to the rules of the society, framed with general consent. (8) Punctuality should be observed in attending the meetings of the society. (9) Temperance and moderation should be aimed at in food, dress, speech and expenditure. (10) The members should strive to attain purity of thought, word and deed. (11) The members should steadily endeavour to learn forgiveness and forbearance.

As a check, two members were made responsible for a third, *i. e.,* if any of these two members found the one for whom they were responsible doing anything against the above rules, it was their bounden duty to stop him and warn him not to do so.

Many temperance pledges were signed after the rules of the Twine were framed. Speaking one day on purity, he gave us the following hints. These too are his own words for we took down what he said :—

IT IS BAD

(1) To look on a woman whose nakedness is not covered or is partly covered; for instance, one should not look at the naked breast, naked leg or any part of the body of a woman, which (part) is liable to excite carnal thoughts and

feelings in our minds. (2) To jest with a strange woman. (3) To hold converse with a strange woman, in a secluded place, or in a place where you are conscious that no human eye is observing you. (4) To touch any part of a woman other than your wife, for the sake of deriving pleasure therefrom. (5) To make any sign to a woman with the object of appealing to her sensual desires (6) To look on a prostitute, or a woman whom you know to be of loose morals, with the object of satisfying the lust of the eye. (7) To talk with a widow, or a woman, whom one knows to be dissatisfied with her husband for some reason or another, with the object of gaining her sympathy and affection. (8) To do anything calculated to impress on a woman your superiority over her husband, knowing that such an impression would draw the woman more to you than to her husband. (9) To carry on any intrigue, or seduce the wife of another. (10) To sing love-songs within the hearing of a woman, with the object of attracting her attention. (11) To do anything which would suggest to her something improper. (12) To look on obscene pictures or to hang them in one's house. (13) To read or listen to any obscene story. (14) To take pleasure in talking or hearing scandal. (15) To do anything to excite one's carnal passions; for instance, think-

ing of the beauty and charms of a woman, or eating anything, whether a powder or potion, the effect of which is to stimulate them. (16) To keep company or associate with sensual persons. (17) To entertain thoughts which have a tendency to excite our passions. (18) To dress or put on an apparel, with a view to catch the attention or strike the fancy of a woman. (19) To speak to a woman about her beauty or personal charms, knowing that such compliments would appeal to her vanity. (20) To be the confidante of a man or a woman who is carrying on an intrigue. (21) To acquiesce in or connive at the dissoluteness and profligacy of a friend or an acquaintance. (22) To bring foul and filthy words on the tongue. (23) To go to theatres or performances where public women and dancing girls appear on the stage.

Such were his instructions along with other discourses on religious topics."

The humble shepherd of this little flock was able to give more time to them, after October, 1884, as Mr. N. Gupta came with his wife and child to Karachi in November, 1884, and relieved him practically of the worry of editing the *Sindh Times.* He practised what he had preached to Bhawandas, and not merely

attended to the 'Twine,' but to the education of his wife. She knew the Gurumukhi character already, and he now taught her to read Sindhi. He and Gupta lived together in a house, for which they had not to pay any rent, as it belonged to a friend of his. Both were on very affectionate terms, and their wives soon learnt to understand each other. There was a little garden in the compound, and the family life of the friends was a happy one.

He wrote about his domestic life, in November, 1884, to Dr. Holmsted, who had retired, and married in England. The Doctor's wife was a good, kind-hearted lady, who "was well-loved by the poor" (to use her husband's words). The Doctor wrote about her in one of his letters:—"She is not prejudiced and would, I believe, be ashamed to look down on any one, no matter what the colour of his skin might be. She looks beyond, and only sees the soul within that animates the body, and good souls may be within skins of very different colours." The worthy Doctor was practising in 1884, at Exeter, and on December 10, 1884, sent a long letter from "Hope House, Heavitree" to Hiranand. He thanked Providence for the gift of 'a truly admirable helpmate.' He continued:—

Hiranand—The Soul of Sindh

"We are now at Exeter where for the present I intend practising. After a long time of fine, warm, dry weather we are now getting rain every day. It is to me rather annoying, as it delays the repairs and alterations to our house. This is a very nice city, and, in the centre, is a beautiful cathedral, one of the finest in England. The service, singing and music are exquisite. The Bishop is a splendid man, I myself not knowing him privately; only, by his public acts and behaviour, should say that his religion is that of all good men. Good men all have the same object before them; they don't deride each other. There are many roads to a city: having chosen a road, pursue it; don't hinder yourself and annoy others journeying by other tracts; if able, assist—if unable, leave alone. Love and kindness shewn have wonderful power for good; hate and opposition can scarce advance one's cause, or cause opponents to join hands. And this even applies to ourselves and Russia. We gain nothing good by opposition, but only expend our means and strength to no good purpose. Let us be as friendly as we can well be, and let us expend our thought, means and energies on the good of those under our flag. Then we can have nothing to fear from their animosity, and they will have much more to gain by being friendly than by being enemies.

Russia wants outlets by the sea. I myself think we should try and meet her and help her—not oppose—for it is like attempting to dam back a torrent: after a time the torrent must break through the barrier. Were we situated as the Russians are, we would be as restless as they, against such opposition. The more prosperous we are, the better for other countries and *vice versa*. Very few people see this. Were London looted and destroyed to-morrow, the very people who did it would soon regret their action.

"What a beautiful country India is. I see and feel this more now I have left it, and how pleasant and wondrously beautiful it might become in time, did men but strive to do their best. Of course, it will be a work of time, but by the time you are as old as your good old grandfather, if you labour patiently, even in that time you will see great alterations for the better, and have, I trust, the satisfaction of reflecting that you have borne a share in the progress achieved. The press is very powerful, but, like the drops of water wearing a hole in stone, requires time, perseverance and patience. God works slowly but surely. We should try to be godlike.

"How are your brothers? Give my kindest regards to them. I hope you may all be well

and in good health when this reaches, and that the year gone by has not been a bad one, and that the one commencing may be a very good and joyful one to be followed by many such. Please give my *salaams* to old friends, and tell them I do not forget them; and with many good wishes,

Believe me,
Yours very sincerely,
T. HOLMSTED."

The good Doctor wound up another letter to Hiranand with the remark: "If we could but work together, how different the world soon would be!"

On December 18, 1884, Hiranand's first child, a daughter, Lachmi, was born at Hyderabad where he had taken his wife. Hiranand wrote:—

"MY DEAR MOTI,

You needn't trouble yourself so much about the medical book. I am not in a hurry about it. My wife was safely delivered of a daughter on the 18th instant, as you must have known by this time. I went to Hyderabad and prevented

the *Chathi ceremony being performed. The Jat Karma of the child comes off on the 16th proximo, and will be performed according to the New Sambita. I hope you are doing well.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND.

28th December, 1884"

The New Year's Day, 1884, found Hiranand by Keshub's bedside making various promises to himself. The New Year's Day, 1885, found him a journalist, a father, and the humble lay minister of a small fraternity. Had he fulfilled his promises? Had he lived up to his ideal? Had he served his country and his Church? Thus spoke his supra-liminal self to his sub-liminal self, and he sat down earnestly to evoke all that was buried in the latter, to call himself severely to account, to take stock of his moral and spiritual

*On the sixth day of a child's birth, the family Brahmin comes to the house in the evening, and, in the presence of the relations and friends of the parents, draws up the horoscope of the child and then names the child. After this the visitors enjoy a dinner of rice and milk. The *Jat Karma* is performed by Brahmos, in lieu of the *Chathi*.

gains and losses, and to invoke the help of the Highest. A small envelope was found among his papers, which bears on its top the following words in pencil indicating the subjects he thought of.

> "The New Year, 1st January, 1885 The Past —the Present—the Future—Confessions and Promises—Faith and Hope—Light and Truth—Joy and Peace—God helps those who help themselves."

Inside there is a small paper in pencil which runs as follows :—

"1st January, 1885, Tuesday. Resolved :

(1) I will try never to borrow. (2) I will try to reply to all the private letters, or those which I get in connection with the S. T. (*Sindh Times*) or S. S. (*Sindh Sudhar*), as soon as possible. (3) I will try to perform the duties which my married state imposes on me.

Confessed :

(1) On several occasions I have knowingly broken my promises. (2) I have not been faithful to the memory of my father. Father, give me strength to keep my promise; Papa,

forgive your ungrateful child; He will try to be more grateful this year. (3) Keshub, by your death-bed I made some promises, which I have totally forgotten. I should cherish you in my heart of hearts, and I have not done it.

THINGS WHICH I DESIRE TO DO

(1) To get a pure heart. (2) To feel the guiding spirit of my God in all that I do, and hear his holy counsel in all my actions, *e. g.*, I should rise by his command, talk by his inspiration, and act at his bidding. (3) To get a greater command over language, particularly over the English language. (4) To find means for building the Karachi Mandir. (5) Daily to grow in spirituality, and devotion to my Father in Heaven.

Vouchsafe Thy grace, O Invisible Spirit, and make me Thine for ever. Amen.

HIRANAND."

On the anniversary of Keshub's death, he wrote to his younger brother at Calcutta :—

"*8th January, 1885.*

MY DEAR MOTI,

I was glad to get your New Year's present. What would you like to have in return? The

New Year has commenced, and you have my good wishes for your mental and moral growth. Nothing will give me so much pleasure as to see you growing in wisdom and goodness. Try to be a good God-loving young man.

The little child is doing well, so is its mother. The delivery was not a difficult one. The Chathi ceremony was not performed in our house, but in the Tikana, and her name according to the horoscope is "Lachmi." Herewith I return Amrita Babu's book with thanks. Tell Baromami that we give no **sandesh* for daughters but take, and so we expect her to send some. She did not send me anything on the birth of Buri's child. My namaskar to the good woman.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

It is best to let Hiranand's letters tell the story of his brief life on earth as far as possible, specially, as to his friends, they will serve as a photograph and a phonograph combined. The following letters will be specially interesting to students. The question of readmitting Moti to the College was formally decided,

*It is customary in Bengal to send *sandesh* (sweetmeat) to one's relations and friends on the birth of a child.

in January, 1885, by the Director (Sir Alfred Croft), who ordered that he should apologize to the Professor, and pay a fine of Rs. 20 to the College authorities. As Moti had been previously regular in attendance, his six months' absence from his College did not come in the way of his passing his F. A. examination, in 1885, but he had to work very hard, often from fourteen to fifteen hours per day.

"*Karachi, 18th January, 1885.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I am glad that you have joined the College after your six months' exile from it..........There are only a few months more left, and we expect you to pass creditably. So be up and doing. The anniversary of the Karachi Prarthana Samaj passed off very well. As little noise of the proceedings connected with it was made as possible, but some work was done. That should be our principle in life: less talk more work. My wife is doing well. She manages to speak and communicate with Gupta Babu's wife admirably. I am glad that Baromama* has

*This refers to Babu Nobin Chunder Sen, who was Head Cashier of Messrs. Octavius Steel & Co. (Tea Merchants, &c.), getting the auditorship of the Cooch Behar State.

got the post, but I wish he would keep his health there or rather improve it. Baromami should send me some *sandesh*. I remember her very much.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

"MY DEAR MOTI,

I hope you are taking care of your health. That is my prime thought when I think about you. Secondly, that you are trying to learn as much as you can, and training yourself to be of use to your country which is in sore need of workers and patriots. I can never too strongly insist on your acquiring a thorough knowledge of the English tongue

You are now in a very good family where the company and the home influences are such as to safeguard your youth against the temptations to which it is peculiarly liable. It is no little solace to me that Bhulo and Baromami are near you, moulding your juvenile habits and unconsciously giving them an elevated turn. Always try to imitate the good things that you see in others, and learn to control your passions and evil thoughts. How joyful shall I be when I find you a sober and good-mannered youth, untainted by the vices of which in these days the

air is so full. Be good, be industrious, and try to keep good health, and I will ask no more from you. I hope you are doing well, and learning patience and good lessons from even close nights. With love,

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

"MY DEAR MOTI,

I am sorry that you are suffering from sore throat. I believe change of climate will do you much good. As soon as you have done with your examination, come home and pass your vacation with us. Don't overwork yourself now. You require another simple instruction. Always enter the examination hall with a composed mind and, however difficult a paper may seem at first sight, never lose heart. But, quietly, begin to write, and take always the full time allotted at the examination. Even when you feel that you can't write more, you should never hand over your paper if any time is left. But sit like a patient boy at the examination desk, and go on attempting until the last second has expired. Above all, take special care of your health on examination days and a few days preceding it. Neither fall ill, nor manage to fail. I am a little doubtful about your Persian.

Go carefully through Forbes' Grammar. It will take you only half a day, while it is likely that it will secure you a good number of marks. You should send me the examination papers. Wishing you success in the examination.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

After the examination was over in April, Moti, accordingly, came over to Hyderabad to recruit his health, which had been undermined by hard study. The following letter shows his elder brother's tender solicitude :

"*27th June, 1885.*

MY DEAR MOTI,

Mr. Abba tells me that you have got a boil on your leg. Is it healing up? In one respect, it is good that you got the boil, as it will make you stay some more days at Hyderabad There will be no harm, if you go 3 or 4 weeks after the Colleges have opened. I cannot get here anything to my liking to make a present to Thakurma (Keshub's mother) and Baromami. *I don't like to send them anything of European manufacture.* Write to me 2 or 3 days before you start. There is cholera at Sukkur and other

stations. Ask Kaka about going *via* Bombay. The sea is rather rough, otherwise it will be much better to go by sea.

Yours,
HIRANAND."

Moti's return to Calcutta to join his College, which opened in the first week of July, was delayed on account of this boil, which confined him to bed for nearly four weeks. Towards the end of July, he went back, and the correspondence between the brothers again commenced.

"*1st August, 1885.*

MY DEAR MOTI,

I am glad to learn that you have reached Calcutta safely. Why had you to stay 4 days at Delhi? Seth Atmaram* died to-day. It is a melancholy event. I attended his funeral. I hope your abscesses have gone for ever. What optional subjects are you going to take? You should consult Bhulo. Namaskar to Baromami.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

*President of the Sindh Sabha, and head of the Hindu community at Karachi. He belonged to Seth Naumal's family.

"*27th August, 1885.*

MY DEAR MOTI,

*Kaka** is doing well. He writes to you after long intervals, because he has no leisure at all. I hope you are doing well.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

Navalrai had really very little leisure. He rose every morning at about 4 a. m., and, after taking a cold bath, spent from two to three hours in silent communion with the Fountain-head of all health and holiness, peace and joy. Reinforcing himself, in this manner, he faced his daily duties with perfect composure, and had no difficulty in getting through very heavy work. He was decidedly the most strenuous worker in Sindh, and it was a marvel to the worldly how, with his spare humanitarian diet and abstinence from all stimulants, he could attend to so many troublesome calls upon his time and never knew a day's illness. He was the Chairman of the Managing Committee of the Hyderabad Municipality, and, after paying a visit to the Mandir, he used to go on his extensive rounds, in the city, to see that the Sanitary Inspectors and their staff

*Refers to Mr. Navalrai. Any elderly man may be called *Kaka*.



Hiranand's Eldest Brother,
DIWAN NAVALRAI.

Facing page 234

did their work thoroughly well, and the octroi-collecting staff did not cheat the Corporation or oppress the poor. Then, after a visit to the Municipal Office to dispose of all the previous day's applications, etc., and after attending such meetings as he was bound to attend, he had his simple meal, and went on foot to attend to his duties as a Government official. He was Daftardar at one time, and Huzur Deputy Collector and Magistrate at another, but, in either capacity, his duties were very onerous. He left his office at a late hour, and then turned again to the Mandir, and conducted the evening Service. He had to look after the Local Fund Nursery and Garden and several Municipal Schools. On Saturday mornings, he used also to give lectures on morality to school boys in the Government High School, and, on Sundays, to prisoners in the Hyderabad Jail. There are authenticated instances of his discourses resulting in the improvement of the Jail population. Nothing pleased him so much as to meet, when on tour, some of his jail audience turned honest men, in forests or fields. He was short-sighted, and did not often make them out, till they reminded him of how his good words had gone to their heart, and they had turned over a new leaf and given up their criminal habits.

His hardest work was that of listening to the tales of distress, which used to be poured into his ears by all sorts of people. He stinted himself, to the utmost, in order to relieve real distress, and it is a well-known fact that, after Keshub's death, he would have retired from Government service and become an ordained missionary, but for his poor beneficiaries. He would have resigned, even if he had been able, under the Rules, to get a third of his salary as pension; but his health was good, and he was not the man to resort to underhand or questionable means to secure a medical certificate. So he remained in harness, but there were times when he wanted to devote even what little time he spent at home to the service of God,—to cease altogether to be a *grihastha*, as appears from the following letters:

"*3rd August, 1885.*

My Dear Moti,

Kaka is now desirous to have as little to do with the world as possible. For this reason, he has resolved to pass a greater portion of his time in the Mandir, and also to sleep there. He formally handed over the keys of the house to Dada, and invested all responsibility in him. You will not be much surprised to hear this.

Kaka would not remain in Government service, but for the fact that he can only get one-third pension if he produces a medical certificate. He has, however, a sufficient motive to continue in the service. He thinks that the money which he will thus earn can be employed in very useful purposes. But it is probable that he will soon take pension. His present resolution is very noble and praiseworthy, and although worldly people and the poor women of our house do not like it, yet every right-minded man will be glad to hear that Kaka has determined to serve his God and his Church with greater zeal.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

"*4th October, 1885.*

MY DEAR MOTI,

The ladies of our house refused to take food unless Kaka came and lived in the house. So, for the present, Kaka has had to give up this intention. He now comes as usual.........Our anniversary (at Hyderabad) this year was a great success. Bhabhi Keval (Tarachand's wife) has come over here for change. I hope she will be all right soon. With love.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

About this time, Hiranand began to think of carrying out his resolution of building a permanent Mandir at Karachi. Mr. Virumal writes:—"Once, happening to talk about a house for the Samaj, he proposed that the members should beg from door to door, to collect funds for the purpose......Next day, he took the lead, and thus we were able to collect two or three hundred rupees. More was collected by him and through his influence." The following letter bears on this point:—

"*8th October, 1885.*

MY DEAR MOTI,

You should take very good care of your health now that *dengue* fever has broken out at Calcutta. Have you kept up your walks? It will be much better if you take exercise with dumb bells. They will take away the susceptibility to illness in you. I have brought my wife here again, as I don't want to conform to any of our superstitious ceremonies. I find much improvement in the "Young Man"* now. You should try to contribute original little pieces to every issue of the "Young Man." I am now trying to raise subscriptions here for a Brahma

*A monthly started by Nandalal Sen.

Mandir in Karachi. I have got Rs. 900. I want Rs. 5,000. I hope more will be coming by and by. Are you reading books with an eye to improve your knowledge of English? I am particularly anxious that you should learn to speak and write English well. Then you can be so useful here. Subject yourself to a rigorous system of reading, by which you may acquire mastery over the English tongue. How is Baromama keeping his health at Cooch Behar? How is Nalu? My namaskars to Baromami. I hope you are doing well.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

Hiranand had several medical works with him. But, in October, 1885, he specially sent for works on midwifery and women's diseases from Calcutta. He spent his spare time in medical study, and, in order to acquire practical knowledge, did not mind working even as a compounder. Mirza Kalich Beg writes :— "I think it was in 1885 that my brother, Dr. Jafar Kuli F. Mirza, commenced work at Karachi. On his return from England, he was at Hyderabad for some time, but he was advised by Mr. Hiranand and others to work at Karachi. So he went and lived there. Hiranand was fond of medical work, and so he worked

as his assistant and compounder. They had been already friends, probably school friends......Both were charitable and kind. From early morning to late at night, both of them worked hard. According to the understanding between them, Mr. Hiranand charged people very little for medicines; and to the poor, they gave medicine for nothing. I think people up to this day remember the good work they did together. Of course, Mr. Hiranand did everything for nothing. Mr. Gupta was then at Karachi, and he was a friend of Hiranand. They lived together with their families, and Dr. Mirza lived with his family separately. But they used to meet very often, and their ladies were intimate friends, and their life was very happy."

Dr. Mirza belonged to a family with a remarkable history. His grandfather was a Christian Georgian living at Tiflis. Circumstances having made his father an orphan as a child, a Persian nobleman brought the orphan boy up as a Mussulman, under the name Mirza Ferdun Beg, and he came to settle at Hyderabad, Sindh. It was at Hyderabad that Dr. Mirza was born. He knew Persian, and, at the instance of Hiranand, undertook to translate some rare Persian works dealing with Yunani medicine, which were in his

family library. Hiranand helped him in that task but, unfortunately, the manuscripts are gone. Dr. Mirza served his patients zealously, and caught the plague during the epidemic of 1898 at Karachi. "No one," writes his talented brother, "would touch even the valuable furniture in his Bungalow......and, when auctioned, it fetched very little. His medical works, etc. were sold for a trifle. Other papers were burnt under the orders of the plague authorities." Hiranand used to accompany Dr. Mirza whenever the latter was called to see patients, and he picked up a great deal of both theoretical and practical knowledge from his friend. He was able to treat ordinary diseases, and his free unselfish service was of immense value to Dr. Mirza.

On December 3, 1885, the first Municipal School for Girls was opened at Hyderabad, Sindh. Navalrai, after putting aside a part of his patrimony for Moti's education, had determined to spend the rest to perpetuate the memory of his father. The amount, however, being insufficient, the eldest son of his father's life-long friend, Diwan Chandumal, had offered his help, and the school building was called the Shaukiram and Chandumal Girls' School, as the cost

was shared in equal halves by their sons. The Municipality undertook to maintain it, and Hiranand was glad that this *first indigenous effort, in the cause of female education,* was honourably connected with his father's name. His second girl was subsequently educated there. He wrote to his younger brother :—

"*3rd December, 1885.*

MY DEAR MOTI,

I am not very busy, but I am so lazy and bad in writing and replying to letters. My grandfather-in-law falling sick seriously, I had to take my wife to Hyderabad, where now she will be confined. I am not in a hurry about the book (on Women's Diseases). You may wait; and if you get a second-hand copy cheap, you may send it by V. P. Post. To-day the Girls' School in Papa's name at Hyderabad will be opened. I hope it will prove a useful institution. When will your vacation commence? How are you going on with your studies? Why is the Nest to be broken? What is to be built in its stead? I hope you are doing well.

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Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

Here are his letters to Moti.

"*6th August, 1886.*

MY DEAR MOTI,

I am sorry I have not been replying to your letters. They would not let me come to Calcutta. Otherwise, I had made all arrangements for coming there. On Sunday next, I will go to Hyderabad and read there in the Medical School. The examination will take place by the end of September, after which I shall come again to Karachi. Gupta is leaving to-morrow with his family on three months' leave. Mr. Hiranand Khemsing, the new Bombay Graduate, will manage the editorial work of both the papers in our absence. How is Paramhamsa now? I trust you are doing well.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

"*Hyderabad, 12th August, 1886.*

MY DEAR MOTI,

I am attending the Medical School here. The annual examination takes place after a month, and I am reading hard. Physiology

and Materia Medica are the subjects for examination. Mr. Boccaro and Mr. Acquino are our teachers. I attend the hospital daily and see the patients. I like the work and the study. But my memory is bad, and that is a great drawback in Medicine, and I mean to make up for it by hard study. Has Moni (Mohit Lall Sen—a student in the Medical College, Calcutta) got any notes on Physiology and Materia Medica? If he hasn't, can he get them from some friend for me? If they can be procured, please send them to me by registered post at once, and I will return them after a month and a half. I should like to see and compare the notes given here in the School and in big Colleges. Nagen Babu with his family will have reached Calcutta by this time. He left Karachi on Saturday (7th) last. The climate here is very good, and I feel much healthier here than at Karachi.

HIRANAND."

Four days after the date of this letter, *i. e.*, on August 16, at 10 o'clock in the night, the Paramhamsa, to use Max Muller's words, entered into his last Samadhi, from which he never returned. Hiranand had not seldom seen the Paramhamsa go into Samadhi, and Navalrai used to relate how, on one

Karachi Career

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and Materia Medica are the subjects for examination. Mr. Boccaro and Mr. Acquino are our teachers. I attend the hospital daily and see the patients. I like the work and the study. But my memory is bad, and that is a great drawback in Medicine, and I mean to make up for it by hard study. Has Moni (Mohit Lall Sen—a student in the Medical College, Calcutta) got any notes on Physiology and Materia Medica? If he hasn't, can he get them from some friend for me? If they can be procured, please send them to me by registered post at once, and I will return them after a month and a half. I should like to see and compare the notes given here in the School and in big Colleges. Nagen Babu with his family will have reached Calcutta by this time. He left Karachi on Saturday (7th) last. The climate here is very good. and I feel much healthier here than at Karachi.

HIRANAND."

Four days after the date of this letter, *i. e.*, on August 16, at 10 o'clock in the night, the Paramhamsa, to use Max Muller's words, entered into his last Samadhi, from which he never returned. Hiranand had not seldom seen the Paramhamsa go into Samadhi, and Navalrai used to relate how, on one

Karachi Career

Here are his letters to Moti.

"*6th August, 1886.*

MY DEAR MOTI,

I am sorry I have not been replying to your letters. They would not let me come to Calcutta. Otherwise, I had made all arrangements for coming there. On Sunday next, I will go to Hyderabad and read there in the Medical School. The examination will take place by the end of September, after which I shall come again to Karachi. Gupta is leaving to-morrow with his family on three months' leave. Mr. Hiranand Khemsing, the new Bombay Graduate, will manage the editorial work of both the papers in our absence. How is Paramhamsa now? I trust you are doing well.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

"*Hyderabad, 12th August, 1886.*

MY DEAR MOTI,

I am attending the Medical School here. The annual examination takes place after a month, and I am reading hard. Physiology

and Materia Medica are the subjects for examination. Mr. Boccaro and Mr. Acquino are our teachers. I attend the hospital daily and see the patients. I like the work and the study. But my memory is bad, and that is a great drawback in Medicine, and I mean to make up for it by hard study. Has Moni (Mohit Lall Sen—a student in the Medical College, Calcutta) got any notes on Physiology and Materia Medica? If he hasn't, can he get them from some friend for me? If they can be procured, please send them to me by registered post at once, and I will return them after a month and a half. I should like to see and compare the notes given here in the School and in big Colleges. Nagen Babu with his family will have reached Calcutta by this time. He left Karachi on Saturday (7th) last. The climate here is very good, and I feel much healthier here than at Karachi.

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occasion, he happened to see Keshub when the Paramhamsa was present, how Keshub told him of the Paramhamsa's intense devotion and power of transcendental vision, and, in order to give him ocular proof, whispered certain dear names of the Lord sweetly into the Paramhamsa's ear, and the Paramhamsa became at once transported, as it were, from the world, and when at Keshub's instance, he pricked the Paramhamsa with a pin on the most delicate parts, not a muscle moved and there was not the least tremor of the nerves. The Paramhamsa had said once, in Keshub's presence, that Keshub was like an English ship, while he himself was like an Indian boat. The ship had put out to sea, "from out our bourne of Time and Place" in 1884, and the boat followed in 1886. Hiranand's own little skiff was to sail after both within about seven years, and Navalrai's not long after. All the four hoped to see their "pilot face to face," when they had "crossed the bar."

"*24th August, 1886.*

MY DEAR MOTI,

I have just heard of Paramhamsha's death from Nagendra Babu. After the receipt of your last letter in which you said that he would not survive the rainy season, I was still hoping that

he might still get over the disease, but it has happened otherwise. To him it must have been a welcome relief from this world of pain.

I am sorry to hear that Bhulo was obliged to sell the Press. But perhaps the expenses of keeping it up were too heavy. What do they do in the Concord Club? What is Bhulo doing? How is it that you buried the poor "Young Man" without even an epitaph. I am one of its silent mourners.

I am studying medicine quietly in my own way here. If I persevere, I am sure I can acquire sufficient knowledge to make a tolerably successful physician. The annual examination of the first year class takes place on the 15th September, after which I will decide whether to remain in the Medical School here or to go somewhere else.

There were some books of mine there on Hindu Music composed by Maharajah Surendra Mohan Tagore in which Sanskrit songs were set to music (with notation). If you can find them send them to me, as Mr. Prabhakar wants them.

How is Bhulo's father now? I knew about the examiners before I received your letter. You should try to come out first in the B. A. Examination by working hard and diligently. I trust you are economising your time most carefully.

Give the enclosed, please, to Priya Mullick as I don't know where he is and his address.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

*   *   *

"29th August, 1886.

MY DEAR MOTI,

Bhulo has already sent me a copy of Paramhamsa's sayings. I should like to see 'Ashley's Notes on Physiology.' But send it on at once, if you can, by V. P. P. The examination of the school here takes place on the 15th of the next month. The book should come before that date. I received the notes on Materia Medica. They will be useful to me. I am glad to hear that you keep good health now, and are reading hard. We all wish that you should pass your B. A. Examination with credit. But what I desire most is that you should acquire a fair command over the English language so as to be able to express yourself in it with correctness and vigour.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

During his absence at Hyderabad, his half a dozen disciples at Karachi, adopting as their motto

"God's grace alone availeth" (*Brahma Kripahi Kevalam*), and helped with large donations by Navalrai, and with the savings (about Rs. 40 a month) out of Hiranand's pay (Rs. 75 a month), went on briskly with the building of the Prarthana Samaj Mandir, which stands on the road to the Mission House, and opposite the Civil Hospital, and which, in November, 1893, was called the Brahmo Samaj Mandir. Jhamandas Mohandas and Valji were the young men who attended to the work. The latter wrote to Hiranand on August 28, 1886: "If possible, come and see us for a day or two......Everything has been done as desired by you." The daily meetings and the Sunday meetings went on as before.

In September, 1886, several of his Karachi friends joined in the celebration of the anniversary of the Hyderabad Brahmo Samaj, and, in October, Hiranand returned to Karachi; and, as he was temporarily getting the full pay of Rs. 175, he was able to send help to a friend in need, as the following will show: —

"MY DEAR MOTI,

I sent you Rs. 50, day before yesterday, by money order. I don't know whether Kaka

has sent you any money this month. If he hasn't, he will send you next month, when you can give the rupees 50 to Baladevji to be sent to Hari Sundar Babu (a lay missionary) at Gaya, who, I believe, is in very great need of it. I hope you are doing well.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND.

24th November, 1886."

Hiranand was selected as a delegate of the Sindh Sabha, and attended the second Indian National Congress which met at Calcutta, during the X'mas in 1886. His friends there were very glad to see him again in their midst, though his visit lasted only for a few days. When leaving, Moti put a few post cards into his pocket, and insisted on being informed, from each halting-place, how Hiranand was faring. Hiranand, who used seldom to trouble himself in this way, had to comply in order to please his younger brother, and wrote :

"*Tundla, 6 a m., 10th January, 1887.*

Got sufficient sleep this night. Just now I am the lord of the whole intermediate class carriage—not a very desirable thing. It is as

bad as having too many passengers in one's compartment.

HIRANAND."

*　　　*　　　*

"I remained the sole master of my compartment up to Ghaziabad, and had to hum away the time. So far I have had a pleasant journey, but expect a troublesome night. There will be a rush of passengers at Saharanpur and Ludhiana.

HIRANAND.

Meerut, 10th January, 1887."

*　　　*　　　*

"MY DEAR MOTI,

This time I have had a very comfortable journey. I trust you are doing well.

HIRANAND.

Multan, 12th January, 1887."

*　　　*　　　*

"*Karachi, 13th January, 1887.*

MY DEAR MOTI,

This is your last card. I have been this time very particular in giving you news about my safe arrival at the different stages of the

journey. That is all due to your cards. I hope you are doing well.

HIRANAND."

At Karachi, Hiranand found a letter from Motiram, describing the annual Brahmo Festival and the Bazar, held in connection with the festival, at which Moti had taken a stall for the benefit of the Brahmo Mission, and made a good profit. The letter also mentioned certain religious difficulties, and Hiranand wrote :—

"SINDH TIMES,
Karachi.

MY DEAR MOTI,

I have read your last letter with much pleasure and interest. I was pleased with your enterprise. That shows that you have within you some commercial capacity. Closely connected with it is economy, which I hope you will spare no pains to learn during your probationary period at Calcutta. The habit of economising money, and, for the matter of that, economising time, which is infinitely more valuable than money, you should most sedulously endeavour to acquire, as it is of the utmost importance to us in after-life. I am glad to hear that you have disposed of your profit in a very desirable manner indeed.

I was interested in your brief description of your doubts and mental state Yes, no form however good is to be servilely and blindly followed. Whatever one does, should be done intelligently. There are certain doings, however, which it is advisable to go through, although their good is not evident at first sight. This applies equally to all human pursuits, theoretical and practical. Don't you know that, in learning dynamics, you have to admit the truth of and learn by heart the three laws of motion, although one sees as little good in them as perhaps a novice sees in the necessity of daily prayer to God. But as one proceeds further, he finds that, without loving daily communion with God, life, I mean happy life, is as great an impossibility as is the science of dynamics without the laws of motion and gravitation. I trust that in future you will be most regular in approaching your Creator, and praying to Him for strength and light. At first, you may find sincere prayer hard to come out with, but, gradually, it will become most sweet to you, perhaps the best solace in life. My love to Bhulo.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

Hiranand had come just in time to attend the various functions during Lord Reay's visit to Karachi,

and to witness the opening of the Dayaram Jethmal Sindh College by that true friend of education on the 17th of January, 1887. The College had then 28 students on its rolls. The Sindh Sabha and its papers had, besides the questions already mentioned, taken up several others, for example the retention of 'local time' at Karachi, the opening of a branch Post and Telegraph Office near the City, the Karachi Port Trust Bill which became an Act in 1886, Mr. Peile's Bill, in 1886, to amend the Land Revenue Code in connection with agricultural improvements, the Baluch outrages at Hyderabad (Sindh) and, above all, the education question. A strong and comprehensive representation had been addressed to the Education Commission, and when Sir W. Hunter, its President, happened privately to come to Karachi, a deputation, of which Hiranand was a member, had waited upon him and secured his sympathy. A pamphlet had been published giving a short history of Collegiate education in India, and pointing out its benefits, and an appeal had been issued for funds to start a College for Sindh. The leader of the movement was Mr. Dayaram Jethmal, and the Sindh College is rightly called after him. Hiranand and Gupta had kept the subject before the minds of the public, and it cannot, fairly, be

denied that the success of the movement was in part due to their zealous and whole-hearted advocacy.

Hiranand had taken his wife and child to Hyderabad for the benefit of their health: and during his short visits to them he thought his little daughter was not being properly looked after. Moti had come to Hyderabad, after appearing in April, 1887, for his B. A. examination, and, though asked to come to Karachi, was unwilling to go there before the result was out. Hiranand had asked him to make efforts to head the list; and when the result was published on the 12th May, 1887, it showed that though he could not head the list he had passed creditably. I give the following letters written to Moti at Hyderabad.

"MY DEAR MOTI,

Inform me of the result of your examination as soon as you hear of it. You should be prepared for the worst.

I have made arrangements here for the stay of my family. Bring my wife with you when you come here. You should inform her a day or two previously, so that she may have time to get ready. Poor baby! she has been entirely neglected. I hope she will become healthy and

stout when she comes here. I mean to make a good, bold and lively girl of her.

Manghan will bring you a pair of slippers for Rabindra Nath Tagore. If you approve of them keep them, and take the money from my wife. How is Mr. Aba (Vishnu Puranik)? I will write to him. What does Dr. Mirza say about his case? Write to me a day before, or telegraph when you start, so that I may come to the station. I hope you are doing well.

Yours,
HIRANAND."

* * *

"SINDH SUDHAR OFFICE, *24th April*, *1887*.

MY DEAR MOTI,

I am in receipt of your letter. The fleas are really troublesome. To-day while going about the rooms to have them cleaned, I was bitten by them so severely, that I was considerably shaken in my resolution of getting my wife and child here to come and live with me. Baby is sure to suffer. So I think she is better off there although she is uncared for. However, I will consider over the subject to-night. When do you start?

To-morrow is the 25th. I hope you will receive the happy news of your having passed.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

*　　　*　　　*

"SINDH TIMES,
Karachi.

MY DEAR MOTI.

Have you heard of the examination result? All things considered, I think my baby will suffer if she comes here now. After the rainy time passes and fleas vanish, I will bring my family. But you should not fail to come. Your health will gain decidedly by a change here. When you come here, bring some papers which you will get from my wife. Manghan must have given you the slippers. Have you approved of them? Take the cost from my wife, or I will pay you here. Tell Hiranand Khemsing to get ready his contribution to the Magazine which, it is decided, will be called "Saraswati." He should also ask Bulchand Kodumal to send his contribution within a week.

I trust you are doing well.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

P. S.—Please inform my wife that what her remonstrances could not do, fleas have done, and that she can now stay for some time more at Hyderabad. But let the poor child be taken care of."

* * *

"*13th May, 1887.*

MY DEAR MOTI,

I am glad that you have passed through the ordeal successfully. Now you should study for the M. A., and try to come out even better. Has Bhulo written to you the class in which your name stands? Now you can come to Karachi with a brave face, and receive our congratulations. I have telegraphed to you to-day to bring my family. I will expect you to-morrow evening. Does Mr. Aba come with you? It gives me pleasure to write the letters B. A. after your name.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

* * *

"*14th May, 1887.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,

The fleas are not less in any way. They will become more when the monsoon sets in. So,

I think, it will be better if my wife stays for some time more at Hyderabad. Besides, there are so many people now in the house that I do not like to inconvenience them in any way. I will expect you on Monday morning. Does Mr. Aba come with you? I don't want anything except the perambulator, which you should bring. You may also bring my warm serge suit (black). It is with my wife. What reply did you receive from Bhulo to your telegram?

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

Next day, however, Hiranand wired to Motiram to bring his wife and child to Karachi, as he found no one would be inconvenienced, and as he was anxious to bring up the child under his own eyes. Motiram complied with his request, and after staying with him for some days left, in June, 1887, again for Calcutta to study for the M. A. course. His Professors, C. H. Tawney, F. J. Rowe and P. K. Ray, were very friendly with him.

Hiranand himself was anxious to become once more a full-time student, in order to become a good doctor. I give his letters to Motiram.

"MY DEAR MOTI,

I have not heard from you since a long time. Are you very busy? I spoke to Mr. Chaturbhuj about his not having paid the subscription to the "Liberal and the N. D. (New Dispensation)" for the last three years. He said that only 2 years' subscription was due; and that he would send the amount. You will have learnt by this time that Gupta Babu is not going to England. He would be coming to Calcutta at the end of August to take his family. I am glad that you are acting on the advice I gave you on board the "Maddock" (a steamer converted into waiting rooms for travellers, at Kotri). Make the best use of your time by storing your mind with knowledge. How is Bhulo's father?

HIRANAND.

11th July, 1887."

* * *

"*20th July, 1887.*

MY DEAR MOTI,

I received duly the Hymns of Praise and Prayer. My wife will be going to Hyderabad in a day or two to be present at the wedding of her two cousins, and won't come back until Gupta brings his wife. Gupta says that he would start for Calcutta on the 16th next, and would stay

there for a month. If you want anything from here, I shall give it to Gupta. Do you attend College? Does Mr. Tawney take your literature; or, is he still acting as D. P. Instruction? As you are going next year for the M. A. Examination, read, as much as you can, the text books, and don't depend on notes for passing. You should acquire plenty of general information. It would be so valuable to you when you enter the world.

HIRANAND."

* * *

"MY DEAR MOTI,

I have not got the Evidence Act. The Cr. P. C. I will give to Gupta Babu when he leaves. I am very anxious to go to Bombay, and join the Medical College there. But there is no one here to relieve me of the *Sindh Sudhar*. As soon as a person is found to take charge of it, I will make preparations to go and begin the student's life again. I mean to go through the whole course of medicine, and turn out a really good doctor. But as yet it is merely a wish. I don't know when circumstances will permit me to carry it into effect.

Yours,
HIRANAND.

August 4, 1887."

Karachi Career

"17-8-1887.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

Nagen Babu left this for Calcutta by yesterday's mail train. He intended to travel direct, but might break journey at Lahore for a day. I have given him the Criminal Procedure Code for you. For my part I have made up my mind to go to Bombay in October next, and join the Medical College, but Kaka and Dada do not like the plan. I do not know what I will do, but I think I am resolved to go. You should be writing to me regularly, giving me information about yourself. How is Bhulo's father?

HIRANAND."

"20-8-87.

MY DEAR MOTI,

I have received the Prayers. I am glad you are mindful of your studies, and also take care of your health. Cod Liver oil will do you a deal of good. Don't take many watery things. They will plant germs of future disease. If health breaks down, one can't do anything. The study of medicine has made me more careful of my health. It is awful to have any disease. If you want to be useful, preserve your health first. I

hope you are devouring books to enrich your mind. My baby is all right.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

On August 21, 1887, the Hon'ble Mr. Dayaram Jethmal, who had been appointed to the Bombay Legislative Council on July 8, 1886, and taken his seat on August 7, 1886, passed away to his final rest, at Hyderabad, Sindh. He was a thoroughly self-made man, and his life is a remarkable example of self-education and self-help. He rendered invaluable service to the Karachi Municipality and to the public of Sindh, and his tact and sweet reasonableness were such as to disarm even his opponents. He was a tower of strength to the people, and the Sindh Sabha practically died with his death. His only son was Principal of the Academy, started by Hiranand, and Vice-President of the Hyderabad Municipality.

"MY DEAR MOTI,

Honourable Mr. Dayaram Jethmal died yesterday morning. He was suffering from Bright's disease. His death is a great loss to Sindh.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND.

22nd August, 1887."

Karachi Career

The death of the Hon'ble Mr. Dayaram Jethmal revived in Hiranand his long suppressed desire to resign the editorship and to join a Medical College. The friend, whose counsel he used generally to seek, placed the *pros* and *cons* before him, as follows, on 27-10-87 :—

Pros.

"By systematically studying medicine, I would be able to cure diseased bodies. I can now, to a certain extent, cure diseased souls.

I know something about curing diseased bodies, but I want to be an adept.

Cons.

1. Life is short and art is long. I may die before I finish my studies, and then of what use will I be?

2. My eldest brother will be displeased, if I join the Medical College.

3. The "Sindh Sudhar" will be left

Pros.	*Cons.*
	in the hands probably of an incompetent man.
	4. The Committee formed for watching Municipal Administration may not work well in my absence.*
	5. My little flock in Karachi will miss me.
	6 If I start a magazine for Hindu ladies, I can extend the sphere of my usefulness immediately.
	7. My wife at heart does not like my going to Bombay.

*The Members were Professor Padshah, Vice-Principal of the D. J. Sindh College, his brother P. J. Padshah, Messrs. Tahilram and Harchandrai, Hiranand and Gupta and one or two others.

Pros.	*Oons.*
	8. The money to be spent on my studies may be made available for relieving the distressed and for social reform.
	9. What good I can do now out of my small earnings, I will not be able to do.
There is a probability of my becoming extremely useful after 5 years.	10. I am certainly useful now, though the result of my usefulness is often not visible.

27th October, 1887."

Hiranand decided not to leave Sindh, but he also decided to resign the editorship for reasons which will appear in another chapter. He secured his employers a good editor for the *Sindh Sudhar,* and on November 5, 1887, he left Karachi. For about *four years, he had led a very busy life as journalist, patriot, pastor and medical worker at the second city in the Bombay Presidency,* and fresh responsibilities

had gathered around him and deepened the tracts of his thought. He had done his utmost to "follow no wandering fires" and to live up to his ideal of selflessness and stainlessness. He had, in his lowly way, tried to right human wrongs, though not often succeeded. He knew that "force is from the heights," and daily drank in his strength from them, and communicated his own vigour to his little flock. That was his solution of the question of free-will and fate, and there was no limit, he thought, to his drawing from the Fountain of all Good, and turning all that was evil into good. He was full of energy and full of plans for the service of his country, but he felt he would be as a broken reed if he lost his trust in Him Who was his secret strength. But all this could only be consummated by loving concentration and meditation on the Life and Light of the World; and this lesson was not forgotten even amidst the worry and the jar of a city life. To it he ascribed what little good he had been able to do, and he hoped, by faithfully following it, to do some more good, if it pleased His Father to continue him here in this world of "the weak trodden down by the strong." But Destiny was even then slowly weaving his winding-sheet just as it had woven his cradle, and the term of his earth-narrow life was coming to a close.

CHAPTER VIII

MAKING OF MODERN SINDH (1884–87)—II

"And how much do we owe to Christian missionaries? We are indebted to them for the first start in the race of intellectual emancipation. It is to them that we are beholden for some of our most cherished political and social acquisitions. Our very Brahmo Samaja, Arya Samaja and Prarthana Samaja are the offshoots, in one sense, of this beneficent agency. And, apart from its active usefulness, the Christian mission serves as a buffer for the tide of scepticism usually inseparable from intellectual emancipation. At a time when doubt and distrust are taking the place of reasoned inquiry among the younger generation of India, I feel bound to acknowledge in my own person the benefits I have derived from a contact with the spirit of Christianity. But for that holy contact I could scarcely have grown into the staunch and sincere Zoroastrian that I am, with a keen appreciation of all that appeals readily to the intelligence, and a reverent curiosity for what appeals to the heart, knowing full well that much of what is mysterious to man is not beneath but beyond the comprehension of a finite being."—*B. M. Malabari.* [From "The Life and Life-work of Behramji M. Malabari," by Dayaram Gidumal, (1888), pp. LVIII-LIX, Biographical Sketch].

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Karachi Career Reviewed*

Karachi old and new—The Sindhi *intelligensia*—Place of the Bania Community—Bombay and Marhatta influences—The *Sindh Sabha*—Hiranand and Dayaram—The Christian Missions—Rev. Bambridge's *Literary Society*—Christianity and Brahmoism—Hiranand and the Brahmo Samaj—Navavidhan and the making of Modern Sindh.

With the sea on the South, the rivers Hub and Lyari and the barren hills on the West and Northwest, the vast sandy tract with the sparse growth of stunted brushwood on the East, the city of Karachi is like an oasis on the fringe of the desert tract. In the decadent days of the Mirs, the old city, as a port, consisted only of a large fishing village, with a cluster of mud cottages and a few buildings tenanted mostly by fishermen and merchants. Walled in on all sides, this city with its two gates, *Mithadar* (freshwater gateway) and *Kharadar* (saltwater gateway), represented what there was of Karachi when it was annexed by the British in

*This chapter is specially *written for this edition* (1932), first to give a background to the Karachi of Hiranand's time and, secondly, to record some new matter received from various sources. We have written about Mr. Dayaram Gidumal himself, for he was very intimately associated with Hiranand in his Karachi career, and the part he played was an indispensable one in the making of Modern Sindh.

1843. From 1843 to 1883,—the period preceding Hiranand's coming to Karachi,—the population had grown from 14,000 to about 75,000. The main thoroughfare, now known as Bunder Road, had only a few buildings on either side. Outside the old city, which had outgrown its walled confines, Rambagh Garrykhatta seemed to have been the chief and growing quarter for respectable Indian citizens. From Suddar —the cantonment quarter—to the old city, the principal landmarks were the Government House (1847), the Frere Hall (1865), the Convent and Grammar Schools, the Civil Hospital (1854), the C. M. S. School (1846), the High School, and the Merewether Tower. To the local Hindus the big freshwater tank, Ramtalao, in Garrykhatta, at the site of the present Rambagh Recreation Ground, was a place of pilgrimage, while the permanent geographical features,—the Clifton Beach, the Manora Island, the Keamari Port and the distant hills with the hot springs of Mangho Pir,—were the greatest attractions of Karachi. In this Karachi, a great and growing centre of commerce, the average level of prosperity was high amongst all classes of people. It was different from Hyderabad and other inland towns as it counted among its citizens a large number of Deccanis, Parsis, Guzeratis,

Borahs, Cutchis, etc., the percentage of people engaged in trade and commerce being pretty high.

In this cosmopolitan city, untrammelled by the tradition of the Hyderabadi Amil aristocracy, there was room for civic, cultural and commercial developments not possible anywhere else in Sindh. The break-up of Hindu Sindh had begun long before the British came. In Mahomedan Sindh, there was not much left of what may be called the Hindu village-community consciousness, and the civic consciousness which brings social and national solidarity was yet to come. The constant internal feuds of the Mirs in their decadent days neither helped in stabilizing the Persian culture of the Mahomedans, nor in spreading the nascent Sindhi culture of the time. But, inspite of the Mahomedans, the religion of Guru Nanak won its way and gave a semblance of solidarity to Hindu Sindh. In the period following the British annexation there was an outcrop of opportunists whose motto, necessarily, came to be each for himself, or each for his clan, coterie or *khan dan*. It did not take very long for the Sindhi Hindu *intelligensia* to transfer their allegiance from the Mir Raj to the British officials. In an atmosphere of cautious patronage on the one

hand, and of servile job-hunting on the other, the pursuit of culture, the cultivation of broader outlook and independent public spirit were wholly absent. Educational and cultural institutions were just beginning to rear their heads about the seventies of the last century. The Mission schools, which were the first of their kind, exercised not a little influence on the young of Karachi. The only library of any worth was the Frere Hall built in 1865, while the Victoria Museum was started the following year. The Karachi Municipality beginning as a Conservancy Board in 1846 remained a purely official affair till 1884, when the Ripon Self-government scheme coming in force caused a civic stir in the city. The Judicial Commissioner and the Small Cause Courts were the means of bringing educated lawyers and the rural litigants together. The Collegiate system of education inaugurated in 1854 could only be availed of by those who could spend a few years in Bombay,—the D. J. Sindh College having been opened in 1887. Bombay loomed large on the horizon of every devotee of learning who had to go there even for his Matriculation Examination. The first Sindhi, who took the degree of B. A. at the Bombay University, was Seth Alumal Tikamdas, a grandson of Seth Naomal Hotchand, the first Sindhi

C. S. I. It is worthwhile considering that the first graduate came from the Bania community and not from the Amils of Hyderabad who boast of an intellectual heritage. The historian of Sindh will have to take into consideration the contribution of Hyderabadi Sindhworkies and of Shikarpuri and other Bania communities. Their courage and achievement in commercial enterprises, and the influence of their purse and munificence have gone a good way towards the making of Modern Sindh.*

*Seth Bhojoomal (after whom his descendants are known to this day as Bhojwani—Bhojwani being now used as a surname) was an enterprising man and became wealthy. His firm had numerous agencies both in Central Asia and in India. Seth Naomal may possibly exaggerate his ancestors' mercantile achievements, but to this day there exist Hindu firms in Shikarpur and Hyderabad who have agencies managed by members of their family as far distant as Bokhara, Samarkand, Moscow, Petrograd and even Cairo and London. In fact, the enterprise and courage of the mild Hindu in prosecuting his business in the wildest parts of Central Asia, despite the tyranny of Moslem rulers and the fury of predatory tribes, has always attracted the admiration of travellers. Therefore, Seth Naomal's account of his family's extensive agencies is by no means to be questioned. Commerce, indeed, in Sindh owed its existence to the Hindus, who used to finance the state, and exercised a great influence over their Mahommedan masters, inspite of those masters often oppressing and always affecting to despise them:—Introduction to "Memories of Seth Naomal Hotchand," pp. 8, 9, by Commissioner James.

Bombay, we said, loomed large before young Sindh. Sindhi undergraduates, during the most impressionable years of their life, came into contact with Parsi enlightenment and munificence and Marhatta cultural and race consciousness. Besides these, the atmosphere of such colleges as the Wilson College and the influence of such personalities as Rev. Dr. Wilson contributed not a little to the enrichment of the character of the young. It was the era not so much of nationalism and politics as of provincial awakening and social reform. Enlightened Hindus in the Western Presidency sought the reformation of Hindu society along the lines of least resistance by setting one scripture-authority against another set of scripture-authority. Personalities like Telang, Ranade and Bhandarkar must have influenced young Sindhis like Dayaram Gidumal, who came to be so intimately associated with illustrious citizens of Bombay like Mr. Malabari in social* and philanthropic activities of all kinds. Institutions like the *Poona Sarvajanik Sabha,* started towards the middle of the seventies and doing solid work, must have set young Sindh to

**Vide* Mr. Dayaram's intimate association with institutions like the Bombay Seva Sadan, Dharampore sanitorium, etc.

think of organising its own cultural and provincial consciousness.

But the position of the Sindhi *intelligensia* was peculiar. The people of other provinces would hardly call the Sindh Hindus as orthodox. In reality they were Sikhs and yet the powerful Khalsa Singhs would never accept them as belonging to the Sikh communion. *Spiritually they belonged to the Punjab, politically (officially) to Bombay, but by choice and inclination to neither.* The educated Sindhis, thrown upon themselves, were yearning for an independent cultural and provincial status which would, at the same time, connect them with the growing all-India consciousness. Out of the mingling of these cross-currents of thought and motives was born the *Sindh Sabha*, a few years before the Congress. It was a "quasi-political association" which served as a safety-valve for the ventilation of views and grievances in newspapers and platforms. In its meetings papers were read, resolutions passed, memorials and farewells prepared for high Government officials, the defects of administration discussed, representation of rural communities and allied interests encouraged, and the brains behind it were the lawyers and not unoften

Government servants. Government, in those days, did not take unkindly to it, nor prohibited its servants from taking part in its activities. The Congress, also, in its earlier years was not taken seriously by the Government. The *Sindh Sabha* translated Mr. Hume's Congress speeches in Sindhi for the people of the province. The Hindus of Sindh and other parts, the Mahomedans, Parsis and Christians were members of this Sabha.* Among others, in the beginning,

*(From "The Sind Gazette," Friday, 21st January, 1887.) Address to H. E. the Governor of Bombay, by the *Sindh Sabha.*

We the committee of the S. S., a public association representing all classes of Her Majesty's subjects in this Province, beg...... The exceptional position (2nd in the Presidency) that Karachi has attained in less than half a century from an obscure village......re (Rajputana Railway) connecting Sindh with Bombay for the expansion of our trade and the advancement of a large and backward district of the Province.

Signed
Oodheram Mulchand,
Jamsetji Nadir,
Fattehchand Atmaram,
Shariff Saleh Mahomed.
E. Cooke,
Eduiji Dinshaw
M. M. Murjbhan,
N. Gupta,
Sahijram Gangadhar,
Dowlatram Jethmal (Secretary).

Messrs Dayaram Jethmal and Dayaram Gidumal were its life and soul, Mr. Dayaram Gidumal keeping himself more or less in the background.*

That this *Sindh Sabha* chose Hiranand as its nominee and the editor of its organ, "The Sindh Times," must have been due entirely to the efforts of his friend and biographer, Dayaram. He it was who, himself handicapped owing to his being in Government Service, wanted somebody to work wholeheartedly and independently, like a missionary, for the promotion of public spirit and provincial solidarity. And while the friends and well-wishers of Hiranand wanted him to take to some Government job, it was Mr. Dayaram who started the young Sindhi Brahmo on his Karachi career. Not content merely with starting Hiranand in

*The College that was founded at Karachi in 1887 owes its existence to the untiring energy and ceaseless efforts of Dayaram Gidumal......In 1887 the college was opened at Karachi by Lord Reay, Governor of Bombay and an educationist of high repute, in a house belonging to the late Mr. Shivandas Chandumal, Deputy Collector......I wonder how many students of the Dayaram Jethmal College are aware that but for Dayaram Gidumal there would probably be no college in Sind up to the present day......While he (Dayaram) worked and helped and found the money others got the kudos and the fanfare of the trumpets, and Dayaram was perfectly content.—"Sind in the Eightees," N. Gupta, (Modern Review, Sept., 1926).

his new career, he helped him more than anybody else in his journalistic work. A versatile scholar, a facile and prolific writer, Mr. Dayaram found time after his office hours to write editorials and paragraphs for the bi-weekly,* arrange discussion groups of prominent people in his own Bungalow, where he had brought Hiranand to live with him, and smoothed matters so that Hiranand found himself in a congenial atmosphere. The work of editorship was later shared by Mr. N. Gupta of Bengal, Hiranand giving more time to the *Sindh Sudhar*. Mr. Dayaram knew very well that Hiranand was new not only to the journalistic work but to conditions existing in Sindh and Bombay, having spent a good many years in Bengal. Charitable and generous to a fault, well-posted in the latest literature and movements, in touch with Government officials and their views and methods of work, and keenly

*The only copy of the *Sindh Times* that we have found is dated Friday, July 11, 1884. It has two leading articles, one on "The Khoja succession Bill" and the other on "The Oldest Native Government Official in the Province,"—Munshi Rewachand Lalvani, —both articles bearing the stamp of Dayaram Gidumal's penmanship. There is an interesting announcement of a general meeting of the Sindh branch of the Mahomedan National Association in which Mr. Fatehally Shaikh Ahmed was elected a vice-president, and Mr. Faiz Mahomed Fatehally, a Joint Secretary of the above branch.

alive to the growing provincial and national consciousness, Mr. Dayaram's presence in Karachi at that time was providential. Neither Hiranand nor the *Sindh Times* could do without him. And without Hiranand the *Sindh Times* group could not have that moral and spiritual tone which his personality imparted to it.

Those were fateful years for Sindh. The cleavage between Hindus and Mahomedans which now, after half a century, is taking an organised form, was just beginning to make itself felt in this province. The *Sindh Sabha* which had begun as a *Sabha* for Hindus as well as Mahomedans and other people, could not keep up its representative character very long. The Ripon-Dufferin period saw the birth of the cleavage. The meeting organised by the *Sindh Sabha,* in Oct., 1884, for presenting a farewell address to Lord Ripon and presided over by Mr. Hassan Ali may be said to be the beginning of the separatist movement. Round the *Sindh Madrassah,* started in 1885, under the auspices of the Sindh branch of the National Mahomedan Association, the separatist feeling gathered strength and volume, and when with the death of Mr. Dayaram Jethmal the *Sindh Sabha* practically ceased and the *Sindh Hindu*

Sabha came into being, the cleavage was, institutionally, complete. We do not know how much Hiranand's intercommunal faith and example contributed towards keeping the Hindu and Mahomedan elements together, but there is no doubt that without the *Sindh Times* and the *Sindh Sudhar*, with which Hiranand at this time was intimately associated, the *Sindh Sabha* could not have kept up its representative character. Many strands,—Hindu, Mahomedan, Parsi, and Christian, have gone into the making of Modern Sindh, but here in the *Sindh Times* group they all met, and in some subtle, unaccountable way the retiring yet resolute young Hiranand was as its moral and spiritual backbone.*

In these days of aggressive nationalism, it is the fashion in certain quarters to decry everything Western as materialistic and ruinous to India. We

*Hiranand was not highly intellectual, but as a man of character I have met very few who can be compared with him. Although married and the father of three children, he was in spirit essentially a *sannyasin*, with marvellous self-discipline and self-control. He spent long hours in silent communion, while in conversation his simplicity was that of a child. Hiranand was barely thirty years of age when he passed away but he has left a deathless memory in Sindh:—Mr. N. Gupta, in his "Sindh in the Eightees," in the Modern Review, August, 1926, p. 156.

may decry as much as we please, but to disown that which is true, that which has become a part and parcel of history, is nothing short of moral cowardice. The part played by Christian missions and missionaries, especially through educational and medical agencies, has been invaluable and indispensable. We may denounce Christian bigotry and its zeal for proselytization, we may deplore the denationalization of Indian Christians and the anglicization of our *intelligensia,* but we must acknowledge with gratitude the pioneer work done in towns and hamlets through Christian schools, medical and zenana missions, and the personal influence of Christ-like characters on men and women—even of the depressed classes,—all making for the regeneration of the country. A Dall and a David Hare in Bengal, a Hume and a Wilson in Bombay, a Thoburn in the United Provinces, a Booth Tucker in the Punjab and a Holmestead and a Gordon in Hyderabad, Sindh, are names to conjure with even amongst the most orthodox Hindus.

The Church Missionary Society (C. M. S.) was started with an English school for boys at Karachi about the middle of the last century. This was later followed by Sindhi, Guzerati and Marhatti schools for

girls, the Zenana Mission for visiting families, teaching ladies needle work and knitting, and for spreading the knowledge of sanitation and child-rearing. Hiranand's Karachi career coincided with a particularly brilliant period of the C. M. S. mission activities. Rev. Bambridge, who was then at the head, was instrumental in starting a "Literary Society" (Aug., 1885) for English speaking educated Indians, which held its meetings at the Max Denso Hall. In the C. M. S. Report of 1886 we find :—"At the meetings of this Society held on Wednesday evenings both Europeans and Indians meet on common ground, the object of the Society being the intellectual and moral improvement of its members." The report gives a list of members of whom 74 are Europeans and 207 Indians. The first four names in the list of educated Indians are (1) Dayaram Gidumal, (2) Kauramal Chandanmal, (3) Shivandas Chandumal and (4) Hiranand Showkiram. The six graduates among the Indians are Dayaram Gidumal, Hiranand Showkiram, Alumal Tikamdas, Khimjiani, Umroodin (M. A.) and Harchandrai Vishindas. The largest number is that of Sindh Hindus, next come the Parsis, then Mahomedans and other provincial Hindus. The subjects discussed are as numerous and varied as can

be. In some of the preliminary sittings readings used to be given, among others, by Hiranand Showkiram, Kauramal Chandanmal and Dayaram Gidumal. It was in one of these meetings that Dr. Pollen, Asstt. Commissioner, while introducing his subject, referred to Mr. Dayaram Gidumal as "one of the most clear-headed, most gifted and pre-eminent of your fellow citizens." In the lectures on the prevention of child-marriage and the re-marriage of widows, a practical turn was given to the proceedings by moving a resolution congratulating Mr. Malabari for his services in social reforms of this kind. On another occasion when Mr. J. Waller opened the discussion on "Trades" and Mr. Dayaram Gidumal on "Professions", a show of hands gained the largest number of votes on professions. While the *Literary Society* stirred up a keen intellectual and practical spirit among the English speaking citizens, the lectures on comparative religion by Rev. Bambridge led to a revival of religious and theological studies in certain quarters. "The Sindh Times," the organ of the *Sindh Sabha,* used to publish a good many of the lectures given as well as the lively comments sent by various correspondents, Indian and European. In an editorial of October 9, 1886, the "Sindh Times" referring to the highly useful

and interesting program of the Society, congratulates Rev. Bambridge "for his commendable activity to create among the educated men of Sindh a taste for literary pursuits," and wishes "God-speed to the Literary Society of which he is the life and soul." Side by side with all this the intercommunal consciousness received a quickening through the "At Homes" given by Rev. Bambridge to groups of people of the various communities—Hindus, Mahomedans, Parsis and Brahmos. They were the first of their kind in Karachi, and must have brought about a quickening of civic and intercommunal consciousness at that time.

Of the attitude of the missionaries themselves towards the Hindus and Moslems we find it stated thus in the reports:—(1886) "The Hindus in Karachi are as a rule indifferent to religious matters. They are well-off, well-fed and are absorbed in business." (1888) "It is the common boast of the Sindhis that Christianity is unable to touch or turn them; and the Mahomedans of Sindh are bigoted."* A visiting Missionary from the Punjab, Rev. R. Clarke, writes:

*"Our message is not so welcome. The Mahomedans are very bigoted, the Hindus indifferent, and absorbed in money making......Only the outcastes and common people are the most ready to hear......" 1895 Report.

(1889)—"The intellectual and mercantile activity of the people is far in advance of us in the Punjab. The relation of the Mission with the European and Native residents is excellent."

As regards the Brahmos and Brahmoism we find it stated first that there is only "one real Brahmo" in Karachi (referring to Hiranand), and there is added another name (referring to Mr. Kauramal Chandanmal, then in Karachi). "Brahmoism," it observes, "resting as it does upon the basis of intuition, has and can have no lasting foundation and will, unless it accept Christianity like many Hindu reformed sects which have preceded it, either relapse into Hinduism or be forced to accept materialism in one of its various phases."*

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*Intuition, as interpreted by Keshub Chunder Sen, is *Revelation*, at once direct and immediate, personal and universal, progressive and cumulative, and is the only lasting foundation. All other foundations on *traditions* of infallible, final authority like the Bible and Quoran or incarnation and *guru* (master) are also based on Intuition or Revelation *in the past*. And what is more, all recognition and acceptance of revelation in others (living or dead) depends again on intuition in the individual who is accepting.

Islam and Christianity have both introduced this emphasis on tradition into India, and insisted on this faith in a final, exclusive and infallible tradition. All the modern Hindu Revival Movements

The question that comes to us is: "What was Hiranand's attitude to Christian missionaries and missions?" The *Sindh Sabha* and the *Sindh Times* expected him to act as the spokesman of Sindh, especially of educated Hindu Sindh, Hiranand's Calcutta training and Brahmo principles constrained him to act as an all-India patriot and as a missionary of the New Dispensation (Navavidhan) among Guru

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have fought and still fight Islam and Christianity with their own weapons, that is. by accepting some particular tradition or person as the final, exclusive and infallible authority. Thus do we find introduced in Modern India the exotic belief in an infallible Veda, Vedanta, Purana or *Guru*. This is foreign to the time-honoured Hindu religious consciousness, and a new but very partial and inadequate emphasis. In fighting Islam and Christianity the Hindu Revival Movements, while apparently remaining Hindu, have, in reality, become in this respect Islamized and Christianized,—that is, in a way un-Hinduised. Only the faith of the Brahmo Samaj,—the *Navavidhan*,—has escaped this denationalization, as the Navavidhan, perceiving the true meaning and recognizing the value of tradition, has not made any *one* tradition displace others but placed all traditions on the basis of intuition. The apprehensions of the critic, therefore, do not perturb the believer in the Navavidhan.

The Brahmo Samaj neither became anti-Christian like the other Indian religious revivals, nor was converted to Christianity like many non-Brahmin or anti-Brahmin Hindu communities. So far as the educated classes are concerned, it was the Brahmo Samaj which effectively stopped all conversions to Christianity.

Nanak's spiritual children. Soon after taking up the editorship, we find Hiranand writing the following letter to Rev. Bambridge.—

"Karachi, 25th June, 1884.

From

The Editor,

"Sindh Times"

To Rev. J. M. Bambridge.

DEAR SIR,

I learn from a friend that you desire to contribute occasionally to our paper. It gives me the greatest pleasure to inform you that the columns of our paper will always be open to you for any contribution you may be pleased to send regarding moral, political or social subjects.

Yours truly,

HIRANAND ADVANI."

This invitation came as a surprise to Rev. Bambridge who gladly accepted it for publicity work in connection with religious meetings and the "Literary Society," though there was another Anglo-Indian paper in the town. The surprise deepened into admiration

when, sometime later, referring to a statement on Christ in a lecture given by an educated Hindu, "The Brahmo Samajist" editor is found, by Rev. Bambridge, to make the following interesting comments in the *"Sindh Times"*

"Is this Hindu singular in entertaining such profound reverence for Jesus Christ? Such utterances will be echoed by many more. We draw the attention of Christian missionaries to this. Let there be no misunderstanding between the educated Hindus and the messengers of Christ in this country. Christ is respected, honoured and loved in this land. Much misunderstanding may be removed and the work of the Evangelists rendered smooth if they were to bear this fact in mind." (Quoted in the C. M. S. Annual Report, 1887).

In this connection the testimony of the Bishop of Lahore visiting Sindh is important as representing the peculiar position held by Navavidhan.

"I was much interested in the same afternoon (16th Sept., 1886) by a call from two ***Brahma Samaj missionaries*** who surprised me by the unqualified and

explicit assurance with which they confessed their faith in the Divinity* of the Lord Jesus Christ as of one and the same nature with the Father from all eternity. A little questioning, however, *showed that their notion of Divinity embraced......more and other than the persons of the ever Blessed Trinity!"* [The Italics are ours]

As for the Brahmo Samaj itself what there was of it was embodied in Hiranand who was the life and soul of the group, then known as "Prarthana Samajists." In an "At Home" given by Rev. Bambridge to "Brahmo Samajists," we find the names of the following members furnished by Hiranand :—

1. Goverdhandas Damodardas Pamani, Esq., H. J. Rustomji Office, Camp. 2. Jhamanmal Mohandas, Esq., G. P. Office. 3. Watumal Chainrai, Esq., H. Clerk, Bunder (City) Station. 4. Rajanna Sayana, Esq., Municipal Office. 5. Parsram, Esq., Commissioner's Office. 6. Awaitrai, Esq., Accountant, S. P. O. Railway. 7. Hashmatrai Verhomal Esq. 8. Valjee

***Divinity* as contrasted with *Deity*. The Brahmo Missionaries meant divinity not deity; to the Christian divinity and deity mean the same thing.

Umarsi, Esq. 9. Gidumal Santdas. 10. Versimal. 11. Narumal.

These Prarthana Samajists, most of whom still retained their connection with Hindu orthodoxy, were ministered to by young Hiranand. Sindh, especially Karachi, was far away from Bengal, the home of Brahmoism. The Railway communication having been established later, Brahmo Missionaries visited Hyderabad and Karachi at rare intervals and for a brief sojourn. The seed sown by Navalrai was watered by Hiranand who never let his editorial preoccupations interfere with his pastoral ministrations. One is inclined to question, 'What led Hiranand to consecrate himself to the service of this obscure congregation, and later on, to buy a plot of land on which to build the Brahmo Samaj Mandir?' And, yet, looking back to it, to-day, we see the hand of Providence in it. We referred before to the first four names appearing casually in the list of the Indian members of the "Literary Society." That which was a casual thing strikes us as a curious coincidence. These four,—Dayaram Gidumal, Kauramal Chandanmal, Shivandas Chandumal and Hiranand Showkiram,—did they know or dream, then, that in God's inscrutable hands they

would be linked together in the bond of a common service? It seems like a miracle how each one of them was pressed into the service of the New Dispensation (Navavidhan), into the making of Modern Sindh! In 1888, Mr. Dayaram Gidumal wrote a life of Malabari, in which the Dedication has the following significant wording: *"To The Memory of Ram Mohan Roy, Dayanand Saraswati, and Keshub Chunder Sen, this Book is reverently dedicated."* Did Mr. Dayaram know that he will be chosen by Providence to write the life-story of the Brahmo young Sindhi, not long after in 1903, and hail him as his hero and Guru?* Mr. Kauramal Chandanmal, one of the makers of modern Sindhi literature, and one of the foremost Social Reformers,† worked long and unweariedly to make the literature of the New Dispensation (Navavidhan) accessible to Sindhis. Mr. Shivandas Chandumal, of Thatta, a Government official in Karachi,—did he ever dream that his widowed wife would embrace the *Navavidhan* in her

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About fifteen years after the death of Hiranand, Mr. Dayaram, in the course of a conversation with Dr. Harnam Das, of Kamalia, exclaimed—"Hiranand is my guru."*

†President, First Sindh Social Conference, 1908; President Indian National Social Conference, 1913. Speaking at the National Social Conference, 1913, he said:—"The immediate work before

advanced years, help in the translation and publication of *Navavidhan* literature and hymnal, and become the pioneer for the propagation of the New Faith among the men and women-folk around her?

Who could have ever dreamt of these unforeseen developments from the tiny seed of the eightees in

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us is that of *emancipation*: emancipation of ourselves from the fetters of castes and anti-castes, of our women from the fetters of ignorance, superstition and prejudice, of the widows from their enforced widowhood, of the depressed classes from their many disabilities and their main curse which is 'untouchableness,' of children, boys and girls of tender age from the degenerating effects of early marriage, and of minor girls from the hands of abandoned people....................

"The questions of social reform are not merely questions of national or racial temperament to be solved according to our sweet will, but are at bottom questions of eternal justice and injustice, righteousness and unrighteousness, *dharma* and *adharma*...........It is this ancient consciousness of *dharma* that must be revived to-day, at this very moment, in all of us, and in the life of the nation, and once this is done properly, all these political, social and industrial problems will be solved in no time...........The caste-system which like a deep-seated cancer is eating up the very life-blood of the Hindoo society is the greatest curse of the nation. It has broken up the Hindoo society in thousands of pieces, each piece cribbed, cabined and confined most completely in a perfect blood-tight compartment...........Politically, socially and religiously it is this institution that has been till now the most prejudicial to the best interests of the country."

Karachi? In a city which was laid with a view to make it, predominantly, a military station, as the names *Ranchore Lines* and *Artillery Maidan* in the 'civil' quarters indicate, and where the Municipality and the Police remained official and military for a very long period, the idea of a 'civil' station or township took time to grow. The contribution of European energy and initiative, confined as it was to military and commercial ends,—*that is, towards control and exploitation*—could not and did not tend towards the promotion of the spirit of *indigenous civic idealism,* while the average educated Parsi and the Portugese (Goanese), also, stood apart from the main current of Indian life and thought. As for the Brahmin and other Kshatriya and Vaishya communities, Sindhi and non-Sindhi, fairly prosperous as most of them seemed to be, they were too conservative and parochial to think of the larger life of the province or the country. The Mahomedans who formed the major part of the population of the province but not necessarily of Karachi, being largely Sunnis, were, with few exceptions, too uneducated and communal to be able to contribute to the larger life of that growing, complex mass-life, called Karachi. Thus is it that the inter-communal national idealism of the young man of

Navavidhan,* Hiranand Showkiram Advani, served as a leaven not only towards the leavening of the *Sindh Times* group and Karachi, but towards the making of a New Sindh!

*Navavidhan means New (*Nava*) Dispensation (Vidhan), the faith of the Brahmo Samaj which seeks to bring about the reconciliation of races and religions, cultures and prophets. Rev. Bhai P. C. Mozoomdar, one of its interpreters, thus speaks of it in his book, "The Faith and Principles of the Brahmo Somaj":—"The religion of the Brahmo Somaj, though not yet complete, nay though yet at its very commencement, is a divine dispensation of truth, in the same sense as other great religions of the world have been. We deliberately announce it as a Dispensation, as The New Dispensation."

CHAPTER IX

THE MAKING OF MODERN SINDH (1887-9

"Cities are the schools of nationality, even as a nation is made up of all its citizens. It is in the service of the small unit that the power to become a critical factor in the larger is for the most part won; by that knighthood which is the guerdon of civic contest that souls fearless and unstained are selected for the leading of a nation's advance......To Indian hearts, Hindu and Muhamadan alike, high caste and lowly born, woman and man, there will be no symbol so holy as, firstly, their motherland, and secondly, their city. The civic life will offer a conception as clear as that of family and home,......will seem not less precious than that of *Jati* and *Samaj*."—Sister Nivedita.

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"If it should happen that in future, as seems not unlikely, the whole of the Congress machinery should fall into the hand of the social reformers, then the Congress may become a body that demands serious consideration; for it will be the centre round which will gather all the forces now making for the disintegration of Indian society......Every step that is taken towards social unity in India must add to the difficulties of Government. The British in India may not have consciously acted on the Roman principle of "divide and rule," but the fact that divisions did exist certainly helped very largely towards ensuring orderly administration. Hitherto all propaganda in India have been killed by caste divisions and racial animosities, but when the divisions and animosities have gone there will be room for crusades on a most gigantic scale, some of which may take directions which will tax every energy of the Government to control. Even what seems on the surface a beneficial enterprise may have its dangers when eagerly embraced by 315 millions of people."—The "Englishman," on the Karachi Congress, 1913.

Hyderabad Apostolate

Women's Hospital and Girls' School—The Poor—Sindhi Literature—Congress and Politics—Social Reform—Union Academy and The Apostolate—Intermarriage—Motiram in England—Hiranand in the Marhatta Country—Kindergarten and Convent Schools—Education Society—Social Reform Association—Temperance Association—*Saraswati* and *Sudhar Patrika*—Three Hyderabad sensations—Letters on House-tax, etc.—A Blind girl—Cholera Epidemic—Tour in N. India—Academy 'Prize' and Report.

Sometime before Hiranand's departure from Karachi, Navalrai had succeeded in starting a fund to establish a Hospital for Women at Hyderabad, Sindh. On March 30, 1886, Lord Reay had presided at a Town Hall meeting in Bombay, at which a resolution had been passed to form a local branch of the National Association, started by Lady Dufferin, for the supply of female medical aid to the women of India. On September 18, 1886, the foundation of the Victoria Hospital at Madras for *Gosha* women had been laid, and on November 9, 1886, a Dufferin Hospital had been opened at Baroda by the Viceroy, Lord Dufferin. On January 1, 1887, Lady Dufferin had issued her appeal on behalf of the National Association, and, on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee, celebrated throughout India on February 16, 1887, various funds

had been started for benevolent purposes. All these examples had had their effect on the public mind in Sindh and Navalrai was able not only to collect a fund for the building, but to persuade the Municipality, on November 22, 1887, to pass the following resolution:—

"That if the subscribers to the Countess of Dufferin's Fund will agree to the following:— (1) Build a Dispensary, and, hereafter, if it is thought desirable, a lying-in-ward. (2) Invest a sum not less than Rs. 7,000 in Government Securities for payment of stipends to Native Dais. (3) Form a Committee to administer the Dispensary affairs one of which to be a member of the Municipality.

The Municipality on its part will grant:—

(1) The site for building the Dispensary and the Lady Doctor's quarters, below Shewak's house once occupied by Dr. Holmested and between the Bilawal Khizmatgar Incline and Station Incline. (2) Pay the expenses of building the Lady Doctor's quarters, the estimate for which is Rs. 3,000. (3) Place the services of the Lady Doctor at the disposal of the Committee. (4) Allot a sum of Rs. 500 for the purchase of medicines and instruments to start the Dispensary."

Hyderabad Apostolate

The Executive Committee, under the Rules of the Association, was to consist of one nominee of the Hyderabad Municipality, one of the Hyderabad District Local Board, one of the Life Members of the Association, one of the ordinary members, besides the Collector, the Judge and the Civil Surgeon.* But the Honorary Secretary had to convene the meetings, to keep the general accounts and to do a great deal of very responsible and delicate work. Hiranand was the first Honorary Secretary, and he held the post till his death.

The first and best of all the Lady Doctors Hyderabad has had was Miss Ellaby, and, in December, 1887, Hiranand wrote to his brother at Calcutta :—

> "I have now in a manner settled down at Hyderabad, and am assisting the new Lady Doctor in her work of administering and popularising English medicines."............ 'The Lady Doctor has made a good start. I assist her as interpreter."

He organized a *Dais'* class in order that they might be trained in midwifery. He had resigned the Editorship in order to devote himself thoroughly to

*The constitution was altered in 1894.

medical study and medical work, and he now had sufficient time for these purposes. He also became the right hand of Navalrai, and looked not only after the Women's Hospital but the Girls' School.

Between March and May, 1887, Hiranand and Mirza Kalich Beg (who was then on sick leave and was putting up with Dr. Mirza) and one or two others had studied the lower strata of the Karachi population, and visited, in disguise, not only the haunts of the poor, but also opium-dens, *chandukhanas,* and even the quarters of women of ill-fame. Hiranand had thus familiarised himself with many a saddening scene. He had now, thanks to Navalrai's guidance, and his own connection with the Women's Hospital and the Girls' School, unique opportunities of knowing the poor at Hyderabad and realizing the needs of the gentler sex. He and his eldest brother looked upon all they had as a holy trust for the benefit of their brothers and sisters, and there are allusions in several of the following letters to the subject:

"*3rd January, 1888.*

MY DEAR MOTI,

Your Christmas presents for me and the Baby have come in good time. The coat seems

to have been made from the spare shirt. I have come from Karachi to-day where I had gone to enjoy the Anniversary.........Nothing is settled about Gupta. We shall try our best to keep him in Sindh. I should like to see your English translation of Lachman Chunder Panda's Confessions. He has got some talents in him to attract people, though spiritually he did not seem to be far advanced. I expect that you would begin the year with hard and close study. Read and mentally digest as much as you can. We are all doing well.

Yours,

HIRANAND."

* * *

"MY DEAR MOTI,

I am generally against spending money on feasts and entertainments. I wish that the money intended for the purpose may be much better employed in diffusing the light of truth and knowledge and helping the poor. But, in the present case, you may do as you think fit.

Your answer to Kanty Babu is, I think, a proper one. You should first study the N. D.* before you publicly embrace it. What is the

*"New Dispensation"

good of avowing what you have not yet felt or perceived? I devoutly wish that you should grasp the spirit and the truth of the N. D. But the right way to do it is to humbly learn, master, and compare and feel the force and strength of the doctrines and principles, before you can openly confess them. Baladeva, I am sure, will help you much in this. Besides Keshub Babu's English works you should read his sermons in Bengali. They contain many precious jewels which you will not find in his English lectures. Are you attending Law lectures? You should give me now and then some account of your studies, friends and professors.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND.

January 21, 1888."

*   *   *

"*1st April, 1888.*

MY DEAR MOTI,

I hope this would reach you before your departure homeward.........Kaka has gone to see Quetta, availing himself of the Easter Holidays, and will be back to-morrow. Gupta Babu has come with his family here and put up at ours. He will soon go out into the mofussil, without

his family, to get subscriptions and advertise ments for his new paper to be started in May.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

* * *

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

I am very glad that you have resolved, before it is too late, to rigidly practise habits of economy and frugality. Extravagance is the bane and ruin of the life of many persons, and you should take great care never to fall into it again. Never mind what the others may think or say, but you should carry out your resolve most religiously.

Abdul Majid is very fortunate. But what is the State Scholarship? Is it a University Scholarship? It did not exist in my time. Abdul Majid's departure would be a loss to you. A companion in study is always an advantage. You might arrange to study together with another congenial companion after he is gone.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

At Hiranand's suggestion, Dr. Mirza had commenced to write a book, in Sindhi, comparing Western

Medical Science with the Unani System, and Mirza Kalich Beg, who had spent his privilege leave from July to October, 1886, and, later, his sick leave from March to May, 1887, at Karachi, spoke of the vivid interest taken by him in the advancement of Sindhi literature. Mirza Kalich Beg and Hiranand had read together, carefully, portions of the Masnavi of Jallaluddin Rumi, and Diwan Hafiz, and Darwin's Origin of Species. The following letter from Mirza Kalich Beg—who, by regularly working half an hour at least every day, has enriched Sindhi literature with more than a hundred books—is not a little interesting:

"*Warah, 16th May, 1888.*

MY DEAR MR. HIRANAND,

I do not commence with the usual white lies of not writing on account of being extremely busy or unwell. I did not write to you so long because you did not write. Let me hope you are as happy as ever, poring over Anatomical and Physiological diagrams or considering psychological novelties of the New Dispensation. For myself, I am drudging on in the old style. If life lasts for a fortnight more, I hope to see you there (at Hyderabad), as my six months' leave is sanctioned.

Hyderabad Apostolate

After I wrote last to you, I have been spending my leisure hours very usefully, Ithink. After writing those three books, "Dilaram," "Khurshed" and the "Life of Shah," which I had sent to you for perusal, I translated the Life of Shah in Sindhi; then translated Lady Fawcett's Political Economy, as desired by the Educational Inspector in Sindh; also Washington Irving's Life of Mahomet, and Bishop Butler's Three Sermons on Human Nature with preface. I have sent the last two books to my brother, Mr. S. F. Mirza, and have asked him to send you the sermons. Please go over them and let me have your opinion. You are a man of God, and so must be understanding the subject better than men of the world, like ourselves, who are taught in colleges. I hope you will find it a good text-book of moral philosophy for our Sindh College and higher classes of Schools.

I must conclude now with kind regards, or, as the petition writers put it, praying for your long life and prosperity.

Yours sincerely.
K. F. Mirza,

Regards to Mr. Navalrai and other friends."

Hiranand—The Soul of Sindh

Hiranand was never a keen politician; but he admired Mr. Hume's labours, and the following letters from the Father of the Congress made him work on behalf of the Congress. They were sent to him by Mr. Harchandrai to whom the first was addressed.

"*Simla, 28th August, 1888.*

MY DEAR SIR,

A mutual friend writes to me that I may entirely rely on you and Messrs. Tahilram Khemchand and Hiranand Khemsing as men earnestly anxious to help, so far as in you lies, the cause of India. This being so, I think we ought to know each other, and, therefore, as a fellow-labourer in that same cause, introduce myself to you without hesitation. There is a Standing Congress Committee at Karachi, and Gupta is, I understand, the Secretary, but he is a very busy man, and he is unable to keep me informed of what is going on. He did write to me, the other day, about the £10 which I want Karachi to send home to Dadabhai Navroji as a contribution towards the current year's English expenses. But if I am to do my duty as General Secretary, each Standing Committee ought to report to me, monthly, as to the progress made in completing the organization and in educating

the more intelligent classes of the community in political and Congress matters. At present I know nothing of Sindh. Next spring, please God, I will visit the Province. In the meantime I have no idea what, if anything, has been done; and it is not merely this, but, unless standing Committees do monthly take stock of their work, very little is done. This monthly stock-taking is a great incentive to steady and systematic effort.

Now I want you to see Gupta, and if you are not on the Standing Congress Committee to get yourself put on it, and I want you to get from him a copy of my printed "suggestions for Standing Congress Committees," several copies of which were sent to him last April, and also of my confidential Circular of the 1st of August, and study these—and then in concert with him and other friends to let me know exactly how matters now stand in Sindh, and what has been done. And then, if thus far no vigorous efforts have been made, to make them. Of course you will consult Mr. Oodharam Moolchand; but I have not worried him with letters because I know how terribly he has felt the loss of our good and honoured Dayaram Jethmal. I believe that several gentlemen are friendly to the cause, but there needs must be some younger men to work,

and I hope that you three, whom our friend so specially relies on, may all be able to put your shoulders to the wheel, in real earnest, and aided by the influence and counsels of other friends who really favour the cause, effect something substantial towards the regeneration of your backward province. If you will do this, you will deserve as well of Sindh as the three Romans did, who stood at the bridge head "in the brave days of old."

Now it is impossible for me to write to you all at present. But will you show this letter to them and ask them to consider it as addressed to all three of you by your and their sincere friend.

A. O. HUME."

* * *

"ROTHNEY CASTLE,

Simla, 10th September, 1888.

MY DEAR Friends,

Tho' I am not known to you personally, you will remember me as having recently written to Mr. Harchandrai Vishindas a letter about our Congress, intended equally for you, him and Mr. Hiranand Khemsing of Hyderabad.

I have nothing now to add to what I then said, but I have thought it would help you to

realize what I want you to do, if I let you see what they are doing in one of the other small backward provinces. So I send you the last report from the Berars, where, really, they had, so to say, scarcely heard of the Congress, until I visited the place, last April. Now, this concise report shows both what I want you to get done in your province and the kind of brief monthly reports I desire to receive from you. When you have all read it, and it will only take you a few minutes each, please, one of you, return it to me, as I file all these reports. You in Sindh are really better placed than they were in Berar. Yet they are working like men. Whereas, I much fear, that in Sindh, there has been next to no real work.

Of course, those who don't work, can always frame excellent excuses for their apathetic attitude, but the fact is, "where there is a *will*, there is a way," and these excuses carry no weight with me, and they do not even satisfy the *consciences* of those who make them.

But at any rate from you three, I shall not get excuses—but work, and in the sure and blessed conviction of this fact,

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

A. O. HUME."

Thus, his time, at Hyderabad, was spent in medical study and in attending to his multifarious duties in connection with the Women's Hospital, the Shaukiram and Chandumal Girl's School, Vernacular Literature, and the Congress. He also infused new life into the Brahmo Samaj, and helped Navalrai in the latter's arduous work as a social reformer. Navalrai and another, whom he looked upon as a brother, had done their best to study the question of social reform, and Hiranand, after he was free from editoral work, took more interest in that subject than in politics. He was never fond of criticism, and was anxious to do some constructive work. His community, the Amils, plumed themselves upon their education, and it was a fact that there was hardly a single male adult among them who was illiterate, and even a large number of their women could read and write in Gurumukhi, the character used in the Granth of the Sikh Gurus. But, on account of this very fact of their being a go-ahead community, the old social sanction of excommunication had fallen into disuse, and even Diwan Shaukiram and Munshi Awatrai, the honoured heads of the caste, had found it difficult to enforce a moderate scale of marriage and other social expenses.

The burden of such expenses fell on the parents of girls, and efforts had been made from time to time to effect a reduction. The failure of these efforts induced the well-wishers of the community to seek a more efficacious sanction. It was thought that if the power of enforcing pecuniary penalties for breach of their rules could be conferred on Social Reform Associations, they could put a stop to many an evil. There was a section in Act XXI of 1860, which enabled certain societies to recover such penalties, but Social Reform Associations were not within the purview of that Act. Mr. Erskine was approached on the subject by the Social Reform Association, which had been started at Hyderabad, Sindh, and he very kindly backed up their memorial praying for the amendment of Sec. 20 of the said Act by the addition of the words "social reform." The Local Government supported his recommendation in a letter dated 29-1-86 to the Supreme Government, but that Government in their letter No. 1628, dated 8-10-86, sent the following reply :—

"In reply I am to say that, on a recent examination of the provisions of Act XXI of 1860, it was found that they were defective in many respects, and that, if the Act is to be

amended, it will probably require to be thoroughly examined and extensively altered. For such an extensive revision the present time is not opportune. I am, however, to point out that a more convenient mode of incorporating public bodies has since been provided by Section 26 of the Indian Companies Act VI of 1882, and that numerous clubs and other societies formed for objects, not unlike those contemplated by the Social Reform Association of Sindh, have been incorporated under the corresponding section of the English Companies Act. I am accordingly to suggest, for the consideration of His Excellency the Governor of Bombay in Council, whether the provisions of the Indian Companies Act VI of 1882 might not be made available in the present case, the necessity for the amendment of Act XXI of 1860 being thus avoided.''

The section referred to (corresponding to section 23 of 30 and 31 Vict. c. 131) left it to Local Governments to license the incorporation of associations formed "not for profit" but to carry out a "useful object," and, on incorporation, such associations had practically the same rights and responsibilities as companies, and could, therefore, recover penalties for violation of their articles. The Association resolved to act in

accordance with the suggestion made by the Government of India, and a petition was, therefore, sent to the Local Government for a license. But, as there was no precedent to guide that Government, it became necessary to find out what practice was followed in England under the corresponding section of the English Act, and, after this information was obtained by the Legal Remembrancer, he sent a draft Memorandum of Association embodying conditions usually inserted in such documents in England, and further time was spent in correspondence as to the drafting of the memorandum and articles of Association. It was not until the 15th August, 1888, that the necessary license was issued. The Association was registered, after further correspondence, by the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, on the 8th November, 1888. The delay had damped the ardour of some reformers, but not that of Navalrai and his brothers.

Social reform was, however, not the only subject which was taken up by them. Navalrai had been in the habit of lecturing to schoolboys in the Government High School, and, in 1885, he had founded three annual prizes, out of a small saving of Rs. 800, to promote *brahmacharya and morality*. The interest

of Rs. 700, (Rs. 500 allotted to the Government High School and Rs. 200 to the Church Mission High School) was to be given to the student who should cut the best figure in English at the Matriculation examination, provided he was unbetrothed and over 16 years of age; and the interest of Rs. 100 was to be given to any student whom the Headmaster, Government High School, should select as "truth-speaking and truth-loving." The last prize was appropriately called after Hiranand by his loving brother.* But it was felt that the mere foundation of prizes was not enough. It was absolutely necessary to have perfect freedom to impart moral training to the rising generation and to promote social reform, and such freedom was possible only in a private institution—not in a Government High School. It was also found that Sanskrit had been wholly neglected in the Government High School, and that, without the help of Sanskrit, it was hardly possible to enrich the Vernacular, or to improve the Sindhi literature.

Navalrai and another, therefore, placed their pecuniary resources at the disposal of Hiranand who,

*The securities have since been formally handed over to the Treasurer of Charitable Endowments.

they knew, could worthily teach both by example and precept; and it was determined, in July, 1888, to start a school which should devote special attention to moral training and the *study of Sanskrit,* and should give an all-round education. Hiranand wrote to Bhavani, who was fond of Sanskrit and was a model young man, to help in the good work; and he also induced Keshub's nephew, Bhulo, to join him in what he considered a holy mission. The union of the three friends led them to call the institution "Union Academy," and all the details were matured in September, 1888. The trio were joined by an enthusiastic disciple of Navalrai,—a young man of a very religious turn of mind and of rare strength of character,—Mr. Pribhdas, who gave up a Government post in the Public Works Department and his certain prospects of promotion, in order to become their co-worker. On the 28th October, 1888, the Academy was started in a roomy, hired building.

Shortly after the Union Academy commenced work with a few boys, Motiram had to appear for his M. A. at Calcutta, and passed his examination with credit. Hiranand wrote :—

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

This morning after Service in the Mandir, the sight of a cover in Bhulo's hand sufficed to convey to me the news of your success. I was glad that you had passed. I was glad because you are now the first M. A. in Sindh. My success at the B. A. examination did not make me so glad as this success of yours. You have now enough to compensate you for all the trouble and anxiety. Kaka is come here for X'mas. He got your telegram last night We will talk about your future course; and I will let you know what we decide. But I think you should prepare to come now. Delegates from the Congress will be coming. (Nagen will be coming). So you may come with them. It is such a pleasure to write M. A. after your name for the first time.

23rd December, 1888."

It had to be determined whether Motiram should join the staff of the Academy or go to England. Under the Age Rule then in force,* it was not

*About the end of 1887, the Secretary of State sanctioned the recommendation of the Public Service Commission to make the maximum age limit 23 instead of 19, but the Government of India notified that no change would be made in that year.

possible for him to appear for the Civil Service Examination, but he could qualify as a Barrister, and he was very anxious to go to England. Navalrai, however, made it a *sine qua non* that he should marry before leaving India, and one of the Brahmo Missionaries, a zealous social reformer, set his heart on bringing about a match between the Sindhi M. A. and an educated Bengali Brahmo girl of a pious and respectable family. Hiranand was consulted, and he gave an assurance that the girl would not be persecuted at Hyderabad by the family or by Hindu Society. Indeed, there was little fear of persecution, and he wrote to Moti that if she was educated and good-natured, he and his eldest brother would have no objection. It was, however, eventually decided that Motiram should not marry before he had finished his studies.

Miss Manning had paid a visit to Ahmedabad, while she was on her Indian tour, and several details in connection with Motiram's stay in England had been arranged with her there. She had seen him in Calcutta, and very kindly promised to look after him. The admission fee was a very heavy one, namely, £150, and the rate of exchange was then very high, though not as high as it subsequently became. The cost of

education for the bar and residence in England for three years for the purpose was estimated at Rs. 3,700 per year, in addition to the admission fee, and Navalrai had to provide about Rs. 6,000 in the first year, Rs. 2,200 being the admission fee alone. All that had been invested in Moti's name hardly sufficed to pay the admission fee and the initial expenses, and Navalrai had to give up all his savings reserved for emergencies, and about four-fifths of his pay which was then Rs. 500 per month.

Moti left for England in August, 1889, in order to keep the Michaelmas Term from November 2 to November 25. Miss Manning, Honorary Secretary, Indian National Association, wrote to Navalrai on October 10, 1889, from Maida Hill, London :—

"DEAR SIR,

I think your brother is feeling much at home in England and I am very glad that it is so. I do not consider that English University life is at all favourable to study.

I remember hearing long ago of your great interest in prisoners. Would you be inclined to write a paper on the subject? Next year a

Congress on Prisons is to meet at St. Petersburg. The promoters wish for information about Reformatories and Jails in India, also suggestions as to improvements. If you would help them from your experience they would be very grateful. The papers are required here by the 20th December. I shall be much obliged if you would do something in the matter. I know you have worked upon the moral nature of prisoners. Any particulars as to this would be of value to the Congress. You have impressed religious obligations on these poor men. I hope you have found them susceptible to these influences. Your brother has told me about your work, and I had read of it before. You would help others by telling what you have found it possible to do. With kind regards,

Believe me,
Yours sincerely,
E. A. Manning."

In September, 1889, Navalrai after performing the Namkaran ceremony of Hiranand's second daughter, Rami, had written to Motiram to see Mr. Justice Birdwood and Dr. Holmsted, and also Sir Frederic Goldsmid, the first Educational Inspector in Sindh, and Colonels Phillips and Dunsterville, retired Collectors of

Hyderabad, Sindh.* Mr. Malabari had also been asked to send Motiram several notes of introduction and, thanks to Miss Manning's kindness and to these notes and to the regard many old retired officers had for Navalrai, Motiram was able to move in choice society and to make several friends. Navalrai had sent him, in September, 1889, an extract from Carlyle's address to the Edinburgh students, and asked him to remember that his was "the seed-time of life......the golden season of life." And all that could be done by Navalrai was done to make the seed-time as pleasant and profitable as possible, though the Academy had to go without his aid and several charities had to be stopped.

*Navalrai had served under various officers from the 8th August, 1863, the date on which he entered Government Service as a clerk to the Deputy Collector, Tando. He was in 1863 a mere boy, having been born on the 16th May, 1848. The boy was a schoolmaster from the 18th July, 1865, to October 7, 1865. Thereafter, he was a clerk in the Commissioner's office, his ability having been even so early recognized. From January 21, 1872, to October 4, 1872, he even acted as head clerk to the Commissioner, and from October 5, 1872, to January 14, 1875, he acted as Extra Assistant Collector and Magistrate. On January 15, 1875, he was appointed Daftardar to the Collector, Hyderabad, and on two occasions he did the work of Huzur Deputy Collector, Hyderabad, in addition. He was Native Assistant to the Commissioner from November 14, 1888, to March 10, 1890.

Meanwhile, Hiranand had a very busy life of it at Hyderabad as Principal of the Academy and as Honorary Secretary to the Dufferin Fund. Dr. Charlotte Ellaby, M. D., having better prospects in England, had left Hyderabad after a few months, and Dr. Lilian Nash had succeeded her. Hiranand had to provide an Ayah who could interpret, a Munshi who could teach Sindhi, and Dais who were not truants. He had to make arrangements when the Lady Doctor or the head Nurse, or any of the staff fell ill. He had to correspond with the Bombay Branch, to pay the bills, to invite quotations for medicines, and to send for the various things wanted from time to time, like syringes, case forms, midwives' bags, pattern pails, plaster cloth, towels, sheets, "material for covering the pillows which may be taken and washed without having to pull each pillow to pieces," sugar, opium, phenyle, carbolic acid, and even fuel. But this was not all. "I may mention to you," wrote Dr. L. Nash on October 2, 1889, "that the child of some Mahomedan Magistrate took medicine for two days for pneumonia and ceased attending for a fortnight, at the end of which time he died, and the father has said he is going to make an official inquiry." Hiranand had to remove misunderstandings of this character, and

save unnecessary trouble to the Lady Doctor. She, like Dr. Ellaby, appreciated his services, and the work went on without a hitch.

In December, 1889, Hiranand took a long holiday, and left for Bombay. He had to attend there, during Christmas, the Annual Session of the Congress, which was to be presided over by Mr. Bradlaugh, and also the Social Conference and the *Theistic Conference.* But he went several days earlier to study the educational institutions at Bombay and Poona, and to learn the methods of the Bombay Branch of the Dufferin Fund. He met Mr. Phipson, the Secretary of the Branch, on December 10, 1887, and he met also the Sindhi students who were at Bombay. After seeing the Bombay institutions, he ran down to Poona to see specially the Ferguson College which had been formally opened by Professor Wordsworth on January 2, 1885, and Mrs. Sorabji's School. He came back to Bombay, and thence wrote to Motiram :—

"*Bombay, 26th December, 1889.*

MY DEAR MOTI,

I am in receipt of both your letters. You have misconstrued my silence.........I am seldom

in a mood to write letters to any one, and I have ceased corresponding with any body. However, as you are anxious to hear from home, I shall try, on my return, to write to you regularly.

I am glad you have managed to send something for the Band of Hope from your own savings.* There are two things which, it will give me the greatest happiness, to find developed in you. First a genuine God-seeking, God-loving spirit, secondly an ever-present desire so to train yourself and so to act as to be most useful to your community and country. I have never wished that you should become famous or wealthy or a man of high position in society. But it is unmistakably a very fond and dear desire of my heart that your training in England should so refine your tastes and elevate your aims and aspirations as to make you an earnest patriot and philanthropist. In attaining this object, you have undoubtedly heredity and nature on your side. All of us brothers have inherited some good qualities of our parents, the more prominent of which being an ardent desire to do good and to minister to other people's wants. I know you possess this spirit in a

*Navalrai had to celebrate the anniversary of the Band of Hope during Christmas, and had asked Motiram to send him temperance cards for distribution.

strong degree, and if you only manage to keep yourself free from the false refinements, and the endless demands of modern European civilization on one's time and purse, I am sure you have a very good prospect of usefulness before you.

I returned the day before yesterday from Poona. There I saw a very cultivated and happy family. They are native Christians, husband, wife, one son and six daughters. The family presented such an aspect of all that is culture and domestic love and affection and holy occupation, that I was very forcibly reminded of the utterly different condition of our women and our houses. One of the daughters, Miss Sorabji, the first lady graduate of the Bombay University, is studying at the Oxford University, I believe, for her M. A. degree. I will let you know her address; if you happen to meet her, you should make her acquaintance She will introduce you to some very religious people.

The first meeting of the Congress took place to-day. Bradlaugh is much better and he attended. Sir W. Wedderburn made a fine speech. I intend to go back after 5 days. Bhai P. C. Mozoomdar has also come here. With love and good wishes,

I am,

Yours affectionately,

HIRANAND."

Hyderabad Apostolate

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

I am still at Bombay. I would have left by this time, but Dada Tarachand, who has also come, has desired me to stay for two days more and go with him. The Congress and the Social and *Theistic Conferences* are all over now, and the busy hum-drum world of Bombay has now returned to its usual pursuits. The delegates from different parts have nearly all departed, and the Congress camp and pavilion, which, but a few days ago, presented a grand appearance, are now denuded and remind one very strongly of the vanity of all showy things. This time the delegates were more than 2000; but, as it was found that such a vast assembly was unmanageable, it was settled that, in future, the number should be about 1000, at the rate of 5 delegates per one million of population.

Mr. Charles Bradlaugh received a very warm and enthusiastic reception. They presented a whole tableful of addresses and costly presents to him. I believe they have gone a great way to secure the man for ever for India. It is really unfortunate that a man of Mr. Bradlaugh's pronounced agnostic views should have been chosen for such a demonstration and lionizing, but perhaps the leaders of the Congress acted on the principle that beggars cannot be

choosers, and accepted him with his merits and demerits. Mr. Bradlaugh was much moved by the exhibition of the hero-worship spirit towards him, and on the last day he made a short speech, in reply to the addresses presented to him, which powerfully influenced the audience. The speech was sensible and practical, and the manly vigour and frankness of it thrilled many hearers. You will read it in the papers.

Several delegates were appointed to carry on the Indian campaign in England this year. They will start, I believe, in March or April They are Hume, Sir W. Wedderburn, Eardley Norton (a distinguished Barrister of Madras), Mr. Adams, Principal of a College at Madras, Mr. W. C. Bonnerji, Mr. Surendra Nath Bannerji, Mon Mohan Ghosh, Rev. S. Hume from Dharwar, Subramania Iyer from Madras, and one or two others whose names I do not remember. Rs. 62,000 were subscribed by the delegates present to provide the sinews of war. The object of their visit will be to enlighten the people of England about India's wants. Mr. Bradlaugh has announced that, on the very first day of the opening of Parliament, he will introduce his Bill for the expansion of the Legislative Councils on the elective and not nomination basis.

Hyderabad Apostolate

I have been going about Bombay, seeing docks, mills and institutions, and trying to study the real condition of the masses and the poor. I can now realize much better the Dock strike, and the other strikes that have followed it in England. The poor men's cause is just, and they should be certainly sympathised with. Here, the operatives are illiterate, and they do not yet know their rights, or the wonderful power of combination. Their condition is much worse than of the workmen and factory men in England. But they are voiceless. They have appealed to Government, but unrepresented and unsupported as they are, their grievances will probably remain unredressed for some time to come.

Pandita Ramabai's Institution for widows and girls is an interesting one. I went to see it the other day, and was much pleased. I wish there were more women in India of Ramabai's stamp. She is a noble and pure character, and when I was admiringly observing her labours, I could not but bless her and her work.

I trust you are making the best of your opportunities to study good and great men and institutions in England, and trying to glean such experiences as will be useful to you when

you return home. The spirit of hero-worship is very strong in me, and though I seldom make an exhibition of it, yet the good and the great I dearly cherish in my heart. I write this to you with a view to stimulate you to profit, as much as possible, by the company of good men, with whom you may come in contact. I have already told you that nothing would I more highly appreciate in you and would like to see growing in you as a noble character.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

The aim of Hiranand was the same as Pandita Ramabai's, and he asked her to favour him with the details of her system of work, and her own beliefs. The Pandita, knowing him to be a sincere soul, even after very brief acquaintance, replied as follows :—

"CHOWPATTY,
Bombay, 2nd January, 1890.

DEAR SIR,

I herewith send a copy of our rules and regulations. These are the only rules printed to be circulated among the public. We have rules for the regulation of the scholars' conduct which are not printed. I wish you all success in your efforts for the benefit of the poor.

As regards my religious belief, I must say that religion is not a thing which I like to discuss. My religion is purely a personal question, as each one must give an accout of the good and bad he or she does, before the Almighty. Each one must have a religion which is adapted to one's own mind. Yes, I believe, that Christ is my Saviour, and that for me there is no salvation outside him. He is a mediator through whom alone it is possible for me to know God and His love and His will. But I do not believe in the total depravity or original sin of man, hence no necessity of believing in the vicarious sacrifice. My atonement is in God's love and forgiveness, obtained after sincerely repenting of my sins and throwing myself upon God's mercy. I hope my statement is clear now.

Believe me,
Sincerely yours,
RAMABAI."

Mrs. Sorabji's School, where the latest methods of educating children were being successfully employed, had made such an impression on Hiranand's mind that he seriously thought of putting his eldest daughter Lachmi in her charge. But Navalrai wrote to him :—

"My Dear Brother,

You do not say in your letter as to whether there would be any interference with her religion. Of course, she has now no religion, but we wish her to be a Brahmo and not a Christian. Mrs. Sorabji might bring her up as a Christian, and she might then be lost to her society. If you have made proper arrangements as to that, I agree. It is best that she should have vegetarian food prepared by a Hindu. Otherwise, she would become anglicised. Whatever is good among the Hindus should not be eschewed. The monthly charge (Rs. 25) is not heavy, if satisfactory arrangements as regards food and religion are made. Let me have full particulars on these two heads.

I am to-day at Dokri, and will go to Larkana on the 9th instant. From thence to Shikarpur. I will be at Hyderabad about the middle of February next.

With love,

5th January, 1890. Yours affectionately,

Navalrai."

On the 20th January, 1890, Navalrai wrote to Motiram:—"Kiki's going to Poona has been deferred.

I think I will take her with me to Karachi and send her to the Convent School." The Convent School under Sister Clarissa was a model of Kindergarten teaching, but Navalrai was not able to carry out his intention as he was transferred from Karachi to Hyderabad on the 11th March, 1890. At Hyderabad, the brothers thought of importing a Kindergarten teacher for the Girls' School. The Municipality, however, could not see their way to pay the high salary asked for and the School had to do without a Kindergarten teacher.

The brothers were more successful in another direction. The Academy was becoming very popular, and an Education Society* was formed to ensure its permanence and expansion, and the promotion of education generally. The Educational authorities were willing to hand over the local Government High School to Hiranand, but he felt a single High School would hardly be sufficient at such an important educational centre as Hyderabad, and that the Government High School had its uses. The kind offer was, therefore, declined.

*The Society was registered un:er Act XXI of 1860, on June 26, 1890.

Meanwhile, another Association, the Social Reform Association, had reached a critical stage.

> The objects of the Association were:—"(1) The prevention of premature marriages. (2) The reduction of marriage expenses. (3) The promotion of female education and the improvement of the status of women. (4) The doing of all such other lawful things as are incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects."

The articles laid down what pledges each member was to enter into, and the maximum penalty for breach thereof. It fell to Navalrai and Hiranand and their friends to induce the community to become members of the Association, which had 230 members on its rolls at the outset. After an enormous amount of trouble, nearly 1,200 more were induced to take the pledges, and when one of them, an eminent pleader, broke one of the pledges, and refused to pay the penalty, a suit was promptly filed against him, and the case was so strong that he eventually paid the sum. The success of the Association, in this matter, gave it a great prestige, and for about a year it achieved some success. But about 600 gentlemen had stood aloof from the very first, and even the fervour of Navalrai failed to

win them over. These dissentients were not bound by the articles, and as they were connected by marriage with those who were, and as the Association punished the taker, not the giver, the members, whose daughters were married to non-members, had to give in excess of the scale in order that their daughters might not be made miserable. This was a serious drawback. The articles, again, did not bind the heirs of a deceased member, except to the extent of pecuniary liabilities already incurred by the latter. This was an equally serious drawback. A third class of difficulties was due to the rules of procedure laid down in the articles. These, however, were removed, to a great extent, by amendments made on December 27 and 28, 1888, and July 21, 1889, and December 28, 1889. But the first two classes of difficulties remained. They were felt to be insuperable unless the Legislature could be induced to empower specially licensed Panchayats to have their decrees, made under their customary jurisdiction, enforced by the Civil Courts.

The Legislature, however, was in no mood to help advanced Panchayats, or to resuscitate ancient institutions by giving them the support of the State. The Government of India had reduced the heavy

registration fee, on the representation of the Hyderabad social reformers, to Rs. 50, the amount leviable under Act XXI of 1860. It has also, recently, on another representation, remitted the annual fee payable by the Association for filing its balance sheet. It cannot, under the Companies Act, do anything more except that it can remit a few other fees, for example, the fee for registering amendments of rules and the fee for registering the office of the Association. The aggregate amount of the unremitted fees paid to the Registrar, Joint Stock Companies, and of the heavy expenses incurred by the Association in printing its rules, and their amendments, and various pamphlets, added to the inital stamp duty paid on the memorandum and the articles, amounted to a pretty large figure, and no little time and energy were spent on working the experiment under section 26 of the Companies Act. But it proved a failure, and the Association, after making further amendments in January, 1890, decided to strike off the names of all the members who had failed to pay their small annual subscription, and to confine the membership to a few sincere men determined to abide by their pledges. The opposition of the women had seriously handicapped the reformers, and Hiranand was, therefore, authorized to start three Girls' Schools

in various quarters. Henceforward, the funds and energies of the Association were devoted mainly to the promotion of female education, which had been one of the objects from the very beginning, but to which little attention had been paid when the experiment of reducing marriage expenses was being tried.*

Hiranand had a Band of Hope in connection with his Academy, and, in May, 1890, it was proposed that he should travel with Mr. Caine next winter in India, and work on behalf of the Anglo-Indian Temperance Association, as will appear from the following letters :—

"*London, 9th May, 1890.*

DEAR DAYARAM,

W. S. Caine has been asking me for a good young organizer for his temperance work. The cause is our own, and I have given much thought to it in a quiet way, since he and I became

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*The Panchayat of the community, unhampered as it was by the two drawbacks mentioned above, made several efforts to reduce these expenses after the failure of the Association. But while the Association was able to enforce its penalties, the Panchayat found itself unable to do so, the community having advanced from the stage of status to that of contract, and the sanction of excommunication being hardly operative.

acquainted. Well, a few days back he appealed to me for his organizer, and I mentioned our Hiranand's name. He has many special qualifications. He knows so many of our vernaculars, is simple in habits and warm-hearted without being intemperate. He has only to travel about with Caine from November to, I suppose, February; and then start on a ramble of his own, founding small clubs or societies in important centres of our country. It is impossible to pay for such services, but he will have travelling and sundries about Rs. 100 to Rs. 150 a month. As soon as he has started these clubs (more specially of students and young men) he may give us the go-bye. I know he will like this work, and there is time enough for him to disengage himself. I'll be shocked if he does not respond, and if you don't help him to do so. I have thought over the matter anxiously and know of no one else to write to.

Caine will write to you both, and so will Motiram. I write simply because I have an idle quarter of an hour. Of course, I mean this for Hiranand as well as for yourself.

Yours ever,
B. M. MALABARI."

* * *

Hyderabad Apostolate

"1, The Terrace,
Clapham Common, S. W.,
May 16, 1890.

Mr. Hiranand S. Advani,

My Dear Sir,

Our mutual friend, B. M. Malabari, is now in England, and I have had some talk with him about the general prospect of our work in India. I am coming out again next winter, and intend to spend at least three months in visiting the various branches of our Association and generally stimulating the work. The aspect of our movement, to which I intend to give my closest attention, will be the establishment of young men's societies, pledged to total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, in the various Colleges and High Schools of the great centres of population and influence throughout India.

My difficulty hitherto in making any strong advance in this particular work has been that I have not been able to find any native of India, able and willing to co operate with me, to whom I could entrust the completion of the work after I had left. It has occurred to both Malabari and myself that you might feel disposed to enter into this work. What I should wish you to do

would be to co-operate with me while I am in India; to go through the country either with me or in advance of me, organising meetings for me to address, and yourself, I hope, taking part in the meetings by making speeches either in English or in the Vernacular as the case may be. If you are not a public speaker, it will make no difference, as your work will not necessarily depend on public speaking. After I had left, I should hope that you would, for some months at any rate, if not permanently, undertake the direction and organisation of all these various societies, acting in fact as one of the Indian agents of our Anglo-Indian Temperance Association. I send you herewith a number of papers which will enable you to form some idea of the work we have in contemplation for India. I think you would find it thoroughly congenial.

I am greatly attracted to you by what Mr. Malabari tells me, namely, that it would be hopeless to think of engaging you in any work into which your whole soul did not enter. I am entirely in sympathy with all that you have been doing for so many years past, and I am sure that you would find the work of our Association thoroughly congenial and complementary to all that you yourself have been advocating for so many years past. I should be

glad to hear from you by return mail on this subject, letting me know frankly whether you would be disposed to give yourself up, for a time at any rate, to this important work of organizing the youth of India for the Temperance reformation. I need not talk to you about terms, as I am sure that you and I would have no difficulty in settling that matter when we meet. I propose to reach Bombay about the middle or end of October, and if you could join me there then, and be prepared to give a long winter's work, say until the end of March, we could leave future arrangements to be discussed afterwards. If I could feel sure of you for six months that would content me: in the meanwhile you yourself would have had sufficient experience of the work we want you to do to decide whether you would feel inclined to go on with it further.

Malabari joins me in warmest and fraternal greetings, and in the earnest hope that we may be destined to do our work together in India for God and humanity,

Believe me,
Yours sincerely,
W. S. CAINE.

I take it for granted you are yourself an abstainer from intoxicants."

Here is another letter :—

"THE ANGLO-INDIAN TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION

President—Samuel Smith, M. P.
Treasurer—Hugh M. Matheson,
3, Lombard Street, E. C.
Hon. Secretary—W. S. Caine, M. P.

1, THE TERRACE,
Clapham Common, S. W.,
London, July 25th, 1890.

MR. HIRANAND SHOWKIRAM,
Union Academy,
Hyderabad, (Scinde).

MY DEAR SIR,

I am very grateful to you for the letter you have been kind enough to write to me, and had you been able to see your way to accept any permanent engagement, I should have been very much delighted. My Committee, however, are anxious to find someone who would permanently represent them in India as their salaried agent, and I fear from your letter that you would not be willing to undertake this. I should have been very glad to have had the privilege of your society and help during the coming winter, but I am afraid I must reserve it for someone who would be willing to remain permanently in connection with the Anglo-Indian Temperance

Association. I have heard of a gentleman in Madras, who is the editor and proprietor of a small vernacular paper, and from all I can gather he would be exactly the sort of man to suit us. He is an accomplished English scholar and can speak two or three of the vernaculars of India. I hope to hear more of him later on.

If, as I hope I may, I should come to Karachi, I should hope to have the pleasure of making your acquaintance. If you are likely to remain permanently in Karachi, would you object to acting as our correspondent there? We have no one to whom we can send communications in Scinde.

Our mutual friend, Malabari, is hard at work, studying English social problems, and promoting interest here in the many Indian reforms to which he has set his hand. I have not seen him lately, but I think he has been spending some time at Oxford.

With kind regards and many thanks for your prompt and courteous reply to my letter,

Believe me,
Yours very truly,
W. S. CAINE,
Hon. Secretary of the
Anglo-Indian Temperance Association."

Hiranand had to decline, as the Academy, like the Social Reform Association, was, in May, 1890, passing through a crisis. The Sanskrit teacher, Mr. Banerji, beloved for his many virtues by his pupils and his colleagues, and regarded as a *bhakta* by the Brahmins of Hyderabad, announced, about the end of that month, that he had become a convert to Christianity, and wanted to give up all secular work in order to work for that religion. Hiranand wired to Bhavani's brother, who sent the following touching letter :—

"CALCUTTA,
81, 82, Durga Charan Mitter's Street,
27th May, 1890.

MY DEAR SIR,

Your telegram reached me like a thunderbolt. I could not decide for two days what I should do, hence the delay in replying. Where is Bhavani now? Kindly tell him not to make an unhappy brother more unhappy. Sir, kindly ask him to remember his poor old grandmother who has been shedding tears unremittingly since the death of his father.

I cannot leave Calcutta at present. My daughter's marriage takes place very soon. I entreat you to do whatever is necessary on my

behalf. Ask him not to become a convert to the Christian faith at least for some time. He should give an opportunity to me for an interview. What more can I write to you? Though I do not know you personally, I cannot conclude my letter without expressing my sincere thanks and heartfelt gratitude to you for the interest you have taken on my behalf.

Yours faithfully,
HARICHARAN BANERJI."

Hiranand was not at Hyderabad when this letter arrived, as he had left, on the 26th, for Lahore, to secure a Sanskrit teacher. Navalrai wrote to him there to find out all about the Deva Samaj, started by Mr. Agnihotri, who had once been a Brahmo. But, after making a few inquiries, Hiranand passed on to Amritsar, and brought thence a man who could teach Sanskrit, but who was an inadequate substitute for Bhavani. All that could be done to dissuade Bhavani was done, but Bhavani simply smiled and did not argue. He, however, agreed to postpone his baptism for about six months, in order that he might thoroughly study Christianity and know his own mind.

His relations with Hiranand, after he severed his connection with the Academy, remained as friendly as

before. What he thought of Hiranand will appear from the following :—

> "The guiding principle of Hiranand's life was loyalty to conscience. He realized that the voice heard within the soul of man was indeed the voice of God. God's reason is impressed on the external world. It is also imprinted on the fleshy tablet of the human heart. Hiranand was a partaker of that reason."

> "Death, rather than Deviation from the right way, was his motto."*

The Academy boys had, in April, 1890, suffered from influenza, which was, apparently, on a round of visits, after troubling England. The loss of Bhavani also was a great blow to the school. Nevertheless, Navalrai wrote to Motiram on the 21st October, 1890 :—

> "Hiranand has sent in his application for the School being registered. Mr. Jacob visited the Union Academy, and was very much pleased with the progress made by the lower standard boys. He said to Tharumal that that was the best school in Sindh."

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*Speech at the fourth Anniversary Meeting at Hyderabad, presided over by Mr. Narsingrao Bholanath Diwatia, (the eldest son of Bholanath Sarabhai of Ahmedabad), who was then Assistant Collector in Sindh. (Phoenix, July 28, 1897.)

Mr. Jacob had no time to examine the higher classes, but he saw enough to convince him of the very thorough and systematic training which had been given to the students. The result was all the more remarkable, as October had been a month of cares and worries to Hiranand. But he had Sen and Pribhdas and Parmanand and Khemchand in the Academy, and these and a few others spared no pains to make the institution a power for good. Tarachand's large and costly library had been removed to the Academy, with much of his furniture; and, though Navalrai's pecuniary contributions had ceased owing to the heavy cost of Moti's education, his advice and sympathy were always available, and they were of much more value than his money. The earnest efforts of the brothers and of the young men whom Hiranand had attracted to himself made a very strong impression upon Mr. Jacob, and he never had occasion to change his opinion.

In November, 1890, the *Saraswati*, a monthly magazine, priced at Re. 1 per year, came into existence. The Hindu Social Reform Association was the proprietor, and Hiranand, the editor. The Association started another monthly, priced at annas 12 per year, the *Sudhar Patrika*, and Navalrai was practically its

editor. Both were educational magazines, but the *Saraswati* was in the Arabic-Sindhi character, and the *Sudhar Patrika* in Gurumukhi. The latter was specially intended for women. Both were helped by Mr. Bulchand Kodumal, a brilliant young Sindhi author, then in the Educational Department, later on Secretary of the head of the Radhaswami Sect at Allahabad. Mr. Bulchand contributed some pathetic letters, supposed to be from an unhappy married girl to her mother, which made a great sensation. They brought tears to the eyes of women, and even the sterner sex were moved. Other contributions followed on other social reform topics, and Hiranand and Navalrai and their friends soon made the magazines fairly popular, though, advertisements being excluded, they were never self-supporting. The deficit every year amounted to about Rs. 300, and it was made up by the Association.

The *Saraswati,* within about 5 months, found its way to even a few Muhammadan homes, as appears from the following interesting letter :—

"MY DEAR SIR,

I have been reading your Journal, called Saraswati, with great interest, and I think it

supplies a great want. In our household, it is a great favourite. I generally make one of my youngsters read it aloud to the ladies of the house, and it is thus a source of great pleasure. But I have to make a suggestion, which, if carried out, I think, will extend the usefulness of the paper. I have been lately reading a good deal of literature on the subject of vegetarianism, and have been so far convinced of the superiority of vegetable over animal food as to give it a trial for the last six months. My experience tells very favourably for the system, and I think if people understood what vegetarianism was, it will soon have many converts. I make no doubt that you have read up all the literature on the subject, circulated free by the Vegetarian Society at Manchester. These tracts with two papers, one edited at London by Dr. Nicols, M. D., called "Herald of Health" and the other, issued by the Vegetarian Society, "the Dietetic Reformer," will afford you ample material for the introduction of the subject of vegetarianism into your Journal, if you care to do so.

With many kind regards and best wishes,

I remain,
Yours very sincerely,
MAHOMED HASHIM TEJANI."

Hiranand's family, being Kshatris, had been in the habit of taking meat. But Navalrai had become a vegetarian, shortly after entering service, and Hiranand, after taking meat for a year or so at Calcutta, had followed his brother's example, and he was, therefore, but too glad to carry out the suggestion.

In November, 1890, the triennial Municipal elections were held at Hyderabad. In the elections in 1887, it had been contended, in the District Court, by the opponent of the candidate for whom Hiranand had voted, that Hiranand, as a graduate, was not entitled to a vote, he having failed to attend the Convocation, and take the parchment conferring the Degree, even though he had passed the B. A. Examination. To meet the technical objection, Motiram had to send the University calendars, showing Hiranand's name among the graduates. In 1890, no such objection was raised. Bhawandas said that, at one of the triennial elections, Hiranand had promised his vote beforehand to Mr. Hiranand Khemsing, and that, when subsequently Diwan Khubchand (Hiranand's uncle) intimated his desire to stand for the same ward, Hiranand voted for Mr. Hiranand Khemsing and not for Diwan Khubchand.

In December, Dayaram and Hiranand went to Calcutta to attend the Social Conference. At Calcutta, Hiranand and his Bengali friends, with the concurrence of Ranade and Raghunath Rao, distributed a large number of printed forms, inviting all, interested in social reform, to state how much time or how much money or how much of both they were prepared to spend every day or every week or every month, to promote the cause. But Mr. Scoble's Age of Consent Bill, though supported by the Conference leaders, had roused a very strong feeling in Bengal, and, as Social Reform had then come to be identified with the Bill, on account of the attitude of Messrs. Telang, Ranade, Nulkar, Raghunath Rao and Malabari, there was only a very feeble response.

After the Conference was over, Hiranand remained at Calcutta for several days, to serve his *Baromami,* who was unfortunately laid up with sciatica. Dr. Durgadas Gupta, her son-in-law, with his family, was living in the house, in order to treat her, and Bhulo had preceded Hiranand to Calcutta, on hearing of his mother's illness.

On his return to Hyderabad, Hiranand attended to his duties which were increased by the establishment,

through the exertions of Mr. H. P. Jacob and Navalrai, of a Female Training College.* Hiranand had started a training class for widows in connection with the schools of the Social Reform Association. He had also asked Sister Clarissa to start a Convent at Hyderabad, but she had replied :—

> "I should be very glad to have a Convent in Hyderabad and assist in the education of your women and girls, and hope it will be so in future times. In fact, an application had already been sent to that effect by good Fr. Belz, but our superiors object for the present: funds are required to build a convent and to bring sisters out from Europe, as we are scarcely enough for the increasing work in Karachi and Bombay. If you good Hyderabad people will provide these funds, a new application might be sent to our Bishop."

A regular Training College was absolutely necessary, if the education of girls throughout Sindh was to

*Hiranand had seen the Victoria College, Lahore, where his friend, Miss Bose, was employed. That College taught Urdu, Arithmetic, Euclid, Algebra, History, Geography, Hygiene and School Management, besides sewing, knitting and embroidery. It was, however, not well-equipped, and a *Khanoth* ball, which Hiranand had sent as a present with some pottery to Miss Bose's children, was made use of as a globe.

be seriously taken in hand, and Hiranand helped the staff by teaching the normal school students for one hour on two days in the week.

But in the first quarter of 1891, three events took place which prejudicially affected the cause of education. They were mentioned in the brief cards of Navalrai to Motiram, dated respectively 24-2-91, 4-3-91, 27-3-91, as follows:—

1. "You will be sorry to hear that one of Diwan Murijmal's sons has become a convert to Mahomedanism and has been circumcised."

2. "Banerji has been baptized.* Perhaps, Parmanand and Khemchand, teachers in the Academy, will follow suit."†

3. "A Brahmin girl has mysteriously disappeared. She was in love, and, it is said, has eloped with her lover. The sorrow of the parents is heart-rending."

The Brahmin girl knew how to read and write, and the superficial reasoners at Hyderabad, whose name

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*As a Protestant Christian. In 1892, Bhavani became a Roman Catholic. He appears later as a Vedantic Christian.

†They did, and the Academy thus lost three good men and true.

was legion, at once jumped to the conclusion that, to teach girls to read and write was to make them like the girl who had run away. Again, where was the good of English education if it led to conversions like those of Bhawani and Parmanand and Khemchand? Fortunately, Diwan Murijmal's son did not know a word of English, and yet had changed his faith. And very fortunately, his wife knew how to read and write, but she had retained her faith, in spite of all the arguments of a loving husband. The Gurumukhi letters of this lady, in reply to her husband, showed her to be a firm follower of Guru Nanak, and her study of her religious books had given her a strength of conviction and a power of expression superior to her husband's. She pointed out that no two trees were alike, and that, therefore, no two religions also were likely to be alike. The trees did not quarrel with each other because they were not like one another, and religions should be, at least, like trees. Each had something distinctive and a beauty of its own, and if her husband saw special beauty in Islam, she saw it in the religion of her fathers. The husband, defeated in argument, had recourse to the courts. He had one son and two daughters, and he wanted their custody. The unhappy wife was seriously alarmed. She knew that the girls

would be married to her husband's Mussalman friends, and the boy would be circumcised. Diwan Murijmal had himself become a Muhammadan, having studied the Koran over-much on his estate, and associated mostly with Muhammadans. He was a cousin of Diwan Shaukiram and his daughter-in-law appealed specially to Diwan Shaukiram's sons and to Diwan Murijmal's relations, one of whom, Diwan Daljitsing, determined to stand by her, through thick and thin. The two girls were given away in marriage in hot haste, and the little boy was carefully guarded. There was prolonged litigation of a very painful kind. The Judge of the Sadar Court, Mr. Macpherson, however, did not go into all the difficult questions raised, but threw out the case on the ground that under Act VIII of 1890, it was not necessary for a father to apply to be appointed guardian of his children. That was the ending of the celebrated Shekh case in Sindh. It left the law as uncertain as before, but it gave great relief to the persecuted young lady who had pluckily stood by her religion and by her children.

These incidents, however, should not mislead people about the attitude of Navalrai and Hiranand towards Islam and Christianity. Both loved Muslims and Christians sincerely, but were against that kind of

conversion which meant substituting one exclusive form of faith for another. Hiranand's love for his Calcutta *Nest* comrade, Mohibuddin, and Karachi medical friend, Dr. Mirza, and his passionate admiration for Jamaluddin Afghani, an Egyptian exile who came to Calcutta in 1882, were genuine beyond all questioning. Bhai Baladeva Narain's reminiscences concerning Keshub, Hiranand, and Jamaluddin, given below, will be read with interest. Bhai Baladeva writes :--

"When I went to see Jamaluddin he asked me in Persian :—'What is your religion?' I said I was a Brahmo and believed in the One God. He was very glad to hear this, and he inquired if I knew Keshub. I said I was one of his followers. He said :—'Your religion is the best. Preach it throughout the country for twenty years. Unite the people,......and establish a republic in India.'

"He was anxious to see Keshub, and next day I and Hiranand went to him, and took him to Lily Cottage. He knew Pushtu, Turkish, Arabic, Hebrew, Persian, and French, and could speak in broken Urdu. But he addressed Keshub in Persian, and I acted as interpreter. He put two questions to Keshub, and

the first was:—'Which religion will be the religion of the whole world!'? Keshub replied:—'Truth, Wisdom, Love, and Holiness will be the religion of the whole world.' Keshub then took Jamaluddin to his sanctuary. On the marble Vedi (small platform) which was about half a foot high, Jamaluddin noticed a ball of white glass on a small slab of white glass, and suspecting it might be an image, he asked what it was. Keshub said it had been placed there for the adornment of the Vedi; and the next day, Keshub had it removed. There was a flag in the sanctuary with the Navavidhan symbol representing the harmony of religions. The *Om* and the lotus, the cross and the crescent, were all united in that symbol, and Jamaluddin asked what it was. Keshub explained its meaning, and Jamaluddin went into raptures and danced with joy, crying frequently:—'That is my religion. That is my religion. I am your Missionary.'

* * *

"Hiranand asked him:—'Should we become Freemasons'?—for Jamaluddin had been Grandmaster of Freemasonry at Cairo. The reply was:—'No. Your religion serves the purpose of Freemasonry.' Jamaluddin had meditative habits and great religious fervour.

Hiranand admired him so much that he would have accompanied Jamaluddin to England, if Navalrai had permitted. When leaving, Jamaluddin gave a walking-stick to Hiranand and a rosary to me. He blessed us, and said:—'May you become the leaders of your nation.'

"About this time, Hiranand received disquieting news as to the condition of his *Baromami* whom he loved as a second mother. She passed away on May 13, 1891, and Nalu wrote to Motiram:—

> "Had you been by the side of your *Baromami*............there were scenes which would have remained imprinted on your mind all through your life. Such terrible sufferings, such awful agonies never a tender-hearted mother passed through...........This body of ours, how worthy a thing it appears to us, and how it wishes to appear so to others, when it lives. But when disease sucks up its life-blood, and all the senses show that they are not its, how clearly proved it becomes the that either we must make our real selves the living temple of God or let disease and death claim us as their own........... See to it this body of ours is not ours, but a gift to us from God, Who wishes it to be a tabernacle for His Holy Spirit."

There was yet another trouble in store for Hiranand. There were students in the Academy who simply adored him. One of them wrote to him that his father had said :—"You have made Hiranand your God"—and had ordered him not to read the *Saraswati*. "I don't know," continued the young man, "what I should do, and I, your obedient pupil, ask your advice. ....May God bless those who are on their knees at your feet." Then there were students who wanted to take up Sanskrit, but were told by their guardians not to do so, as it was easier to pass in Persian. Such differences of opinion not seldom arise; but an exaggerated rumour made a gentleman in a responsible position complain to the Director of Public Instruction, that Hiranand was not teaching his boys to revere their parents. Hiranand, therefore, went to Poona to explain how matters stood, and also, if possible, to induce the Director to have a detailed examination of his School held by the Inspector. Mr. Khanchand Partabrai was then a student at Bombay, and he has favoured me with the following reminiscences, beginning with an interview he had had with Hiranand at Hyderabad, apparently about April, 1891.

"I very well remember my interview with Mr. Hiranand. I went to the Academy and

saw Mr. Pribhdas standing near the present Office-door.........He took me to Mr. Hiranand who enquired how I was doing, and what I proposed doing after passing my B. A. I said that my father wanted that I should be a pleader, and, therefore, I was studying in the Law School at Bombay. A pleader's life, he said, would be a useful one if he helped poor men and took up their cases for nothing. I think there was some talk about Social Reform also. He said that Parmanand, Sahibsing, Bulchand, and myself were very good friends, and as we were all well-to-do, we might band ourselves together and work in the cause of education and reform.

In the last quarter of the year 1891, I think, Mr. Hiranand came to Bombay and put up with Mr. Asudamal Bagumal who was studying in the Veterinary College, and who lived in the Parel quarter. I wrote a card to Mr. Hiranand asking him to dine with me and come and live with me, as our residential quarters were in a better and more healthy locality. The very next day or two days after, I was standing barefooted in the Deccani Brahmin Dining Hall. I think it was Sunday. I saw Mr. Hiranand entering the College compound door. We were about to sit down to dine with our Deccani friends, for we were members of their Club. I took

Sahibsing and went to receive Mr. Hiranand. We asked Mr. Hiranand to dine with us and he complied. We all went to the Dining Hall. He sat down on a *Sandli* (a low stool), in his *dhoti*, which he wore under his pantaloons made of a Hala Check.* He relished the Brahmin meals very much. In the evening, we went for a walk to the Malabar Hill side, and passed some time on the Malabar Hill Reservoir roof. On our return, we asked him to stay with us. He said that he was leaving for Poona the next evening to see the Director. He asked Sahibsing to introduce him to the several College Professors, and show him the Wilson and Zenana Mission Schools. Mr. Hiranand had given three or four lectures on a medical subject in the Academy, and we had attended some of those lectures. On Sunday mornings, I oftentimes saw Mr. Hiranand in the Brahma Mandir, sitting on one of the benches by the side of the western wall, and heard his prayers and sermons."

*The Hala weavers were in very straitened circumstances owing to there being but little demand for hand-made fabrics. Navalrai used to patronise them, and buy Checks for his own clothes, and Hiranand's. The shoes and caps of both also were country-made.

Hiranand—The Soul of Sindh

Mr. Sahibsing C. Sahani, Ex-Principal of the D. J. Sindh College, wrote :—

"Religion was the very soul of Hiranand's life............The elements of the ideal which Wordsworth has expressed in the concluding verses of his Ode to Duty :—

'Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice,
The confidence of reason give,
And in the light of Truth, thy
bondman let me live:'—

were realized in Hiranand in a large measure. His character was a composite of deep and unaffected piety, of self-reliance and of moral courage—courage to do what he thought right, undeterred by obloquy or opposition, undismayed by difficulty or pain, and undisturbed by clamour or confusion."*

Hiranand's letters to Motiram in the last quarter of 1891 deal mainly with the above subjects, and are very interesting reading. The first is undated. The second refers to his visit to Bombay.

*Speech at the 4th Anniversary at Hyderadad.

Hyderabad Apostolate

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

I cannot write for any *Review*. My pen is so halting and my tongue is so poor. I wonder how you thought of me for the contribution. Somebody with a bigger head and a fluent pen should do the thing.

I enclose a letter from Mr. Udharam Shewakram, brother of the blind girl, Chatur. The letter is to be forwarded to Miss Manning for enlisting her sympathies for this unfortunate girl. They have paid us Rs. 25 for getting, through you, some of the books, which they require urgently, to satisfy the intense thirst of the girl for knowledge. They cannot afford to pay more, for the present. Do you think Miss Manning would be able to send some books for this girl from the funds of her Society? If you think she could send some books herself or get them from the Societies for the blind, then forward to her the enclosed. Otherwise, it is no good sending the letter to her, but do you get books worth about 35 shillings, and send them on by post. Kaka will send you the money for them next week. I hope you are well.

Yours affectionately,

HIRANAND."

* * *

"UNION ACADEMY,

27th October, 1891.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

Dada may have written to you about my trip to Bombay and Poona. I went to the latter place to see the Director of Public Instruction about the Academy. I did not succeed in moving him to comply with our request, that the Inspector should hold a detailed examination of the school and not a mere inspection. If only inspection is held and not a detailed examination, the grant-in-aid will be the same this year as last year, which will be very small. At Poona, I saw again Miss Sorabji's school. One of the daughters of this remarkable family is Miss Cornelia Sorabji. I fancy you must have met her at the India Soiree and made her acquaintance. But if you have not, I think, you should make it a point to be well acquainted with her. Their family, I mean, her mother and six sisters, are doing very good work at Poona in the direction of female education and elevation of Indian women morally and socially. I believe Miss Cornelia, when she returns to India, will be able to do much good.

My attention has lately been directed very strongly to female education, specially the

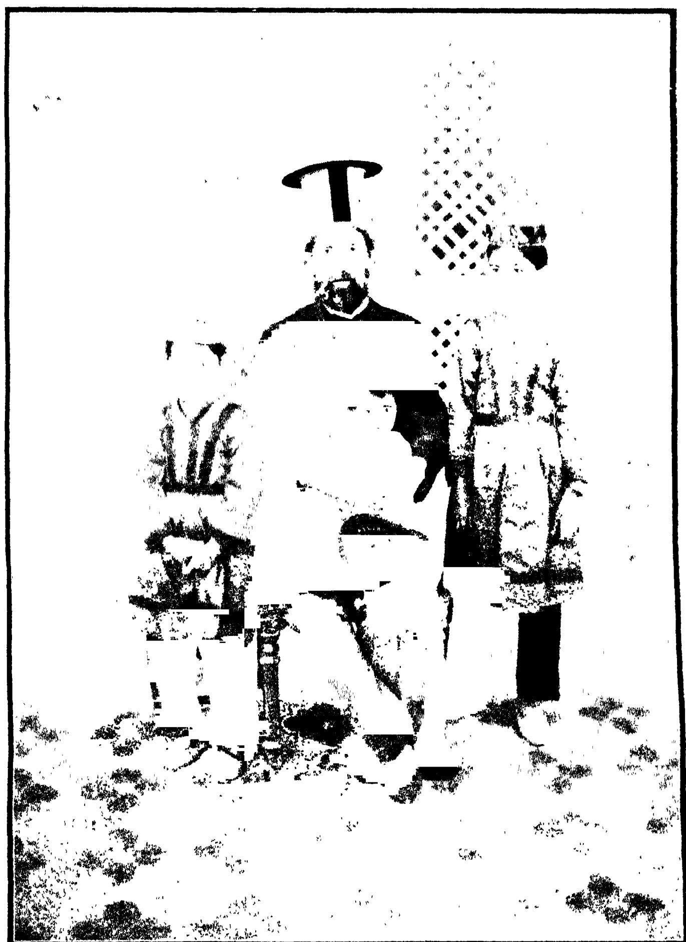
instruction of grown-up women. I have been contemplating to start a class for married women and elderly females who hold the reins of social public opinion in the town, so much to the prejudice of the cause of reform. But as yet I do not quite see my way to doing so. What we very sadly want now is one or two at least highly educated women, of philanthropic tendencies and enlightened ideas, to lead the work of reform amongst women, by setting before others the example of their own lives. I do not know when we shall be so fortunate as to have these. At present there is not a single Sindhi woman in the whole town who could be entrusted with such work. I have often wished that a noble-minded woman from England should come and undertake the work; but, I think, that wish would never be realized. Do you think you can interest anybody there in the work of female education and female reform? The Marhattas in Bombay and Poona are now taking kindly to the higher education of girls and women, and making rapid progress. But, in Sindh, we are very backward in that respect. I expect you, on your return, to devote some of your time to this cause. When you get time, you should study the institutions for the advancement and welfare of girls and women in England so that, when you come here, you will

have ideas in your head and models to go upon, for starting or improving similar institutions here.

Our eldest brother is now at Lahore, where he will stay for about a week, on account of the anniversary of the Samaj.

The Collector here, instructed by the new Commissioner-in-Sind, Mr. James, is trying to force the House Tax upon the Municipality. The people and the Municipal Commissioners are stoutly opposed to the imposition of a direct tax of that sort in Hyderabad, but the Commissioner is bent upon carrying his point. The Collector has threatened the Municipality with suspension and the abolition of Local Self-Government, unless the wishes of the Commissioner-in-Sind are met in the matter. But the civic fathers are equally determined. It is a regular tug of war, and I shall let you know what comes of this tussle, in the next letter.

The Governor of Bombay, Lord Harris, is expected in Sindh on the 4th proximo, and will stay in the province for more than a month. According to the programme, he will be in Hyderabad on the 9th and 10th. The visits of great personages are, in most cases, nuisances. They cost the Government and the Local Bodies



Hiranand's Children--Three Daughters.

RAMI, KHUSHALI (posthumous child on Diwan Tarachand's lap,) LACHMI, the eldest daughter, living.

Facing page 37.

large sums, while they do very little good to the public. I received yesterday the parcel containing books for the blind girl. I shall be glad to hear from you some account of the Girls' institutions, that you may have seen there by this time.

Lachmi has finished the Fourth Sindhi Book. I am thinking of teaching her English at once. Rami is a good child. I like her very much. All is well.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

* * *

"*Hyderabad, 4th November, 1891.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I received duly the parcel containing books for the blind girl. They came in two instalments. The poor girl is overjoyed to receive such a precious gift. She has a great thirst for knowledge and her memory is very sharp. In this manner, kind nature has apologised to this unfortunate girl for having denied her sight.

Tho most absorbing topic of the day here in this quiet town is the House Tax. Mr.

James, the new Commissioner-in-Sind, has got very strong views about direct taxation. He has pressed upon the Municipality at Hyderabad to lighten the burden of Octroi, and to impose this direct House Tax. The people and the Municipal Commissioners are all stoutly opposed to this tax. Mr. Woodburn, the new Acting Collector, is bent upon carrying the wishes and the instructions of the Commissioner into effect. For the last month, he has been using all the means in his power to induce the civic fathers to yield to the demand of the higher authorities in this matter. But I am glad most of the Municipal Commissioners have had the courage to stand firm in their opposition, in spite of the high-handed pressure of the Government officials. Yesterday, they manfully refused to let their conscience be forced and an unwilling consent extorted from them. So far they have withstood the influence of the authorities, who wanted to squeeze them into submission. The officials talk of having the Municipality suspended. It remains to be seen what further steps they will take in the affair.

The Governor of Bombay, Lord Harris, landed at Karachi to-day. Everywhere they are busy making preparations to receive His

Excellency. We too have been drawn into the excitement of whitewashing the surface of things, to make them look nice for the sake of the high personage. I do not know whether the great man will visit our poor Academy or not. We have got nothing to show in way of a fine building and an imposing library, apparatus, etc. And so there is just a little flutter in our heart, lest the great man should come and find us so plain. When you will have become a great man and earned lots of money, you should build a grand-looking building for our school. We shall then make it a point to invite grand people to exhibit our institution to them. Till then we should be content to jog on quietly, and do what little we can to mould a few young hearts.

I have often told you what I wish you to become. A rich man? No. A famous man? No. Simply a fine winsome lad much appreciated in what is called society? No. A subtle lawyer? No. Well, I have always wished you to be a publicly useful man. Your superior education and opportunities of seeing all kinds of public institutions in the great England should qualify you to beat us all in that respect. Will you tell me what you are tending to, and

how you are shaping future plans of work? All is well here.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

"*Wednesday, 11th November, 1891.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,

The Governor, Lord Harris, arrived here on Monday, and left this morning for Kohistan, on a hunting excursion for four days. Fortunately or unfortunately, he did not honour our Academy with a visit, and we had no bother about His Excellency's reception. He held a Durbar of notables at Hyderabad. They put me on the list there, and I was very unwilling to attend the levee. But I was dragged there, and was extremely glad to sneak off from the august hall as soon as I could. I fancy, in social affairs of that sort, you are not troubled with such mental agitation. I am fitted for the life of an anchorite, and I often wonder how I manage to go on working in the School midst such bustle as I do.

The Governor advised the Municipality to reduce Octroi and to recoup the loss by

imposing the House Tax. His reply to the Municipal address was very studied and guarded. He praised the Municipality in the beginning, and thus smoothed the way for the bitter pill of this advice that came at the end. He asked the Municipal Commissioners to give consideration to the view of Government on this matter, which was that indirect taxation should give place to direct taxation. But the Municipal Commissioners are not yet convinced of the superiority of the latter form of taxation, specially in a town like Hyderabad, where there are no houses to rent and every family has its own house. Perhaps, now they might consent to a trifling tax being imposed on houses, since the Government pressure is so great.

Whenever you get an opportunity, you should study, along with educational institutions, the Municipal and Local Board institutions also of England, as, after your return, some day or other, you will have to act as a civic father. Lachmi has commenced to learn English, and is making fairly good progress in it.

Dayaram has applied for twelve months' furlough. He may have written to you about it. It has not yet been sanctioned. His object is to employ the time in organising a Social Reform

Mission in India. It is a very up-hill work, as social affairs do not much attract the educated people, for whom political agitation has greater charm. But a man of Dayaram's talents and temperament is sure to succeed.

I have not time to write more, so I close here. I hope you are well.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND.

P. S.—Our eldest brother was to leave Simla yesterday for Delhi. I do not know where he will be to-day."

"*Hyderabad, 18th November, 1891.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,

Mama Metharam departed to the better land day before yesterday. He had stone in the bladder. It was a big one. Dr. Keith tried at first to crush the stone, but failing in that, he had to make an incision to take the stone out in pieces. The wound healed, but unfortunately he caught a chill which developed into pneumonia, ending fatally. About a week before his death, he asked me about you. He was one of the fine

old patriarchal stock of Amils, who are fast disappearing now. Those of the present generation, whom I know, are, for the most part, contemptible specimens of humanity, both physically and morally. And, unless the evil customs are stopped or reformed, the bulk of the community is doomed.

Kaka will be at Gwalior to-day. I don't know his address there. When I learn his certain address, I shall send him on your letter. You ask about the proposed union amongst the Missionaries of the N. D. I don't believe that a real union is possible as yet. They may manage to patch up a peace, but that can never work satisfactorily. The old germs of estrangement and dissension still remain as virulent as before, and will again break out into an epidemic of miserable broils.

I am glad Mr. Malabari feasted you with mangoes. But he is a very shrewd man. Now, that he has made you taste his salt or rather sweets, he will draft you into the company of social reformers, and you will have to fight the good fight.

As regards the time of your returning, I think the sooner you return, the better will it be

for establishing yourself successfully at Karachi. They say that Mr. Hakim, the Judge of the Small Cause Court, at Karachi, wants to go back to the Presidency, whence he came, as he does not like Karachi. If he goes, and you be practising at Karachi, you stand a chance of getting the place, the salary of which is Rs. 800 per mensem. A practising lawyer's life is independent, but not always very enviable. If you could lay down strict principles for your guidance like Babu Nibaran Chunder Mukherji of Bhagulpore, and take only just and true cases, it would be very nice and desirable. To act as he does, would, however, require very rigid and inflexible virtue. The work of the Small Cause Court Judgeship is not heavy, and there is no subordination. Most of the suits are under Rs. 500, and there is no appeal against the Judge's decree. Perhaps, it is counting the eggs before they are hatched, to think of the vacancy now.

I am glad you are regaining your health by the sea-side. Would you not be surprised if I joined you in London after two months?

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

Hyderabad Apostolate

"*Hyderabad, 2nd December, 1891.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,

The English Mail is not yet come. I hope it will come to-morrow; and I shall be looking out for your budget of news for the week.

Kaka will be at Hyderabad (Deccan) by this time. Thence he intends going to Madras. Both he and Pribhdas who accompanies him are doing well.

We were busy examining the boys for the last five days. To-morrow, the new term will commence, and the transference of classes will take place. The school will close for the winter vacation on the 16th instant, and re-open on the 7th January.

Influenza is raging here, and very few have escaped its invasion. We have all had it, by turn, if not simultaneously. There seems to be something in the air which predisposes one to it. I fancy you are quite free from its malignant influence in England, although its original home is in Europe.

Mr. Prabhakar (Municipal Secretary) left to-day for Bombay on three months' privilege leave. He is quite sick of the Municipal job,

and wants to retire, if he can secure the requisite medical certificate. Municipal service is so very vexations everywhere.

Stone in the bladder is a very common malady in Sindh. Diwan Sanwaldas had it. He was advised to go to Lahore and have it taken out. The poor man went there, but could not stand the operation, and died through its shock. He was a very good man. When you were a little boy and used to go to Kaka's office, you must have seen him there. Another Mukhtiarkar is also dead, Diwan Parumal Vazirmal. He, too, was a very able Government servant. He wanted to retire on the 29th instant, and devote his life to public good. But man proposes, God disposes—he was not fated to carry his plan into execution.

I have been also planning, though I always do so with the consciousness that death might snap the thread of my existence here any time. I often regret that I did not take up the study of medicine in a systematic manner. My regrets are provoked by seeing the amount of sickness prevailing in this town. I think I would have made not a bad Medical Missionary. What I lack in talents, I would have made up by my sympathies for the poor and the distressed. But

I suppose all is for the best. The work that I am doing now has been chalked out for me by others. I see that some good is being done by it, and, therefore, I am not discontented.

I have asked you before this to let me know what your plans are. I am expecting your reply. I feel sure that whatever you may be planning to do after your return, the sentiment of making yourself useful to the public will form a chief part of it.

I trust all goes well with you. We are all right here.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

"UNION ACADEMY,
9th December, 1891.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

I send you the photographs to-day. They are all that I found in your album, except one or two uninteresting ones which I have left there to vegetate in solitary grandeur. I hope they will reach you safe.

I received a card this morning from Kaka from Poona. He will leave it to-day most

probably for Goa, and thence intends starting by sea to Madras. But he has not settled whether he would take this route, or go to Madras by rail, *via* Hyderabad, Deccan.

There were all kinds of rumours about Kaka's transfer, but happily they have all been set at rest by a resolution of the Commissioner-in-Sind, issued a few days back. He says in that, that Kaka should remain at Hyderabad to devote his time to Municipal work and philanthropic labours, and partly to magisterial work. Kaka does not like judicial work, but the new Collector insists on his doing it.

I enclose a chit from Kiki. Rami is a bright, good child. If she lives and is properly educated, she should turn out a very good girl. I hope you are well.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

"UNION ACADEMY,
23rd December, 1891.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

Kaka is at Bangalore. I received a telegram from him to-day. On the 28th, he will attend

the Social Conference as a Sindhi delegate. Dayaram will not be able to go there. Our School is closed for the winter vacation. Dada is gone out for a little change of air. I shall be going to Karachi after two or three days, and will remain there for about a week, to take part in the anniversary festival. I hope you have done well in your examination. When do you get the diploma?

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND.

Compliments from Gidumal Santdas."

"PRARTHANA SAMAJ,
Karachi, *31st December*, *1891*.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I am at Karachi to help the members in celebrating the anniversary. Both the girls are with me. The little one, Rami, does not care to remain with the mother, and has never cried for her in these five days. She promises to become a very sensible and good girl.

Bhulo is also come. We are in all eleven in the Hyderabad party. We have converted the Samaj out-house, where Kaka lived, into a

Bengali barrack, and sleep on the floor. The Samaj is now growing in numerical strength. When you return, you should give fresh vigour and life to it.

I hope you have done well in your examination and are enjoying the Xmas season mightily. This will be your last Xmas in England for some years to come. I received your nice Xmas present. Thanks, I am very glad Dr. Holmested has come to settle in London. He is a saintly man. I remember him very often, and can never forget his godly face. He is an embodiment of simplicity and goodness. I wish him a long life.

I hope all is well with you.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

The blind girl, mentioned in these letters, was like an adopted sister to Hiranand. It was no doubt blessed work to teach the rising generation the virtues he himself possessed, by precept and by example. But Hiranand would have much better liked to educate women, and he intended to leave the Academy as soon as it became self-supporting, and to start home-classes, and train Hindu widows into sisters of mercy. He

used often to say: "would I were a woman." He was looked upon as a brother or a son by female patients, but he could not take part in major operations, or get practical knowledge of midwifery, in the Women's Hospital at Hyderabad. His sex came in the way of doing all the healing, wholesome work, which he would have liked to do for the other sex. He longed to go to every home, as a Zenana medical and educational missionary, to minister to his sisters in pain and anguish, to make them healthy in mind and body, and holy in thought, word and deed. He had a truly chivalrous soul, and nothing caused him so much pain as a wrong done to a woman, or the grief of a woman, and nothing caused him so much pleasure as to be of use to women. His happiest hours were those which he spent in teaching the girl aforesaid and her sister—both very bright—at their house. The elder was blind, though not from her birth. A kind missionary lady had procured her a primer in the Braille character, and our future Helen Keller had learnt to read and even to write English in that character. But Hiranand took her education systematically in hand, and for a long time used to devote about an hour every night, sometimes more, in teaching his extremely promising pupil. He put himself in

communication with the "British and Foreign Blind Association", and sent for their Magazines, "Playtime" and "Progress." The sisters were related to him on their mother's side, though somewhat remotely, and he had thus become acquainted with them. They were both very intelligent, and they were the only two in his whole community who could speak English a little. Both had taught themselves to play on the harmonium, and the elder was remarkably spiritual. Hiranand took her through the Royal Reader No. II, and the Introductory Science Primer, and the Physiology Primer. He also read with her the Merchant of Venice, Horatius, and some of Longfellow's poems. She could sew and embroider and even cook. She invented her own letters to represent Sindhi sounds, and, later on, she wrote out the whole of the *Gita* in Sanskrit, and the *Laghu Kaumudi*, which were being taught to her by a Brahmin. She has most of the English works, brought out in England in the Braille character, and she has read even portions of the "In Memoriam". Thanks to Hiranand's training, she can speak English pretty correctly, and make her own day and her own night. Far from considering herself unfortunate, she rejoices that she is blind, for, otherwise she would not have had the opportunities, she now

enjoys, of meditation and communion. She has also one great advantage over those who have eyes—the advantage of reading in the dark with her nimble fingers, which, by constant practice, have drawn to themselves a part of the cerebral matter which would have fed her eyes, if she had not become blind. Adapting the embossed letters to Sindhi and Sanskrit, she takes down notes as rapidly as the sharpest school-boy, and, anxious to imitate her teacher's example, she has now a home-class, where she is teaching several little ones, and attends a Sunday meeting of women, who take delight in her beautiful hymns from the *Grantha* and her spiritual lessons derived from her own experiences. She is the best friend of Hiranand's daughters, and bids fair, if God spare her life, to rise to her exemplar's ideal of what a ministering angel, wearing a woman's form, should be.

Hiranand realized more and more what immense power for good he could have exercised over women if he had come out a qualified Doctor, and we find him, in December, 1891, longing once more to go to England for that purpose. Motiram was to return after four or five months, and Hiranand thought he

might go away in January, 1892. But this was not to be.

He wrote :—

"UNION ACADEMY,
6th January, 1892.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

My coming has been postponed till May when you are expected to return. Well, you have sent me a detailed list of the trappings of civilisation, required by a traveller, when he visits the shores of the Europeans. The list is rather appalling. The question naturally arises in the minds of those who have not been reconciled to these infinite artificial wants of 'a civilized and refined human being', why so many things should be wanting. My ideal of refinement is that in which there are very few wants of the body and infinitely increasing wants of the spirit. There is no doubt that Keshub Babu was perfectly right, when he characterised modern civilisation as materialistic in its tendency. I am glad, however, that you have sent me such a list. It is a formidable one. But I am beginning to adopt the maxim: "Do in Rome as the Romans do." I think it is a very wise saying on the whole. But, if I come I

shall retain the Sindhi dress and wear the Turkish cap. I think the Europeans have got used to the Turkish dress, and so they would not mind much the Sindhi dress which does not differ much from it.

We have at present many difficulties to contend against in the school. We have got opponents, people jealous of the success of our school, who are trying their best to decoy our boys. The other difficulty is about the teachers. Most of them are actuated by a merely mercenary spirit. They grumble at the heavy work and responsibility imposed upon them in our School. Our people have not got the stamina of Europeans. They have good intentions, but for tough work they lack the backbone of perseverance. My chief anxiety now is so to arrange the working of the Institution that when I leave it, it should go on working smoothly. I trust Providence will give us the workers that we want. Although there is apparently reason to despair of getting such men soon, I continue to hope.

Kaka will be at Bombay to-day. He does not go to Calcutta, but from Bombay he goes to Baroda and Jeypur, and thence returns home *via* Lahore. The rumour of his being transferred has again been started. Probably it is a

mere fancy of gossip-mongers. But all the officers are new, and there is no knowing what they may do. Kaka has got so very sick of their doings, that he would not now care to be transferred anywhere. I hope you are well.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

Navalrai had come back to Hyderabad as Daftardár, on the 11th March, 1890, and been appointed Huzur Deputy Collector and Magistrate, on the 1st June, 1890. He had been appointed Deputy Superintendent, Census Operations, in Sindh, on the 17th April, 1891, and after finishing that work, had joined his substantive post, on the 19th September, 1891. He had then taken privilege leave from the 17th October, 1891, to the 16th January, 1892, and with Pribhdas, started on a tour to celebrated places in India, several of which have been referred to in Hiranand's letters. He would have gone to see Europe and America several years previously, but for the drain on his resources, which he anticipated from the cost of his youngest brother's training in England. The rumour, which Hiranand referred to, was justified by the event, for Navalrai was transferred to Sukkur, on the 25th January, 1892, as Daftardar to the Collector. He had not even passed

a month there, before he was transferred to the Hyderabad District, on Feb. 15, 1892, as fourth grade District Deputy Collector and Magistrate. Colonel Trevor wrote to him from England on the 18th March, 1892: "I could never understand why they moved the officials in Sindh so frequently." As if the two transfers were not enough, Navalrai was transferred for the third time, on the 4th May, 1892. He had not been in favour of imposing the House-tax at Hyderabad, and a letter in the *Pioneer* had accused him of jobbery, and Hiranand of abetment of jobbery, in connection with the grant of a site by the Municipality to the Education Society for the Academy. Mr. H. P. Jacob, who knew the brothers, was indignant, and he wrote to the *Pioneer* giving, to use his words, the "simple history of the facts of the case," and such a flagellation of the man who misled the *Pioneer*, as will make him more cautious, I hope, in future.

Hiranand, however, did not mind such attacks. A small fund had been raised to perpetuate his old Headmaster's memory, and he took more interest in it than in the lucubrations of an ill-informed correspondent venting his venom in newspapers. He wrote :—

"UNION ACADEMY,
17th February, 1892.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I enclose a photograph of Mr. Keshavrao. Dada Tarachand wants it to be enlarged. The cost will be paid from the small fund raised in his memory. He wishes that it should not exceed Rs. 150, if possible. The enlarged photo will be hung up in the Government High School. Only the bust should be enlarged. The girls should, of course, not appear in it. I don't think you will be able to bring the bust with you. Please entrust it to a very good photographer who should execute the work nicely, and post it to Dada's address when ready. Do not fail in this, as the public are most anxiously looking forward to his enlarged portrait being placed in the institution, where he served with so much zeal and ability. I hope you will enjoy your travels, and join us soon.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

Within a few months, that is in August and September, 1892, Hiranand had an opportunity of putting even this detractor to shame. Cholera broke out in its very worst form at Hyderabad, and

Hiranand organized a small band of young men, consisting of Pribhdas and a few others, to render every kind of help. He taught them "the proper use of fresh air, light, warmth, cleanliness, quiet, and the proper selection and administration of diet,—all at the least expense of vital power to the patient."* He sent for a large stock of Rubini's Camphor, and Homoeopathic tinctures like Veratrum Album, Arsenicum, Cuprum, etc., from Messrs. Lahiri & Co., Calcutta, and started a small office, where one or the other of the workers was always bound to be, with all the necessary drugs and appliances for treating cholera patients. He had not studied homoeopathy and medical science to no purpose. His relations and friends used to put more faith in his treatment than professional doctors', and the efficacy of his methods had been noticed by them, long before the epidemic broke out. His *Dawa* (medicine) was accompanied, they knew, by *Dua* (prayer), and the people generally had more faith in *Dawa* and *Dua* combined than in *Dawa* alone. The results were marvellous. There were statistics kept in the office; and it was computed that the infinitesimal doses of Homœopathy, supplemented by the healing power of faith, accompanied

*See Miss Florence Nightingale's Notes ou Nursing.

doubtless by a subliminal uprush which Hiranand evoked, had cured 87 per cent of cholera cases, some of them in the very last stage.

In his "Two Years Ago," Charles Kingsley paints a beautiful schoolmistress, "as chaste as ice, as pure as snow," the idol of her pupils, the beloved of her village, who does her utmost to preach sanitation, and in her divine enthusiasm, born of divine pity, even offers to do the work of a common scavenger, in order to prevent the visitation of cholera foretold by the doctor. There may not be many Grace Harveys in actual life, but the citizens of Hyderabad, in 1892, were privileged to see one who worked up to that ideal, who was accessible at all hours, even at midnight or 1 A. M., who took care even of those deserted by their nearest relatives, and removed, sometimes with his own hands, what the patient's friends did not like even to approach. There were no trained nurses, and he and his co-workers had, therefore, to do the nursing. Fortunately, there was no interference by the authorities like that during the later plague epidemics, and the people had to contend only with cholera, and not with drastic regulations worked by the unsympathetic police and other underlings. The

splendid example set in 1892 was, however, of immense use in those epidemics. The organisation, adopted in the private Plague Hospital, was the same, albeit it proved a hundred times more costly, owing to the Government plague policy, which has been now fortunately abandoned.

I give an anecdote related by Mr. Hiranand Khemsing :*—

"The cholera epidemic of 1892 was at its worst. One night, Hiranand returned at 2 P. M., after attending to cholera patients. He had not yet taken his evening meal: while it was about to be placed before him, some one came to call him to see a fresh case. Without taking one morsel of bread or one drop of water, he rose to go. Diwan Navalrai urged that, since with an empty stomach he ran a great risk of being stricken down with the fell disease, it would be better for him to take something and then go out. But the man of God replied: 'Who knows, but a few minutes' delay may render the case hopeless'. Such was his self-abnegation."

*At the fourth Hiranand Memorial Meeting at Hyderabad.

During the time cholera was raging in the city, Hiranand had no time for private correspondence. His younger brother had appeared for his final examination in December, 1891, won a prize of £ 10 in Roman law and jurisprudence, and been called to the bar on the 26th January, 1892. He had arrived at Karachi, on April 18, 1892, and, after seeing his family, had settled down there, to practise his profession.

In December, Hiranand joined his friend, (who had started on a humble social reform missionary tour, and visited several places in the Punjab), at Amritsar. The two went thence to Jullundur and Agra, and, during Christmas, attended the Social Conference at Allahabad. Thence they went to Benares, where they saw Diwan Baharsing,* a famous Sindhi devotee, and Mahant Keshoram, a Temperance preacher, and had long conversations, on social and philosophical subjects, with their host, the Hon'ble Mr. Ram Kali Chowdhry. From Benares, they went to Bankipur, where they made the acquaintance of Babu Prakash Chunder Roy, Babu Guru Prashad Sen, Babu Purnendunarain Singh and others. At Bankipur, Patna,

*His grandson is married to Hiranand's eldest daughter.

Hiranand noticed two devoted young Brahmo ladies, who conducted a Girls' School, and it was to this School he subsequently took his daughters for education. The famous Sikh Temple there was next visited. The friends then went to Gaya, and passed a day at Bodh Gaya, where Buddha had meditated. Thence, after interesting many gentlemen in Social Reform, they went to the Rajgir Hills, famous as a holy retreat of Buddha. From the Rajgir Hills, they came to Baidyanath, and thence to Calcutta, where most of the men of light and leading were visited, and a small meeting was held in the City College. From Calcutta, they went to Darjiling to refresh themselves with Himalayan scenery, and, on their return to Calcutta about the end of January, 1893, Hiranand left for Hyderabad.

When he came back to Hyderabad, he received a letter from Motiram, and, while replying to it, he took the opportunity to say :—

"Another thing which I wish you to do, and which you should not mind my telling you, is that you should not get into the habit of losing temper on slight provocation. You perhaps do not know how much mental anguish

it causes me, to see you put out so easily in your dealings with your servants. Your own higher impulses will tell you that it is wrong to do so. Please take the hint in good part. I hope you will thoroughly discipline your mind in future to patience and forbearance."

On May 24, 1893, Hiranand attended the last prize distribution at the Academy during his life-time. Mr. H. P. Jacob had fallen ill in the hot weather, and, to Hiranand's offer to nurse him, had sent the following reply :—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have just woke up and found your letter waiting for me. Very many thanks for your most kind and self-sacrificing offer. At present, however, I do not need much nursing, and my old butler does what little attendance is necessary. But if I get much worse and require skilful nursing, I will certainly avail myself of your offer.

Ever yours sincerely,
H. P. JACOB."

About the beginning of 1893, he had improved sufficiently to start on his tour, and on February 2, 1893, he had written from Shikarpur :—

Hyderabad Apostolate

"*Shikarpur, 25th February, 1893.*

MY DEAR MR. HIRANAND,

I thank you very heartily for your most kind letter of the 20th instant. I have been much shaken by my late illness, and tho' I am mending wonderfully in this pleasant, bracing weather, I must have a change to Europe and avoid the most part of nexthot season. I take 3 months' privilege leave, therefore, about the middle of May.

I met your good brother at Mirpur Mathelo last week, and we inspected the school there together. He is doing invaluable service with the Collector, and he has an appreciative and able officer to work with in Mr. Giles...........

My indigenous school policy continues to work successfully. But I have got prejudice and opposition to cope with, not in the Mullahs, but in some of the English Officers in the Revenue Department. But hard facts are like truth,— they must in the end prevail against unreason.

My kindest regards to yourself and your brother Tarachand.

I am, yours sincerely,
H. P. JACOB.

P. S.—I was very pleased to note the progress which your assistants have made this official year in their English classes. You have infused into your colleagues a spirit of work and a sense of responsibility in their sacred trust as teachers, which have borne excellent fruit. The Union Academy is a true union of teachers working together as one man; and, it never was, morally and intellectually, so efficient as it is now. I wish your building fund would grow as the school is growing."

The Academy staff had entertained him on April 27, 1893, before his departure on leave, and, in his absence, the prizes were distributed by Mr. Watson, the Collector, who, though unwell, very kindly took the chair. The Protestant and Catholic Missionaries, Rev. Mr. Hopkins, and the *elite* of the station were present.

The following extracts from the Report, which Hiranand read out, sum up the work done by him and his colleagues in the Academy :—

"The Union Academy has now entered upon the fifth year of its existence. Its expansion has been steady and spontaueous. The following figures of its numerical strength at different periods will show its continuous development :—

Hyderabad Apostolate

Commencement ...	...	...	39
End of the 1st year	...	...	100
Do. 2nd ,,	...	...	275
Do. 3rd ,,	...	...	517
Do. 4th ,,	...	...	665
At present ...	...	...	700

Our chief difficulty has been all along the want of sufficient accommodation. In a town like Hyderabad, it is very difficult to get a house containing a goodly number of rooms, suitable for holding classes. The original block of this building, in which is located the Academy, had only three such rooms. Four large rooms were added to these in the course of the first year. Two more were added later on. The year before last, we built eight temporary rooms, having thus seventeen classes within these premises. Last year we had to hire the opposite house containing three class-rooms, thus making 20 classes in all. We are again crowded and pressed for more space. Feeling the pinch of insufficient accommodation constantly, we applied to the Municipality for the gift of a free site, to erect a building on it according to our requirements. This site though granted has not yet been conveyed to us. We hope the Municipality will soon send us the draft of the conditions of the grant, framed in legal form, as

required by the Commissioner-in-Sind. The site given by the local Corporation to us measures 4000 sq. yds. only. This space will, we feel, be not sufficient at all, and we shall have, at no distant date, to appeal to the Corporation to give us the whole of the space originally set apart for the Holmested Hall. Our request is reasonable, and we trust both the Corporation and the Government would have no difficulty in conceding it.

As stated in our last Report, we had three objects mainly in view : (1) To encourage the study of Sanskrit. In this our efforts hitherto have not been of much avail. Sindhi boys find it very hard to learn Sanskrit; and the standards of Persian and Sanskrit in the University Examinations being unequal, they naturally shrink from taking up Sanskrit as their optional subject. We succeeded, however, in inducing some boys to hold on to Sanskrit, in spite of several discouragrements, and their perseverance was rewarded with success in the University Examination. Out of four students, who took up Sanskrit as their optional second language, three passed successfully. We are, however, glad to find growing signs of a general desire to favour the revival of the study of Sanskrit. When there springs up a demand on

the part of the parents of boys for such an education, our work will be rendered comparatively smooth.

(2) A liking for manly sports and healthy outdoor games is spreading among the boys. We found it necessary at first to make the attendance of boys at the playground compulsory, but, since the last year, the system of voluntary attendance has been carried out.* Cricket, though a very expensive sport for Indians, has become a favourite one with the boys. Drill is still disliked. A few regularly exercise in the gymnasium. It is our desire to create a taste for the native games of wrestling and athletics, but the want of a properly covered and equipped gymnasium has come in the way of our arranging for training being given in them. The Cantonment authorities have kindly allowed us to use the open space, near the *Idgah*, for sports. The boys are daily marched there. This is an inconvenience. Besides, the time taken in going there and returning leaves very little margin for actual play. Beyond clearing the ground, we erect no fixtures for play on it. In the absence of our own playground, the present arrangement for

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***For children, Draughts, Dominoes, and geographical and historical games, etc. were provided.**

play is to some extent only a makeshift to keep the boys engaged in some physical exercise. An extensive central recreation and play ground for boys, properly equipped, is a great want felt in all schools in Hyderabad, and the Municipality or Government will confer a boon, if they supply this want in the same way as has been done at Karachi.

(3) As regards the moral culture of the boys, our efforts have alternated with feelings of hope and despair. There are some vices widely prevalent among the boys of this town. They are deeply rooted, and we have often been baffled in our attempts to stamp them out in our institution. The fact is, good home influence is entirely wanting: generally no attention is paid by guardians to cultivate that disposition in their children which worketh righteousness. Love of truth, order, gentleness, and delicacy of consideration for the feelings of others,—these are the things which we are sorry to say are not now cherished as indispensable elements of the domestic and social code, so much as they were before. Hence we find that the principles of refinement and morality that we sedulously inculcate in our institution are, in several cases, lost upon them, on account of adverse home surroundings and associations. If the guardians

would but take pains to purify the home influences of boys, they would find that the trouble so taken by them would be as fruitful as the bread cast on the waters returning a hundredfold.

Visitors from other parts of India have often remarked a dearth of good native music in Hyderabad. Whether the faculty of music in Sindhi youths is naturally deficient or has lain dormant, we cannot say. But we wish to arrange, during the next session, for its systematic cultivation in the Academy, as we believe in the refining influence of music. Will the guardians and parents of boys co-operate with us in this attempt?

I will now briefly review the practical work done since the founding of this institution:

1. A taste for simplicity in dress and habits has been engendered amongst the boys. The very atmosphere of the Academy is against all extravagance and gaudiness in dress. 2. Blustering manners and impudence have been checked. 3. The spirit of scoffing at religion has been restrained, and attention of the boys directed to dutiful and God-fearing conduct. 4. The physique of our boys has slightly

improved, and the laws of practical hygiene have been impressed on them. 5. Early marriage has been discountenanced. 6. A desire for wide and real culture has been created in the place of a mere ambition to excel in examinations. 7. Temperance, and, in most cases, abstinence from spirituous drink, have been induced. 8. Indecent and abusive language has been discouraged. 9. Respect for parents and country inculcated.

These are the results actually achieved. Any impartial observer, carefully examining the working of the institution, will at once note them. We feel, however, that a great deal remains to be done. We want to see boys loving truth, loving virtue, and abhorring vice and mischief. We want to establish in them a keen sense of honour that should shrink from meanness or even an imputation of it. We want them to cultivate not a lip-loyalty to the British rule and power, but a genuine loyalty, reasoned and steadfast. We want boys to love their country and community, and to make their welfare the first object of their ambition. And lastly we want them to learn self-sacrifice and self-control. These are the objects for which we will strive in future years. We will continue trying to plant the germs of these principles in

the minds of boys, and water them as much as we can. If parents help us, our work will be easy: otherwise, we are persuaded the germs will develop only sterile trees.

The Educational Inspector expressed himself highly satisfied with the results of the last annual examination. In the last University Examination, twelve students passed successfully out of the thirteen that were sent up. This unprecedented result we attribute to a lucky accident of examination as we confess that we were not prepared for it.

The school has not yet become self-supporting. But we hope that with an increased Government grant-in-aid, which we expect next year, we shall be free from the anxiety of making two ends meet.

There are 24 teachers on the staff of the Academy. The receipts from fees are about Rs. 700 per month, the Government grant about Rs. 250, and the donations Rs. 350. The expenditure is Rs. 1,300 per mensem............"

Hiranand had established almost a perfect system of monitorship, under which the conduct of the boys, in and out of school, was carefully watched. He used

to take the black sheep out with him for a walk and reason sweetly with them. He did not believe education to be "a thing of vocables," but "a thing of earnest facts, of capabilities developed, of habits established, of dispositions well dealt with, of tendencies confirmed, and tendencies repressed." He wanted to make his pupils true in word, unselfish in action, pure in spirit, and, above all, God-fearing and God-revering. He gave his time and energy, and his eldest brother and his friend gave their money: but his was a contribution worth more than all the money they ever earned in their whole life-time. The glassy essence, however, had, by this time, nearly completed the term of its incarceration in its "rib-grated dungeon," and the wall of flesh was, therefore, soon to vanish, and give place to "the beauty that endures on the Spiritual height."

CHAPTER X

THE END

"We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out, that archangels may come in. We are idolators of the old. We do not believe in the riches of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence. We do not believe that there is any force in today to rival or recreate that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent, where once we had bread and shelter and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover, and nerve us again. We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, 'Up and onward for evermore!' We cannot stay amid the ruins. Neither will we rely on the new; and so we walk ever with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards."—R. W. Emerson in his Essay on "Compensation."

"The new man must feel that he is new, and has not come into the world mortgaged to the opinions and usages of Europe, and Asia, and Egypt...... A false humility, a complaisance to reigning schools, or to the wisdom of antiquity, must not defraud me of supreme possession of this hour. If any person have less love of liberty, and less jealousy to guard his integrity, shall he therefore dictate to you and me? Say to such doctors, We are thankful to you, as we are to history, to the pyramids and to the authors; but now our day is come; we have been born out of the eternal silence; and now will we live, —live for ourselves,—and not as the pall-bearers of a funeral, but as the upholders and creators of our age......"—R. W. Emerson in his lecture on "Literary Ethics."

The Soul of Sindh

Female education—Pilgrimage to Patna—Attack of Typhoid—Last moments—Promotho Loll's reminiscences—Hiranand, the man and his mission—The Soul of Sindh—The New India.

Hiranand had passed scatheless through the terrible cholera epidemic. In March, 1893, at the request of Motiram, he had insured his life for Rs. 5,000 with the "Oriental." Navalrai, who paid the premia, insured his own life also for the same sum. Both had trained themselves to meet death whenever it came. But both were in such full vigour that no one dreamt, when the younger was reading his Academy report and the elder was listening to it, that the former would pass away in less than two months, and the latter follow him in less than five months.*

Hiranand had admired the Girls' School at Bankipur, and he thought his daughters would have better education there, and be under more wholesome influences, than at Hyderabad. He sounded his wife, but she was opposed to parting with the girls. He had sided with Diwan Murijmal's daughter-in-law on the question as to the mother's right to the custody of her children, and he doubted whether he would be morally

*Navalrai died on November 22, 1893, at Shikarpur.

justified in taking away the children without the consent of his wife.* He distinguished the two cases, and he thought he was justified. He was not taking away the children to marry them off to strangers. He was not taking them away for ever. In his community there was, as it were, a marriage market in which an M. A. fetched more than a B. A., a B. A. more than an undergraduate. If girls were educated to the same extent as boys, such purchases of sons-in-law, as it were, might cease. Moreover, he was anxious that his daughters should eventually become devoted educationists, and for that purpose they needed a special training from their earliest years. The question was one of self-sacrifice, and Hiranand was sure that nothing but good would result from self-sacrifice. It was painful to cause grief to his wife. But the pain must be borne. His wife was a sensible woman, and he thought her love for him would make her forgive him. The children were fond of him and of Navalrai, who, though grave and taciturn, had written to

*Another question on which he had doubts was: "I am a Brahmo, my wife is not. A Brahmo ought to have no objection to take even food which a Hindu considers it a sin to touch. Suppose I take it, should I tell my wife and make her miserable for life and break up our home?" Hiranand, however, had given up eating meat years ago.

Motiram from time to time about them—specially about the younger child's playfulness and growing intelligence. So, one day, he sent the following card to Navalrai who was at Sukkur, and started for that place with the children:

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

I am going to Sukkur by to-night's train. Thence, I will go to Lahore further down on business. My girls accompany me.

Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

From Sukkur he went on to Lahore, and from Lahore to Lucknow. There the younger girl, who was a darling, fell ill. His last letter to his Calcutta friend was written from Lucknow on the 16th June, 1893. He wrote:—

"LUCKNOW,
Kandhari Bazar, 16th June, 1893.

DEAR BROTHER,

Your affectionate note revives sweet old memories of the 'Nest.' I have often wished to meet you and to join hands and heart with you again. I am a much changed youth now, and

time, and secular work, and experience must have brought about a similar change in you. I have not been keeping the ideal of my early days before me constantly. To a great extent, I have been a creature of circumstances, instead of their creator as was our ambition before we started in life. This will give you an idea of the course of my life, in a word, during the past 8 or 9 years after we separated.

I am sorry this time also I shall most probably be disappointed in being unable to see you. One of my two little girls, who have accompanied me, has fallen ill, and has been laid up here with a high fever of remittent type, for the last fortnight. I don't know when she will recover. If she gets well in a week or so, I shall have no time left to go anywhere except Bankipur, where I intend to run down for a day and then return home straight. During the next 'Xmas I shall probably be going to Calcutta. If you are also going there, we may meet once more.

With good wishes,
Yours affectionately,
HIRANAND."

The next Christmas never came to him on this earth. The child wanted her own mother. He had to

keep up several nights together to watch her. Nalu, who had accompanied him from Hyderabad, helped in the nursing, and she recovered. But Hiranand on June 24, 1893, felt that he had fever, and took a big dose of quinine. He had also diarrhœa. The fever, however, was slight, and Hiranand dauntlessly started for Bankipur to be with Babu Prakash Chunder Roy, who was to be his girl's guardian during their school-life. Bhai Baldev Narain joined him and Nalu there. In spite of quinine, the fever went on increasing, and the diarrhœa remained unabated. The fever was of a remittent type, the temperature ranging from 102°, in the forenoon, to 104° or a few points more, from noon to midnight.* He at once told his friends not to let the girls come to him lest they should catch the disease.

The room he was occupying in Babu Prakash Chunder Roy's house was not sufficiently high and dry. Bhai Dinonath Mozoomdar pointed out its defects, but Hiranand said:—"Why, the room is not *so* bad." Bhai Dinonath appealed to his knowledge of the laws of health, and insisted that the room was

*I have taken all the details of the illness from a report kindly furnished by Dr. Surya Narain Singh, of Bankipur, who treated him from July 10, 1893.

unhealthy, and he replied:—"It is not *so* unhealthy." He did not want to wound the feelings of his host, but eventually he was removed to a room in a spacious bungalow, which was placed at his disposal by Dr. Pareshnath Chatterji, a Homœopath, who treated the case, and took very great interest. Dr. Pareshnath, however, very reluctantly had to leave Bankipur for Calcutta, as his friend, Bhai Protap C. Mozoomdar, was leaving on a long voyage; and Dr. Surya Narain Singh, an allopath, was called in, on July 10, 1893. A few days previously, Hiranand had commenced to pass blood 7 or 8 times in 24 hours. He gave a detailed account of his disease in Bengali, though he was emaciated, and his voice was weak. He had to moisten his mouth and throat with water, and, feeling he had not made himself understood in Bengali, he asked if the Doctor had followed him. The Doctor assured him his Bengali was very good, and he had made the case thoroughly clear. There was no congestion in the eyes, but there was an expression of excitement in his countenance, and he complained of want of sleep. "I become delirious," he said, "at night —not that I speak nonsense, but thoughts course through my brain, and I feel as if I am lecturing or composing." There were no rales on his chest or

back, but the heart's action was excited and its beats were frequent. The liver was perceptibly enlarged from congestion, as was the spleen, but there was no tenderness or swelling in the right iliac region. On July 11, Hiranand said he had slept for several hours, and that his brain had been cooled down by the bromide, of which he had taken two doses. The temperature did not rise above 101 degrees till 4 P. M., when it rose to 104, but it subsided at 6 P. M. On the 12th, Hiranand said he was feeling exhausted on account of diarrhœa, and was anxious to have it stopped. He had also not slept at night, and complained that he felt "a queer sensation" in his head, and was disposed to roll about in the bed. He had taken only one dose of bromide, as he thought that bromide was keeping up the diarrhœa. Ice was directed to be continually kept on his head, but the delirium advanced. The incoherent dreaming self mounted up, and the co-ordinating self sank down into the deeps of the inner consciousness. Hiranand in his delirium was violent and restless. The delirium of typhoid fever produced exhaustion, and, after a time, Hiranand asked sensibly: "What did the European Doctor say?"—the subliminal consciousness having noticed the presence of the Doctor. But the body

was becoming more and more unfit to be the exponent of the informing spirit. On the 13th, it was in a lethargic stage; and, on the morning of the 14th, the temperature rose to 105 degrees, the stock of ice having failed; and at 11 A. M., the unborn part of Hiranand left its mortal tenement.

Navalrai had been wired to by Promotho Loll when the delirium had set in, and he had started for Bankipur at once, but he came too late. The body, adorned with flowers from head to foot, had been cremated at 4 P. M., on July 14. Bhai Dinonath Mozoomdar, Prakash Babu, and others, on receiving a telegram from Navalrai as to the exact time of his arrival, went to the station to receive him. "No sooner the train stopped," writes Bhai Dinonath, "and he saw us, he anxiously asked: 'How is Hira?' There was solemn silence. It spoke to him of his loss, and, controlling himself, he calmly said: 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' He asked at what spot Hira had breathed his last; and, sitting there, he sent forth a most touching prayer, and in the evening conducted Divine Service. Who could measure the extent of the sorrow of a bereaved brother, the head of the

family, the eldest of the brothers who had had his Hiranand very successfully trained in Calcutta, under the eye of the great minister and the missionaries of the New Dispensation Church, with the intention of making him an instrument in the hand of God for the physical, moral, intellectual and spiritual amelioration of his native Province? Hiranand, in return, like a true missionary, had spared no pains to fulfil that noble ideal of his noble brother........... During his short stay at Bankipur, while walking with Diwan Navalrai, one evening, I asked him if he had any son, and he solemnly answered: 'The only son I had was lost the other day, at the age of thirty years, three months and twenty-three days.'"

The grief of the young wife, who was expecting a third child,* can be better imagined than described. Hiranand's mother, sisters, and sister-in-law, disconsolate themselves, did their best to soothe her, but they were each "like a Niobe, all tears," and could do but little. A thrill of anguish passed through all who heard of his death, and letters of condolence poured in from his numerous admirers. His Muhammadan friend, Mirza Kalich Beg, called him "more an angel

*It was a daughter. She was named Khushali.

than a human being." A native Christian lady, Miss Bose, the head of the Victoria School at Lahore, wrote of him as one who "spent all his time in doing good and serving God on earth." Lala Kashiram, who was at Simla, was plunged into deep grief on hearing of his death, and spoke of him as "Sindh's brightest jewel, the pride of the Brahmo Samaj, a born ascetic, a veritable *Sadhu,* full of divine love and sympathy, the very incarnation of humility and simplicity, catholic, large-hearted and self-sacrificing." The Rev. Mr. A. E. Ball, an English missionary, to whom the news came as a "great shock," wrote :—"Going about in a quiet and modest way, he did a great work, and his work remains to testify his worth." A Brahmo missionary, Bhai P. M. Chowdry, said :—"He was not Hiranand but *Hari Anand,* the Delight of God." Several others said he was a true hero and a true diamond. But, outside his family, the one, who missed him most, was his blind adopted sister whose grief knew no bounds.

> "Peace, let it be! for I loved him, and love him for ever: the dead are not dead but alive."

When Keshub lay seriously ill both Navalrai and Tarachand went to Calcutta. Tarachand remained to the last but Navalrai, who had to return to Sindh, had

the satisfaction of at least having a last look at Keshub. In Hiranand's case even this was denied him. But there was one who was given to be with Hiranand during the closing weeks of his life, and that was Promotho Loll. He watched day and night by the bedside of his hero humming, in the anguish of his heart, the hymn, "*Tumi he bharasa mama akula pathare*" (Thou art my one refuge on the shoreless ocean of eternity), Hiranand's feeble voice repeating the words.* On the last day he sang the hymn, "*Haribol Hari, chalo jai bari,*" poured his own breath into the ears of the passing Hiranand, whispering the words, "*Jaya jaya sachidananda hari,*" and, on the island sandbank of the Ganges at Patna, acted as the chief mourner applying the lighted torch to the funeral pyre. And as in life and death, so in the life after death, it was Promotho Loll who kept alive the life and character of Hiranand in himself and his friends, in Calcutta and in the Brahmo Samaj, celebrating the death-anniversary of Hiranand for thirty-five years till he himself passed away in June, 1930. The reports of these memorial meetings as well as the reminiscences of many friends and admirers we have

*Obituary article appearing in the Bengali organ, "*Dharmatattwa,*" *Sravan* 16, Saka 1815 (August 1893).

to keep back for fear of the present volume becoming too bulky. One reminiscence is only reproduced here, that of Rev. Promothololl Sen, which appeared in *The World and the New Dispensation*, of August 3, 1903 :—

"On looking deeply into his character, I find there was a good deal of unconscious worth in him, and I often read it, in the light of Carlyle's doctrine, that the test of true greatness is unconsciousness. There was that in his character which he that runs may read. There was such a carelessness of his own comfort, such a readiness to serve others, as most of all, who came in contact with him, must have felt better than I can describe. So unostentatious in all that he did, so indifferent to praise was this earnest worker in Sindh, that it would be difficult to find his like among her living men. There are so many instances of his never letting his left hand know what his right hand did, that, if collected, they would make a most useful book for the sons and daughters of Sindh to read. Let one or two young men of Sindh attempt such a task, and, I am sure, such an attempt will be well for them and well for others.

"Who that saw him during the cholera epidemic, at Hyderabad, can forget his services? They were

given unasked. Who could so cheerfully bear other people's burdens? Verily, verily he was a brother to all, a friend to all, and an angel of welcome in the chamber of death. When my grandmother was laid up with a dangerous illness, Hiranand, who was always very scrupulous about his own time, gave away as much of it to her as she needed. Hiranand was no way related to us by blood, but he was more a friend and a nurse to her than we, all her grandchildren together, were. Hiranand used to attend to all her comforts, to watch her all through the night; in short, he did his best for her. My grandmother is still living, and I know that Hiranand's death was a great shock to her. I cannot contemplate but with tears the many touching traits of his very beautiful character. May the sons and daughters of Sindh never forget him, their own hero and benefactor!

"It was about the end of May, 1893, that I saw Hiranand drilling his boys in the art of recitation, the occasion being the prize-giving in his Academy. Among the pieces selected for the purpose was Tennyson's *Charge of the Light Brigade*. There were those thrilling lines:—

'Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,'

"I remember how enthusiastically Hiranand was reciting these lines—how wholly he had put his whole heart into the work of the moment. It seemed then that Hiranand had nothing else to do save teaching the boys recitation. At least that would be the impression one would carry with him, if one saw Hiranand at that moment. One had only to see him the next moment, and the next again, to find out that he was wrong in thinking so. I had seen him the moment before, and the moment after, that day, and on many other days, and have thought that the secret of his life lay in what was expressed by the three other lines in the same poem :—

'Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die.'

"When a duty was to be done, Hiranand never sat still and asked why it was to be done, but did it forthwith. I think that is the only way of putting an end to all *why's* regarding what we clearly feel to be our duty. Was it the serving of guests at home, or

was it the teaching of boys at school? Was it the looking after patients at the hospital, or was it the conducting of service at the *Mandir*? Was it the helping of a man with money, or was it the writing of a letter to do justice to another? Whatever it was, when it was a duty to be done, Hiranand did not "reason why,"—Hiranand knew he was only to do it and die. Alas! that those lines have proved literally true in his case. When his younger girl fell ill at Lucknow, the fondest mother never watched over her only child with more heart and soul than this father did over his younger daughter. It was a duty to be done. And what came of it? He did it and died.*

"Certainly, Hiranand was no ordinary young man. He was only thirty, when he left this world, but, if we count the number of good hours he lived, we might call him the saintliest youth we have seen. Who among us has approached so near to the ideal of the Man of the New Dispensation? If we took up, one after another, the virtues which go to make up that ideal, the first of which is: "I love and honour woman as the daughter of God, and cherish no unchaste thought or inclination," and the last of which

**Phœnix*, 5th May, 1894.

is: "I am all things to all men;"—if we took these up and examined Hiranand's life, we would not find him wanting in any of them. Hiranand answers well to the ideal of a perfect character. So much love of man with such holiness, such intelligence, with such a clear conscience, such unceasing labours for the good of others without a thought about himself. So much sternness ever blended with so much sweetness.*

"I should not think that any one ever imagined Hiranand's character 'to have been marked chiefly by a sort of sugary and somewhat cloying sweetness,' yet I should like to analyse the sweetness he had. It is not to be doubted that he was loved by all who came to know him, before they knew him well, for he was so lovable. But it was not love only that his presence called forth; it called forth awe also, which, entering into the feeling of love, makes reverence. Hiranand's friends of the 'Eagles' Nest', those who were most familiar with him, knew this well. When he was with them, they would assume a more becoming attitude than when left to themselves. There was a good deal of gravity in his character, which found expression in his face, nay, in his whole demeanour. There is a

* *The World and the New Dispensation*, July 19, 1899.

photo which illustrates what I am saying. But if there was gravity in him there was plenty of good humour, too. He could appreciate a joke very well, would indulge in very many himself, and as Bengali was not his mother tongue, in the course of conversations with Bengalis, he would pause to pick up a word or a phrase which they used and which expressed with a touch of humour some peculiar situation or a trait in somebody's character. But he was very serious by nature and wouldn't allow you to trifle with him.

"Hiranand's conquest of lust is a feature of his character, which one, who has studied him well, could not fail to have noticed. Lust and the conquest thereof, is a matter on which much has been written and more thought, and on which more perhaps will be written. There are flies and insects like the mosquito and the bug, to kill which you do not require a hundred-pounder gun, but the soft pressure of one of your fingers. So also with impure fancies, lustful thoughts, evil imaginations. Do not trouble yourself about them if they have come and troubled you. If you do so, you give them an importance which they have not. 'The power men possess to annoy me,' said Emerson, 'I give them by a weak

curiosity.' Keep yourself occupied with deeds of love and humility, and you will find few occasions for courting evil thoughts. If you thus slight them by pre-occupation, left to themselves, they will die. And thus you will find that lust is conquered by love and humility. Hiranand had a loving heart, and he loved others truly. Now, we cannot love truly, if we do not love humbly. Pride and love do not go together. Hiranand's humility was as genuine as his love, and the conquest of lust was not a difficult thing with him. One thing might be noted here, for the benefit of those who are striving for the attainment of purity, but find it difficult to do so. Let them remember that purity is a virtue which cannot be attained singly, that purity when it *is* a virtue has love in it, and humility and sincerity and insight. So that when we strive to be freed from impurity, we must know that we must free ourselves from anger and envy and pride and hypocrisy, and all those other sins, which may, in any way, suggest, or help to bring to life, thoughts and cravings which are impure. A man filled with pride or consumed with covetousness may seem to be free from lust—but it is not so. It is only one sin that has taken the place of another. But love is not a sin. In the basest lust, it is said, there may be a spark

of love which, if allowed to grow, will by and by burn away all lust.

"Comparing Hiranand with his friends of the 'Nest,' what do we learn of him? Do we not find him always ready to reduce to practice what he thinks or feels to be right or good? It is the eminently practical character of his speculations and reasoning that one is struck with—practical in the sense that he does not put off to be what he wants to be, that he at once sets about realising the ideal which presents itself before him, that he does the duty which lies nearest to him, that impossibilities become possible to him because he faces them manfully. The difference between him and others is the exercise of that which is the glory of man, namely, his free will. We are all slaves, more or less, to some habit, some prejudice, some social or religious custom, some views or opinions which we have formed without much study or observation of men and things; and it is difficult to give up these without an effort of the will. Those, whose wills are exercised in love, are really free. Such was Hiranand. When he writes his thoughts, he writes them with a will; when he indulges in loving sentiments, he indulges with a will; when he jokes, he

does so with a will. He belongs to the class of men called *saints*, men whose wills have been made obedient to the Will of God by love."*

Born in the aristocratic Advani family of Hyderabad, Sindh, educated in the midst of an ascetic, apostolic atmosphere in the Calcutta of Keshub's time, working with Navalrai and other fellow-workers in the making of modern Sindh, and dying in distant Behar (Bankipur, Patna), the earthly remains of Hiranand lie interred beside that of Navalrai in a modest mausoleum, in the compound of the Navavidhan *Mandir*, Hyderabad, Sindh. Passing away at the early age of thirty, Hiranand's public career of nine years seems like a sacred chapter in the history of modern Sindh. It is not possible to compress within the compass of a few pages the singularly simple yet many-sided career of him whom we have deliberately called the Soul of Sindh!

Editor, pastor, doctor, teacher, educationist, philanthropist, civic worker and social reformer,—there was nothing connected with the uplift of modern Sindh with which he was not identified. Indeed, Hiranand was the very life and soul of New Sindh. Whatever

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* *The World and the New Dispensation*, August 2, 1903.

was demanded of him he gave in full measure, sparing neither himself nor his fellow-workers. And he did all in the faith and strength of the servant of God and friend of Man. He was a man of destiny, a man with a mission, a commission, at once human and divine. He was a missionary even as Navalrai was one,—the first two unordained missionaries of the Navavidhan in Sindh.

Heredity and training, travel and intercourse,—all these combined to make of him an ideal personality. An ascetic but not an anchorite, a teacher at once tender and stern, a minister as well as a ministrant, a householder as well as an apostle, Hiranand was full of that selfless whole-souled love and devotion which made him a saint and a *bhakta* at the same time. His method of service was to build up a consecrated body of kindred spirits (a *mandali*) and work through it. The Calcutta "Nest", the Karachi "Twine", and the Hyderabad "Union" bear witness to this. Hiranand was full of that group-spirit which made none of his fellow-workers feel as either being led by anybody or leading others but all working together, led by the spirit of God. This seems to be the secret of his 'leadership'. A disciple of Keshub, a favourite of the

Hindu Paramhamsa Ramkrishna, a devoted friend of Moslems like Mirza Kalich Beg and Jamaluddin Afghani, a co-worker of Parsis like Malabari, a champion of women workers like Pundita Ramabai, and a sincere admirer of European Christians like Ripon, Gordon, Hume and Holmested, Hiranand had that in him which made him loved by men and women of all races and places. The first recorded incident of his school life, wherein as a Hindu lad of ten he deliberately drinks water out of a cup used by Muslim boys, carries in it the aroma and sanctity of that coming intercommunal fellowship which is heaven on earth. And it was this spirit which led him to say to his first bosom friend, Nandalal Sen, "I Hira, you Nanda, we two together make Hirananda." We reproduce here a letter of Hiranand to Nandalal which takes us into the innermost recesses of Hiranand's heart:—

"My Dear Bhulo,

I have got today a bit of quiet leisure to greet you. Though it is much to be regretted that nowadays we can hardly find the way and the will to greet one another, still it is a great consolation to think and believe that our hearts are thoroughly wedded to one another and to truth. Bhulo, you know, we, petty mortals,

generally make toys of our affections and seldom rise to that disinterested height of love where holy devotions and pure aspirations fill the soul with a constant tremor of holiness and heavenliness. To love is to grow in wisdom and purity and not to please oneself. That love abideth which is not for pleasure but for the purification of the heart and the thorough flushing of the avenues through which our thoughts and feelings flow. Do I remember you? Do I care for you? Do you remember me? Do you care for me? Questions like these do arise now and then in my mind, and I do not always answer them to my satisfaction. But they are never a bar to my belief grown almost into nature that you are mine. Do I express any solicitude as regards your well-being when I am far away? Perhaps I do not do it always. But I do most devoutly wish that you grow steadily in holiness and godliness. As for me, I am a mere stripling, weak and puny, who progresses, if he does ever progress, like a snail. Small myself, I wish you to be great, and the laurels of self-conquest and self-abnegation that you may win there will ever gladden my heart here, though I may feel unworthy to love and to be loved. Peace and adieu, brother, goodwill from afar.

Yours ever,
Hira."

Indeed, he was an embodiment of humility, love, service and sacrifice. No wonder, therefore, that soon after his death he was canonized by his countrymen.

Forty years have passed by since Hiranand's death, and the changes in his beloved Sindh have been many and momentous, yet his life and character still stand out as the type, as the ideal, for the Young Sindh. But along what lines has Sindh moved after his death? How far have the ideals for which he lived and died been fulfilled by his countrymen? What new problems, religious, social, political and cultural, face Sindh to-day? The Western civilisation with its 'alien trappings' has invaded the homes of the *intelligensia* making them look more like furniture marts and drapery stores than nurseries of a new generation. The Congress with its slogans has caught the fancy of the young and old, and as nationalism grows aggressive and Government more and more bureaucratic the cancerous growth of communalism has broken out in the body politic of Sindh. In the meantime, much needed domestic and social reforms have been completely lost sight of in the general confusion. The partially successful crusade against the vice-trafficking centres and their priestly perverts seems to have let loose legions of *gurus* in

every *ghetti* who receive adulation and homage from men and women of every class and creed. Modern Hindu revivals in their various forms—Vedic, Vedantic, Pauranic, (Radhaswami, Swaminarayana, and other Sanatani sects), Theosophic, Sufistic—are all here. The New Sikhism divested of some of the imported ecclesiastical trappings is as *guru*-bound and *granth*-bound as ever, while those who do not fall into any of these groups are frankly indifferent and vague.

In the midst of these diverse cults and interests, the soul of Sindh seeks to assert itself, to come to its own. Throughout the long course of its evolution, it has developed a character of its own, which distinguishes it from other sister provinces of the Motherland. To be practically caste-less and idol-less in the midst of a caste-bound, idol-ridden country, is a miracle of history. What grace of God, what travail of the soul enabled it to free itself of these twin tyrants of Hindu orthodoxy? And having attained this emancipation within its borders will it now halt in the career of progress and self-realisation ordained by Providence? Why is it that Guru Nanak has found the soil of Sindh congenial to himself and his message? Did he come here to be *guruized* and have his message stereotyped in the

Granth, thus helping to enslave the soul of a free people? Is he dead to-day and his flaming, resurrected spirit immured in *tikanas* and velvet packings, or is his free spirit pleading with modern Sindh to leave her half-gods, her new-found idolatries of *guru* and *granth-puja,* and press on to a freedom which would be the solution of her problems, social, political and religious?

It is here that the life and character of Hiranand and of his brother come as an answer and an illumination. The lesson that we find revealed therein is that God is the greatest and the most relentless of iconoclasts and the upholder of the spiritual independence of His children, that He suffers no thing or person, no idol or *granth,* no *mahatma* or *sadhu, guru* or *avatara*, to come between Him and His beloved, the human soul; that all have direct access to Him and to the prophets living in His bosom in the unseen. And whenever this independence, this immediacy, this accessibility is ignored or superseded, God steps in as an iconoclast and begins His work of destruction in order to build anew. Look at the remains of broken idols and moth-worn parchments scattered across the corridors of history and civilizations! Where are the

august gods of Greece and Rome, the mythical figures of Hinduism and Buddhism, the awe-inspiring laws of Moses and Manu, the authority of the Vedas and Vedanta, the miracles of supernatural birth, death and resurrection, the lure of a celestial Heaven, and the dread of an everlasting Hell, to-day? Where are all these which swayed the souls and hearts of millions of men and women throughout the world? Have they not either been relegated to the lumber room of oblivion, or kept in dusty museums as the symbols and relics of bygone ages? Whatever purpose they might have served in their times, for us to-day they have value only in so far as they echo the living Voice of God reiterating that *'Nothing shall come between God and His beloved, the human soul.'*

Nothing, nothing that has been already built or that is being built, will stand the test of time which does not recognise this central fact of life and history. And we must not forget that in its onward career, history is acquiring a momentum in which the process of breaking up an established authority and the setting up of a new one takes place in an incredibly shorter space of time. That which took five hundred years during the Middle Ages is effected in a decade in the

present age, because of Science which, to-day, is recognised as a Revealer, its revelations, which used to be spurned by the religion of old, being eagerly welcomed by the devotees of to-day as divine.

Try to build a *sangat* or a *samaj* round the authority of the Vedas, the Quran or the *Granth,* or the sanctity of any *guru, sadhu* or *mahatma,* dead or alive, and the House of God sooner or later will become a house of merchandise. Wherever God's living voice is not heard, wherever the relationship between man and man is not seen as fellow-lovers of the one Eternal Lover, there degeneration and dissolution will follow, for God Himself is against it. And no matter, whose name you take,—Rama's or Krishna's, Jesus' or Buddha's, Darwin's or Karl Marx',—its stability will be a question of time. Try to pose as a *pucca* Hindu in the name of Hinduism, ignoring the Mahomedans as beloved of God, as fellow-lovers of God, or *vice versa,* and sooner or later there will follow mutual extinction. Confound religion with sectarianism and instead of the *Brindaban* of love you will have, again and again, the Kurukshetra and Kerbala of hatred and fratricidal wars. Try to build up a National India, secretly giving preferential treatment to

those of your own faith, party or province, and you will have the demon of communalism and anarchy devouring your children, instead of all living together in a commonwealth of peace and prosperity.

We are exercised to-day over the question of the separation of Sindh. Its economic and political significance can only be brought out by expert economists and experienced statesmen. But the human and intercommunal aspect of the agitation takes us right into the presence of eternal realities which cannot be ignored by any one of us. Is there not back of this agitation the feeling that justice, mercy, and fairplay will be jeopardized if either party is in power? What a reflection this on the character of Hindus and Mahomedans alike, who both believe in the God of truth, mercy and righteousness! Hindus dare not trust the Mahomedans, the Mahomedans dare not trust the Hindus, and yet both assert to-day with growing pride that they are becoming increasingly more religious and loyal to their respective faiths. Are then the religions at fault, or are they themselves at fault? Let the adherents of both religions go through a severe, searching self-examination. If the religious traditions are at fault let us change them and bring

them up to meet the demands of the Spirit to-day; if the votaries, or the men themselves, are at fault then let us confess our sins and reform ourselves. Nor let us hide our sins under cover of the Congress and mask our motives under the guise of Nationalism; for any politics, which, instead of bringing the two communities together, drives them into jobbery and communalism, will end in anarchy and chaos.

No, we are neither truly religious nor honestly national to-day. The India of to-day is in the grip of fear and suspicion, wherein there can be neither true religion nor true patriotism, for in their essence religion and nationalism both mean fellow-feeling and mutual service. The Sindh of to-day is getting away from the gospel of Guru Nanak which was breaking the barrier between prophet and prophet. The Sindh of to-day is getting away from its Sufism which was bringing Hindus and Moslems in a bond of common love and humanity. It is secularism and sectarianism,—the twin enemies of peace and goodwill, of God and Man,—which are holding sway over us. And to fight them we need a new *sanyas* and a new *bhakti*,—a *sanyas* and a *bhakti* which will come as a Dispensation, as an indispensable factor in our daily life,—a

sanyas which will not mean the renunciation of the world and its possessions but surrendering the world and all that is therein to the Will of God, and pressing them into the service of Man.

To Young India and to Young Sindh says the spirit of Hiranand: '*Guru, Granth,* Scripture, Authority, Tradition—do not be cowed into any sort of submission to them. Do not be frightened and overawed by Tradition, the thoughts and deeds of the past, or the voices and achievements of your ancestors. But say to them, I am Another, I will not merely duplicate but surpass you; I, the latest link in the chain of heredity, will to be a variation. I am an original thing, a new voice, a new authority, for I have found God within myself. Say,—I, the child of to-day, am the precursor of to-morrow, I come after you, I will continue and prolong the life of all scripture, all authority, all tradition by adding to them the brand new word of God, the God of To-day and To-morrow! Yes, over and against all yesterdays set up your to-day, set up your neighbours' to-day, and the whole Past will back you up willingly and whole-heartedly.

'Traditionalism, in its manifold forms, is fighting its last fight against the ultimate unification of all

cultures and civilisations. With the conditions and problems so radically new that there is no precedent in the past, for which there could be no right solution in the wisdom of the ancients, you must go beyond all *gurus* aud *granths* to the One *Guru,* God—the beginning and end of all traditions.

'You believe in science, then believe that the infinitesimally small atom is a world just as awe-inspiring and majestic as the vast solar system! You believe in nationalism, then believe that true democracy does not mean regarding the human unit as a vote-dispensing machine but worthy of your respect and fellowship, irrespective of age, sex or qualification howsoever lowly and insignificant! You believe in inspiration, then go deep into yourself and there find in the Eternal the source of all enlightenment and authority, peace and purity! You believe in God, then believe that He is the Soul of your soul, the Director of your destiny, and the first and the last Friend and Fellow-pilgrim on the path of life.'

Hiranand and the hosts of consecrated men and women are not gone. The new immortality means this: that they are still alive and working in you and me and in the world to-day, working for the city

spiritual which raises its head from amidst the smoke and dust of the day. They are risen to-day to show us again how, linked together by the love and *bhakti of* the Navavidhan, a higher Hinduism and a higher Islam, a new Buddhism and a new Christianity, lifted above the levels of *Shuddhi* and *Sangathana*, of *Tabligh* and *Tanzim*, of *Fundamentalism* and *Racialism,* will enter into a harmony and an at-one-ment, at once human and divine.

What we see to-day is but the darkness before the dawn, the dawn of a New India. Behold the new City of the Future, the City of all prophets and religions, the City of all citizens, the veritable House of God on earth rising in the East! Can you not see Moses, the Israelite, no more a mere Jew despising the Gentiles, but working here and now to make every place as indeed the Promised Land of Jehovah? Do you not recognise Christ stepping out of the "fenced acreage" of Christendom to build, with the aid of those "other sheep", a new Jerusalem of his Heavenly Father? Mahomed, too, no more held in bondage to Islamic traditions, comes to build for all a new Mecca of Universal Brotherhood in every city. Behold our venerable Buddhadeva, full of power and compassion,

moving the anaemic masses of our modern city-dwellers, working his miracle of healing, and leading all to the *City of Nirvana*! And, if you still dare to love Sri Krishna with the love that he demands of you to-day, you will find this old-time reconciler of Aryans and non-Aryans, re-arisen as new Chaitanya and a new Nanak, calling us all to *that "Srikshetra," that "Golden City,"* where all citizens can join in the dance and song of God and Man. Last of all comes Keshub, the servant and friend of all prophets and pilgrim-cities, pleading with us to make every city the abode of *Narayana*, the Temple-City of God,—yea, the one sanctuary for Hindus and Buddhists, Muslims and Christians, the old and young alike,—the *Nava-brindaban* of the *New Age* wrought by the hand of the Invisible Master-Builder, God Himself!

APPENDIX

ADDITIONAL MATTER

Chapter	Page to Page	No. of Pages
I	1-18	18
II	19-31, 36-37, 44	16
III	46-47	2
IV	62-67	6
V	88	1
VI	140, 144, 158-159, 164-165, 173-174, 176	9
VII	178-181	4
VIII	276-302	27
IX	304	1
X	412, 422-424, 432-446	19

INDEX

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